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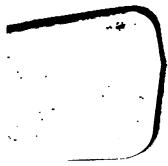
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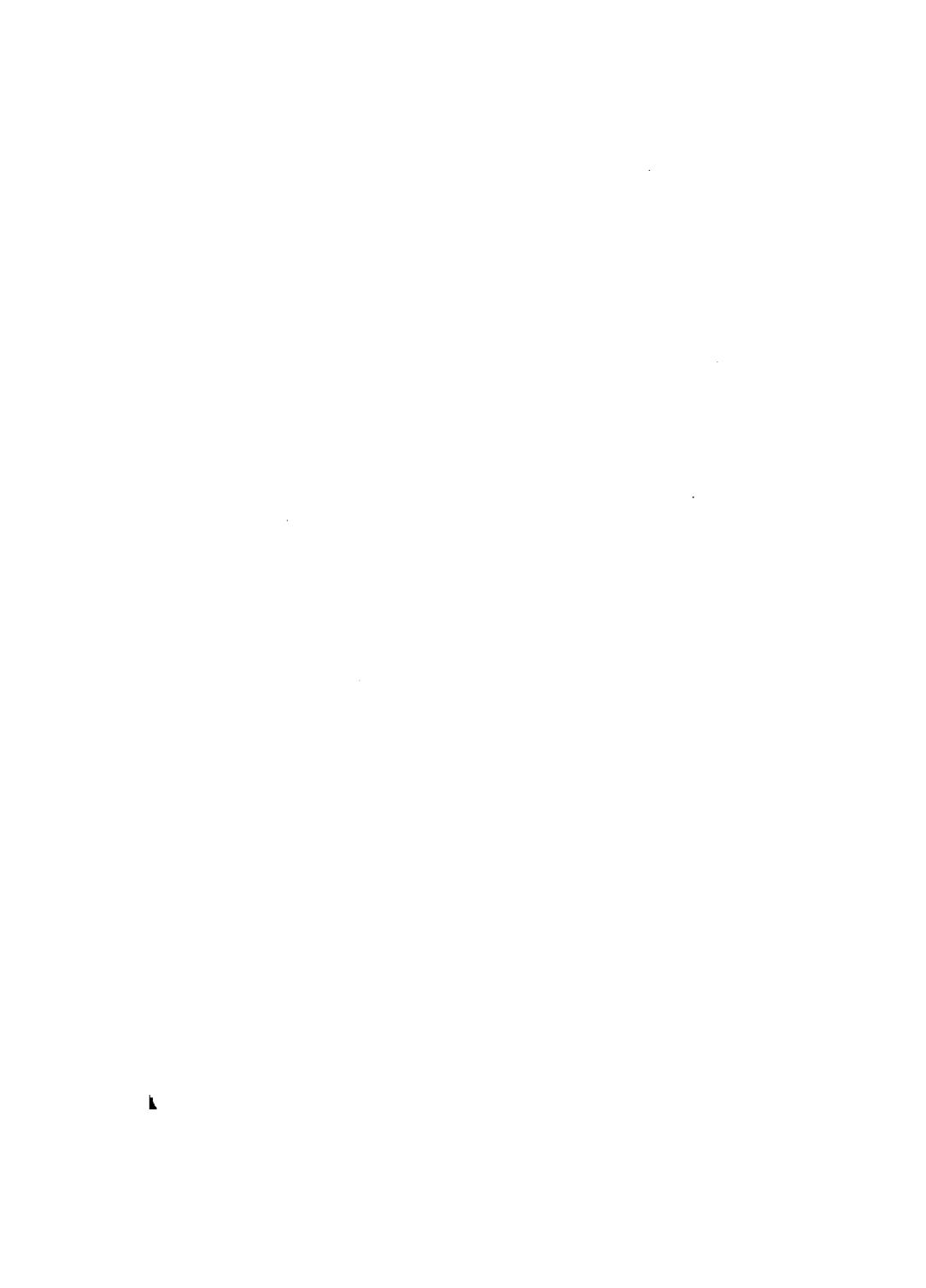
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AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR

CHOICE SELECTIONS FROM THE BOUNDLESS HUMOR OF

AMERICA'S FAVORITE HUMORISTS

GEORGE W. PECK

BILL NYE

δ

M. QUAD

Profusely Illustrated by

F. OPPER. TRUE WILLIAMS. GEAN SMITH, ETC.

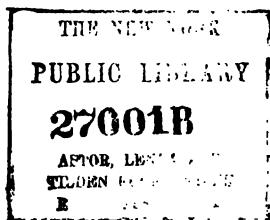
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THREE OF A KIND.

AND HE ROSE UP AND SPAKE.

The train from St. Paul east runs to La Crosse, where all hands are changed, and the new gang run to Chicago. On the trip of which we speak there was placed in the baggage car at St. Paul a coffin, and at Lake City a parrot in a cage was put in. Before the train got to Winona other baggage was piled on top, so the coffin only showed one end, and the parrot cage was behind a trunk, next to the barrel of drinking water, out of sight, and where the cage would not get jammed. At La Crosse the hands were changed, and conductor Fred Cornes, as 6:35 arrived, shouted his cheery "All aboard," and the train moved off. The coffin was seen by all the men in the baggage car, and a solemnity took possession of everybody. Railroad men never feel entirely happy when a corpse is on the train.

The run to Sparta was made, and Fred went to the baggage car, and noticing the coffin and the mournful appearance of the boys, he told them to brace up and have some style about them. He said it was what we had all to come to, sooner or later, and for his part a corpse or two, more or less, in a car made no difference to him. He said he had rather have a car load of dead people than go into an emigrant train when some were eating cheese and others were taking off their shoes and feeding infants.

He sat down in a chair and was counting over his tickets, and wondering where all the passes come from, when the Legislature is not in session. The train was just going through the tunnel near Greenfield, and Fred says :

“ Boys, we are now in the bowels of the earth, way down deeper than a grave. Whew ! how close it smells.”

Just then the baggagemaster had taken a dipper of water from the barrel, and was drinking it, when a sepulchral voice, that seemed to come from the coffin, said:

“ Dammit, let me out !”

The baggage man had his mouth full of water, and, when he heard the voice from the tombs, he squirted the water clear across the car, onto the express messenger, turned pale, and leaned against a trunk.

Fred Cornes heard the noise, and, chucking the tickets into his pocket and grabbing his lantern, he said, as he looked at the coffin :

“ Who said that ! Now, no ventriloquism on me, boys. I’m an old traveler, and don’t you fool with me.”

The baggage man had by this time got his breath, and he swore upon his sacred honor that the corpse in there was alive, and asked to be let out.

Fred went out of the car to register at Greenfield, and the express messenger opened the door to put out some egg cases, and the baggage man pulled out a trunk. He was so weak he couldn’t lift it. They were all as pale as a whitewashed fence.

After the train left Greenfield they all gathered in the car and listened at a respectful distance from



the coffin. All was as still as a car can be that is running twenty-five miles an hour. They gathered a little nearer, but no noise, when Cornes said they were all off their kbase, and had better soak their heads.

"You fellows are overworked, and are nervous. The company ought to give you a furlough, and pay your expenses to the sea shore."

Just then there was a rustling as if somebody had rolled over in bed and a voice said, as plainly as possible :

"O, how I suffer!"

If a nitro-glycerine bomb had exploded there could not have been more commotion. The express man rushed forward, and was going to climb over into the tender of the engine, the baggage man started for the emigrant car to see if there was anybody from the place in Germany that his hired girl came from, and Cornes happened to think that he had not collected fare from an Indian that got on at Greenfield with a lot of muskrat skins. In less than four seconds the corpse and parrot were the sole occupants of the car. The three train men and a brakeman met in the emigrant car and looked at each other.

They never said a word for about two minutes, when Fred opened the ball. He said there was no use of being scared, if the man was dead he was not dangerous, and if he was alive the four of them could whip him, if he undertook to run things. What they were in duty bound to do was to let him out. No man could enjoy life screwed down in a sarcophagus like that.

"Now," says Cornes, "there is a doctor from Milwaukee in the sleeper. I will go and ask him to come in the baggage car, and you fellows go in and pull the trunks off that coffin, and we will take a screw driver and a can-opener and give the man air. That's doing as a fellow would be done by."

So he went and got the doctor and told him he had got a case for him. He wanted him to practice on a dead man. The doctor put on his pants and over-coat, and went with Fred. As they came into the baggage car the boys were lifting a big trunk off the coffin, when the voice said :

"Go easy. Glory hallelujah!"

Then they all turned pale again, but all took hold of the baggage and worked with a will, while the doctor held a screw driver he had fished out of a tool box.

The doctor said the man was evidently alive, but the chances were that he might die from suffocation before they could unscrew all the screws of the outside box and the coffin, and he said he didn't know but the best way would be to take an ax and break it open.

Fred said that was his idea, and he was just going for the ax when the brakeman moved the water barrel, tipped over the parrot cage, and the parrot shook himself and looked mad and said. "There, butterfingers! Polly wants a cracker."

Cornes had just come up with the axe, and was about to tell the brakeman to chop the box, when the parrot spoke.

"Well, by —," said the baggageman. The doctor laughed, the brakeman looked out the door to see how the weather was, and the conductor said, "I

knew it was a parrot all the time, but you fellows were so anxious to chop into the box that I was going to let you. I never saw a lot of men with so much curiosity." Then they all united in trying to bribe the doctor not to tell the story in Milwaukee.

GOT IN THE WRONG PEW.

WHEN the Young Men's Christian Association left our bed and board, without just cause or provocation, and took up its abode in Bon Accord Hall, we felt as though we had been bereaved of a fruitful source of items, and at first we were inclined to advertise the association, and warn dealers not to trust them on our account, as their credit was as good as ours, but almost every day we hear of something that will do to write up.

The new hall of the association was formerly used by Prof. Sherman as a dancing academy, and the other night when young Mr. Collingbourne agreed to go around to the dancing school and escort a lady friend home, about half past nine, he did not know of the change. At the appointed time he went to the place he had always found the dancing school, and at the bottom of the stairs he met a solemn looking sort of person who handed him a circular and said, "Come in, brother, and partake freely of the waters of life."

"You bet your boots," says Collingbourne, as he threw his cigar into the street, "but don't we get anything but water?"

Mr. Collingbourne is the last man in the world who would appear irreverent, but he thought it was a dancing school, and when a mournful looking

man on the first landing took him by the arm and said, "Come all ye who are weary and heavy laden," he felt that there was an effort being made to snatch his watch, so he jerked away from the brother and told him he didn't want any taffy, and if he wasn't careful he would get kicked so his head would ache.

The good brother thought Collingbourne was a brand that it would be creditable to pluck from the burning, so he followed him up stairs, telling him there was salvation for all, only to meet with the reply that he better mind his own business or he would get salivated so his folks would not know him.

At the top of the stairs he met two men that he had never seen at the dancing school, and he felt as though he was being cornered for no good, as the other fellow had closed in on his rear. The two new brothers each took hold of one of his hands, and were telling him how glad they were that he had shown a disposition to turn over a new leaf and try to lead a different life, and they began to picture to him the beauty of faith, when he backed up against the railing and said, "I don't know who you fellows are, but you have tackled the wrong boy. I have been brought up in this town, and I know all the games, and you can't get me on any racket," and then he looked at the door, as the piano sounded the beautiful tune, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," and asked, "What time does the cotillion break up?" The good brother told him it was early yet, and "while the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return."

The visitor said he would go in, he guessed, and shake his foot once, just for luck, and he opened *the door*. Such a sight met his eyes as he never

saw in a dancing school before. The whole congregation nearly, was on its knees, and a good man was offering up a prayer that was indeed beautiful. Collingborne began to sweat in three different languages, but being a gentleman who had the most unbounded respect for religion in all its forms, he uncovered his head and bowed reverently while the prayer was being uttered.

When it was through he turned to one of the truly good people in the hall, that had watched his devotion, and said, "Say, boss, this is evidently a new scheme. I thought this was Sherman's dancing school. You must excuse my seeming irreverence. If you will kick me down stairs I will consider it a special dispensation of providence," and he went down into the wicked world and asked a policeman where the dancing school was. All the way home the lady friend asked him what made him so solemn, but he only said his boots fit him too quick. He never goes to a dancing school now without finding out if it is there yet.

PALACE CATTLE CARS.

THE papers are publishing accounts of the arrival east of a train of palace cattle cars, and illustrating how much better the cattle feel after a trip in one of these cars, than cattle did when they made the journey in the ordinary cattle cars.

As we understand it the cars are fitted up in the most gorgeous manner, in mahogany and rosewood, and the upholstering is something perfectly grand, and never before undertaken except in the palaces of *the old world*.

As you enter the car there is a reception room, with a few chairs, a lounge and an ottoman, and a Texas steer gently waves you to a seat with his horns, while he switches off your hat with his tail. If there is any particular cow, or steer, or ox, that you wish to see, you give your card to the attendant steer, and he excuses himself and trots off to find the one you desire to see. You do not have long to wait, for the animal courteously rises, humps up his or her back, stretches, yawns, and with the remark, "the galoot wants to interview me, probably, and I wish he would keep away," the particular one sought for comes to the reception room and puts out its front foot for a shake, smiles and says, "Glad you came. Was afraid you would let us go away and not call."

Then the cow or steer sits down on its haunches and the conversation flows in easy channels. You ask how they like the country, and if they have good times, and if they are not hard worked, and all that; and they yawn and say the country is splendid at this season of the year, and that when passing along the road they feel as though they would like to get out in some meadow, and eat grass and switch flies.

The steer asks the visitor if he does not want to look through the car, when he says he would like to if it is not too much trouble. The steer says it is no trouble at all, at the same time shaking his horns as though he was mad, and kicking some of the gilding off of a stateroom.

"This," says the steer who is doing the honors, "is the stateroom occupied by old Brindle, who is being shipped from St. Joseph, Mo. Brindle weighs

1,600 on foot—Brindle, get up and show yourself to the gentleman."

Brindle kicks off the red blanket, rolls her eyes in a lazy sort of way, bellows, and stands up in the berth, humps up her back so it raises the upper berth and causes a heifer that is trying to sleep off a debauch of bran mash, to kick like a steer, and then looks at the interviewer as much as to say, "O, go on now and give us a rest." Brindle turns her head to a fountain that is near, in which Apollinaris water is flowing, perfumed with new mown hay, drinks, turns her head, and licks her back, and stops and thinks, and then looking around as much as to say, "Gentlemen, you will have to excuse me," lays down with her head on a pillow, pulls the coverlid over her and begins to snore."

The attendant steer steers the visitor along the next apartment, which is a large one, filled with cattle in all positions. One is lying in a hammock, with her feet on the window, reading the Chicago *Times* article on "Oleomargarine, or Bull Butter," at intervals stopping the reading to curse the writer, who claims that oleomargarine is an unlawful preparation, containing deleterious substances.

A party of four oxen are seated around a table playing seven-up for the drinks, and as the attendant steer passes along, a speckled ox with one horn broken, orders four pails full of Waukesha water with a dash of oatmeal in it, "and make it hot," says the ox, as he counts up high, low, jack and the gizme.

Passing the card players the visitor notices an upright piano, and asks what that is for, and the attendant steer says they are all fond of music, and

asks if he would not like to hear some of the cattle play. He says he would, and the steer calls out a white cow who is sketching, and asks her to warble a few notes. The cow seats herself on her haunches on the piano stool, after saying she has such a cold she can't sing, and, besides, has left her notes at home in the pasture. Turning over a few leaves with her forward hoof, she finds something familiar, and proceeds to walk on the piano keys with her forward feet and bellow, "Meat me in the slaughterhouse when the due bill falls," or something of that kind, when the visitor says he has got to go up to the stock yards and attend a reception of Colorado cattle, and he lights out.

We should think these parlor cattle cars would be a success, and that cattle would enjoy them very much. It is said that parties desiring to charter these cars for excursions for human beings, can be accommodated at any time when they are not needed to transport cattle, if they will give bonds to return them in as good order as they find them.

DUCK OR NO DINNER.

THERE is nothing that gives pious people more annoyance than to hear shooting on Sunday on some adjacent marsh while they are worshipping, and there is nothing much more annoying to wicked Sunday hunters than to have ducks fly habitually in the vicinity of a church.

Winneconne, up on the Wolf river, is about evenly divided between-church going people and those who take more pleasure in standing behind a shot gun. *When ducks fly about Winneconne in the spring*

they follow the river up and down, and the bridge in town is a favorite place for hunters to stand and pepper the ducks with shot.

One Sunday about three weeks ago the ducks were flying terrible, and when the bell rung for church the bridge was pretty well covered with hunters, and many worshippers entered the church hard by with the smell of powder in their spring bonnets. The hunters were so interested in the ducks of the air that they did not notice the ducks on the way to church.

Finally the church people all got seated and the minister gave them an excellent sermon, which was only occasionally interrupted by the good man dodging down behind the pulpit to escape a stray charge of No. 4 shot which came through the open window. No complaint was made, and no sarcastic remarks were made about the wicked men who were out of meat, and were shooting up a little for dinner, though there were silent prayers offered for the Sabbath breakers.

At last the services were over, and the choir was singing, "A charge to keep I have," as the minister was picking some duck shot out of his trousers, when there was a commotion. A wounded duck had fallen on the door step of the church and being only "winged" had fluttered into the church, and crawled under the seats, when a couple of retriever dogs belonging to a German rushed into the sacred edifice and went howling under the seats after the duck, while the owner's voice could be heard outside yelling, "Rouse mit em!"

Well, some of them, those who had clock work stockings, held their feet up in the air to get them away

from the dogs, while others jumped up on the pews and yelled bloody murder. Some went for the windows, and a brakeman tells us that the senior deacon fainted away.

The dogs retrieved the duck, and as the congregation came out of the church the German went down toward the bridge wringing the neck of the duck and kicking the dogs for not having more sense than to go right into a church during service.

The hunters of Winneconne should be talked to by the presiding elder. They do very wrong to shoot on Sunday.

THE GUINEA PIG.

Nobody knows who is to blame for bringing the first Guinea pig to this country, but certainly he didn't do anything very creditable. A Guinea pig does not know anything, and never learns anything. It is quite a neat little plaything for children, and if it had any sense would become a pet, but it never learns a thing.

A lady living near a theatre in this city bought a Guinea pig in Chicago recently and brought it home, and it has been in the family ever since, and it has never learned anything except when it is hungry it goes to the lady and nibbles her foot, and how it learned that nobody knows.

One day it got away and strayed into the theatre, where it ran around until the audience got seated for the evening performance, when the pig began to fool around under the seats, probably looking for the lady that owned it. On the front row in the dress circle was a young man and woman from

Waukesha. Whether the guinea pig mistook the girl for its owner or not is not positively known, but the animal was seen to go under the seat occupied by the young woman.

Her attendant was leaning over her shoulder whispering in her ear, when suddenly she jumped about two feet high, and grabbed her dress with both hands. Her feller had his chin scratched by a pin that held a bow on her shoulder, and as he wiped it off he asked her, as she came down into the seat again, if she had them often.

A bald-headed citizen who sat next to her looked around at the woman in astonishment, and took up his overcoat and moved to another seat. She looked sassy at the bald-headed man, and told her escort the man had insulted her. He said he would attend to the man after the show was out.

About three seats further down toward the stage there was a girl from the West Side, with a young fellow, and they were very sociable. Suddenly he leaned over to pick up a programme he had dropped, just as the Guinea pig nibbled her instep. She drew herself away from her escort, blushing, and indignation depicted on every feature, looked the other way, and would not speak to him again during the whole evening. He thought she was flirting with somebody else, and he was mad, and they sat there all the evening looking as though they were married.

The Guinea pig went on down the row, and presently another woman hopped up clear out of the seat, said, "For heaven's sake what was that?" and looked around at a man who sat in the seat behind her as though she could eat him raw.

Just before the curtain rose the pig got into a lady's rubber and went to sleep, and when the performance was over and she went to put on her shoe, she screamed a little and jumped up on the seat, and said something about rats, which brought an usher to her assistance, and he took the Guinea pig and sent it to its owner. For a few minutes there was almost as much commotion as there would be at a picnic if a boy should break up a nest of hornets.

FAILURE OF A SOLID INSTITUTION.

WE are astonished to see that a Boston dealer in canned goods has failed. If there is one branch of business that ought to be solid it is that of canning fruits and things, for there must be the almightyest profit on it that there is on anything. It must be remembered that the stuff is canned when it is not salable in its natural state.

If the canners took tomatoes, for instance, when they first came around, at half a dollar for six, and canned them, there would be some excuse for charging twenty-five cents for a tin thing full, but they wait until the vines are so full of tomatoes that the producer will pay the cartage if you will haul them away, and then the tomatoes are dipped into hot water so the skin will drop off, and they are chucked into cans that cost two cents each, and you pay two shillings for them, when you get hungry for tomatoes. The same way with peas, and peaches, and everything.

Did you ever try to eat canned peas? They are always old back numbers that are as hard and tasteless as chips, and are canned after they have been

dried for seed. We bought a can of peas once for two shillings and couldn't crack them with a nut cracker. But they were not a dead loss, as we used them the next fall for buck shot. Actually, we shot a coon with a charge of those peas, and he came down and struck the water, and died of cholera morbus the next day.

Talk of canned peaches; in the course of a brilliant career of forty years we have never seen only six cans of peaches that were worth the powder to blast them open. A man that will invent a can opener that will split one of these pale, sickly, hard hearted canned peaches, that swim around in a pint of slippery elm juice in a tin can, has got a fortune. And they have got to canning pumpkin, and charging money for it.

Why, for a dollar a canning firm can buy pumpkins enough to fill all the tin cans that they can make in a year, and yet they charge a fellow twenty cents for a can of pumpkin, and then the canning establishment fails. It must be that some raw firm, or may be, and now we think we are on the right track to ferret out the failure, it may be that the canning of Boston baked beans is what caused the stoppage.

We had read of Boston baked beans since school days, and had never seen any till four years ago, when we went to a picnic and bought a can to take along. We knew how baked beans ought to be cooked from years' experience, but supposed the Boston bean must hold over every other bean, so when the can was opened and we found that every bean was separate from every other bean, and seemed to be out on its own recognizance, and that they were as hard as flint.

SOME FACTS OF SCIENCE.

*An Interesting Diary—Corn and Small Fruits Suffer
—A Fourth of July Dinner—A Good Ice Cream
Country—The Diary Abruptly Ends.*

A reporter sent out to find the North Pole some years ago, has just been heard from. An exploring party recently found portions of his remains in latitude 4-11-44, longitude sou'west by sou' from the pole, and near the remains the following fragment of a diary:

July 1, 1884.—Have just been out searching for a sunstroke and signs of a thaw. Saw nothing but ice floe and snow as far as the eye could reach. Think we will have snow this evening unless the wind changes.

July 2.—Spent the forenoon exploring to the north-west for right of way for a new equatorial and North Pole railroad that I think would be of immense value to commerce. The grade is easy and the expense would be slight. Ate my last dog to-day. Had intended him for the 4th, but got too hungry, and ate him raw with vinegar. I wish I was at home eating pie.

July 3.—We had quite a frost last night, and it looks this morning as though the corn and small fruits must have suffered. It is now two weeks since the last of the crew died and left me alone. Ate the leather ends of my suspenders to-day for dinner. I did not need the suspenders, anyway, for by tightening up my pants



FOURTH OF JULY AT THE NORTH POLE



I find they will stay on all right, and I don't look for any ladies to call, so that even if my pants came off by some oversight or other, nobody would be shocked.

July 4.— Saved up some tar roofing and a bottle of mucilage for my Fourth of July dinner, and gorged myself to-day. The exercises were very poorly attended and the celebration rather a failure. It is clouding up in the west, and I'm afraid we're going to have snow. Seems to me we're having an all-fired late spring here this year.

July 5.— Didn't drink a drop yesterday. It was the quietest Fourth I ever put in. I never felt so little remorse over the way I celebrated as I do to-day. I didn't do a thing yesterday that I was ashamed of except to eat the remainder of a box of shoe blacking for supper. To-day I ate my last boot-heel, stewed. Looks as though we might have a hard winter.

July 6.— Feel a little apprehension about something to eat. My credit is all right here, but there is no competition, and prices are therefore very high. Ice, however, is still firm. This would be a good ice-cream country if there were any demand, but the country is so sparsely settled that a man feels as lonesome here as a greenbacker at a presidential election. Ate a pound of cotton waste soaked in machine oil, to-day. There is nothing left for to-morrow but ice-water and an old pocket-book for dinner. Looks as though we might have snow.

July 7.— This is a good, cool place to spend the summer if provisions were more plenty. I am wearing a seal-skin undershirt, with three woolen overshirts and two bear-skin vests, to-day, and when the dew begins

to fall I have to put on my buffalo ulster to keep off the night air. I wish I was home. It seems pretty lonesome here since the other boys died. I do not know what I will get for dinner to-morrow, unless the neighbors bring in something. A big bear is coming down the hatchway as I write. I wish I could eat him. It would be the first square meal for two months. It is, however, a little mixed whether I will eat him or he eat me. It will be a cold day for me if he— —

* * * * *

Here the diary breaks off abruptly, and from the chewed-up appearance of the book, we are led to entertain a horrible fear as to his safety.

A HAT DEPOSIT IN THE BLACK HILLS.

An old hunter was out among the Black Hills, east of town, last summer, hunting for cotton-tails and sage hens, and he ran across a little gulch where the abrupt rocks closed together and formed a little atmospheric eddy, so to speak. There in that lonely reservoir he found what he at first considered a petrified hat store. It was a genuine deposit of escaped straw hats and plug hats that the frolicsome zephyrs had caught up and carried for ten miles, until this natural hat-rack had secured them. Of course there were other articles of apparel, and some debilitated umbrellas, but the deposit seemed to assay mostly hats.

VIEWS OF CHICAGO.

*Chicago the Rival of Laramie—The Wonderful Parks
—A Chicago Funeral Procession—In Search of
Watermelons—Changes Amongst Old Friends—The
Vitality Restoring Revolver.*

CHICAGO, June 20, 1887.—I arrived here from the North on Tuesday evening. The demonstration was on a larger scale than I had even looked for. It was gratifying, indeed, to one who loves the spontaneous approval of his fellow-citizens. I do. The procession was very fine, consisting of 'busses, hacks, carriages, express wagons and the police, followed up by promiscuous citizens. There was a little misunderstanding about who should deliver the address of welcome. So about two hundred healthy orators, of the Denis Kearney decoction, all started in at one and the same time to give me the freedom of the city, at twenty-five cents per freedom. There is a good deal of this class of freedom now on the Chicago market.

Chicago is a thriving, enterprising town on the Lake Michigan coast. It is the county seat of Cook county, so that all the county officers live here.

If a young man with the requisite degree of pluck and determination were to start a paper here, and could get the county printing and go without a hired girl, he could do first-rate.

Chicago is a rival of Laramie as the most desirable

outfitting point for North Park. It also does some outfitting for South Park and several other parks.

Yesterday I went to South Park to drive along the boulevards and see the fountains squirt. The boulevards are now in good shape. They are about the bouliest boulevards I have seen for five years. Some days when I feel frolicsome, it seems to me as though if I couldn't have a nice large park of my own, with velvet lawns and cool retreats in it, where I could be alone and roll around over the green sward, and kick up my heels in the chastened sunlight, I would certainly bust.

South Park has an antelope, a bison, an elk and several other ferocious animals. They seem lonely, and time hangs heavy on their hands, so to speak.

Going out to the park we met a funeral procession headed by a remains. When we were coming out of the driveway on our return, we met the same procession. It had transplanted the deceased in good shape, and was racing horses on its way home through the park. The minister belonged to the same family with the United Grand Junction Ebeneezer Temperance Association, and although he was ostensibly holding on to his horse with all the reserve forces on hand, he seemed to keep the rest of the procession at a respectful distance all the way.

It was about the most cheerful funeral I ever saw, with the officiating minister leading down the home-stretch and the hearse at a Maud S. gait rattling along at his heels, followed by the bereaved family coming down the quarter-stretch in '45. It reconciled me a *great deal* to death to see this. If I could be positively

certain that my friends and acquaintances would take it that easy I could die happy, but I know they won't. I have seemed to work my way into the affections of those who come in contact with me from day to day, so that when I die I know just how it will be. There will be one of the wildest panics ever known in the history of civilized nations. Groceries and all kinds of provisions will depreciate in value fifty per cent, and watermelons will be almost a drug on the market.

Allow me to digress for a moment. Watermelons are very high at Laramie, and there is the standing joke that for three years I haven't had sufficient decision of character and spinal column to make up my mind whether I would build or buy a watermelon. Here watermelons are more plentiful. They grow low down on the branches of the melon trees, so that on a still evening one can easily knock them off with a club. So easy in fact is that feat that I could hardly restrain myself from taking a little stroll one pleasant evening to pick one or two luscious specimens from the heavy laden boughs. So strong was this feeling at least that I could not overcome it without an unusual strain, and my physicians tell me not to do anything that will overtax my moral nature. They are afraid that something would break and tear the whole vast fabric of integrity from its foundation.

So I went out with a brother of mine who could be depended upon. I took along my old pocket-knife that I have had for fifteen years, and which has received the silver medal, sweepstakes prize and handicap silver service in a score of go-as-you-please melon-plugging *matches for the championship of the known world.*

But we were not very fortunate. The world is growing cynical and fast losing faith in mankind, I fear. People have quit putting their money into savings banks and are beginning to plant their watermelons in new and obscure places. Just as the casual observer learns the position of an eligible melon patch the proprietor changes the combination on him.

I found multitudinous changes among old friends and associates when I got home, and was struck with the ceaseless work of time's effacing fingers, but nowhere did I find such cause for sorrow and regret as in the falling off and change of base which I found in the matter of melon cultivation.

We were exposed to the night air until past 1 o'clock, coming home tired and disappointed with three small ones apiece, which we hid in the hay-mow, according to a time-honored custom in the family, and retired.

The next day we both made a noble resolution to discard this unfortunate habit which we had contracted, partly because we were old enough to know better, and partly because we had in the hurry and precipitation of the evening previous, stolen and carried four miles a half dozen melons of the citron variety, that tasted like a premature pumpkin and smelled like cod liver oil and convalescent glue.

I had also lost my revolver. When I go out nights I always go armed, and for that reason I have gained the unenviable reputation of being a bold, bad man. Many people think that I am thirsting for the lives of my fellow-men and feel low-spirited and wretched unless I am shooting large, irregular holes through the *human family*, but this is not true.

I never killed any one in my life, unless death was richly merited. I have never taken a human life that society was not made better and safer by the act.

This revolver was the same one that I used four years ago when I shot at a burglar in Laramie. He was endeavoring, at the dead hour of midnight, to get into the window, and I feared that his intentions were not honorable. He knew that I was alone in the house, my wife having gone away on a visit, and so taking advantage of her absence and my timidity, he was endeavoring to force an entrance into the house. I don't know what ever nerved me to such an act of lofty heroism, but I marched softly out of the front door with noiseless tread and shot him.

Then I went back to bed and wondered what action the authorities would take with me. Whether it would be considered justifiable homicide and I exonerated, or whether I would be held without bail to answer at the next term of court for murder. Then I wondered what I had better do with the corpse. At first I thought I would run down and notify the coroner; then I concluded to go and see the victim, and see if life were extinct. Finally I compromised the matter by falling into a troubled sleep, from which I awoke on the following morning. I went out to the place where the burglar had been shot, but he was not there. With a superhuman will-power he had dragged himself away somewhere to die. He had also destroyed all traces of blood before getting away.

This was the last of the matter till the following September, when I received this letter:

OMAHA.

Dear Sir: — You doubtless think that I harbor ill-will and bitterness toward you because you shot me last summer, but such is not the case. I write to express my gratitude and everlasting friendship.

For years I had been an invalid, and last summer owing to my weak and helpless condition and consequent loss of employment, I became deranged. That accounts for my wild and insane idea that your residence was the abode of wealth and affluence.

It was the delirium that precedes death. Ah, my benefactor, my noble deliverer from death, how shall I tell you of my never-ending gratitude?

How like an angel of mercy you stood up before me that night in your *robe de nuit* and shot me!

How like a blessed seraph you looked at me, with your polished joints glittering in the flash and dazzle of your peerless beauty!

I have been rapidly gaining ever since in weight and strength. I am now married and happy, and I cheerfully point you out to my friends as the one who, by your health-promoting markmanship and vitality-restoring revolver, brought me back from death to hope, health and happiness.

Yours truly,

THE MAN YOU SHOT.

Since then I have called that revolver my Great Health Invigorator and Blood Purifier.

FIRST ANNUAL ELECTION**AT****BROTHER GARDNER'S LIME KILN CLUB.**

DELEGATES to the first annual election of the Lime-Kiln Club began to arrive on Thursday, and when the club was called to order in Paradise Hall, at 7 o'clock Saturday evening, 378 honorary members, representing every State in the Union, were on hand to participate in the exercises. The largest delegation was sent by Alabama, consisting of eighteen members.

Among the honoraries were sixteen ex-judges, twenty-four colonels, seven generals, twenty-two elders, eight deacons, thirteen reverends, ten majors, twelve captains, six trustees, five "squars" and thirty-eight "hons."

A Reception Committee of six active members was constantly at the landings and depots, and as fast as visitors arrived they were escorted to Paradise Hall, and tendered a half interest in a water melon and a pound of crackers.

ON THE ISLAND.

AT 11 o'clock, A. M., the crowd embarked on a steamer for Fighting Island. Such had been the vigilance of the Committee on Agriculture, that

nothing was lacking to make the ride enjoyable. Ice-water, warm water, buttermilk, lemonade, root beer and ginger ale were furnished in abundance; and six bushels of peanuts, and ninety-eight water melons contributed to the general harmony.

While no special provision had been made for amusements, six dog fights occurred at convenient intervals. There was also a wrestling match between Canterbury Jones of Wisconsin, and Judge Holdback Johnson, of Vermont, in which the Canterbury's heels flew around with such vigor that two dogs and a delegate from Rhode Island were knocked overboard.

A set of boxing gloves furnished opportunity for Giveadam Jones and Patent Office Smith to limber up a little, and during this performance Mr. Smith was knocked into the middle of next week, and did not recover consciousness until nearly a gallon of first-class lemonade had been wasted in bathing his head. Jumping and wrestling matches were held on the boat, and after her landing at Belle Isle there was a running race, a sack race, and various other sports.

The following prizes were distributed to the successful champions:

Judge Holdback Johnson, champion wrestler by a large majority—A water melon once owned by Henry Clay.

Giveadam Jones, champion boxer—A photograph album, worth forty cents.

Regulation Jones, champion jumper—A linen duster which can also be used for a bootjack.

Snowball Piper, champion climber—A hand-painted, silk embroidered, double-action wheelbarrow, can also be used for a hammock.

Quite Right Hastings, champion runner—A pair of No. 14 Arctic overshoes, can also be used for spare beds in case of a rush of company.

Evidently Smith, champion gymnast—A hand-sled with “Remember Thy Creator” painted on the seat.

DINNER.

At 2 o'clock the multitude sat down to the several long tables loaded down with the following luxuries, nearly all of which were contributed by the liberal-hearted citizens of Detroit:

Beef,	Mutton,	Potatoes,
Cabbage,	Onions,	Turnips,
Mustard,	Pickles,	Vinegar,
Green Corn,	Mustard,	Pickles,
	Mustard,	More Mustard,
Bread,	Crackers,	Pickles,
Coffee,		Mustard,
Mustard,	Mustard,	Pickles.
	Pickles,	Mustard.

AFTER DINNER.

After the banquet was disposed of, the games were renewed and the festivities maintained until nearly sundown, when the crowd re-embarked for home. On the way up the Rev. Smith lost a mouth organ which had been in his family for twenty-one years, and Judge Calkins fell overboard. The mouth organ would not float, but the Judge did, and he was pulled in by the hair, and rolled on a barrel until he recovered his usual spirits.

OPENING SPEECH.

At the hour of 7:30, Paradise Hall was thrown open, and the meeting called to order. The following eminent gentlemen had seats on the platform.

Gibraltar White, of Arkansas; Sozo Smith of Georgia; Liberty Brown, of Virginia; Remembrance Tracey, of Alabama; Kinderhook Taylor, of New York; Industry Keets, of Massachusetts, and Vandyke Peters of Canada.

"You am crowded togeder on dis occashun to hold our first anyual 'leckshun," said Brother Gardner, as he arose. "A little ober fo' y'ars ago, seben men an' a dog met at de Central Market, aroun' de co'ner, an' organized dis Lime-Kiln Club. At de nex' meetin' we had eight men an' fo' dogs, an' it has kep' gwine on dat way till now we hab a membership of 3,256 pussons, sayin' nuffin' 'tall 'bout dogs. In de las' y'ar we hav' absorbed twenty-two different societies, collected ober \$2,000 in cash, los' five members by death, expelled three fur unbehavior, paid out \$103 fur de relief of de sick, increased our library one-half, added much to de interes' of de museum, an' am now runnin' as smoothly an' happy as any branch of de gov'ment. We am on good terms wid ebery department of de guy'ment 'cept de Interior; we jine hands wid de Concord Skule of Philosophy: we am all O. K. wid leadin' 'stronomers; we has de friendship of all societies, an' our prosperity am all dat could be looked fur. We has met dis evenin' to 'lect officers fur de ensooin' y'ar, an' to transact odder bizness, an' we will now pur-ceed to de work in hand."

THE PRESIDENCY.

An informal ballot was taken for President, with the following result:

Brother Gardner,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	370
Rev. Penstock,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1



BROTHER GARDNER, PRESIDENT OF THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Pickles Smith,	1
Judge Congo,	1
Scattering,	5

On motion of Elder Smasher, the election of Brother Gardner was made unanimous, and the old man took the honor in a well-chosen speech twenty-two feet long.

The following is a list of the other officers elected:

Vice-President—Judge Congo, of Tennessee.
Treasurer—Waydown Bebee, of Detroit.
Secretary—Trustee Pullback, of Detroit.
Grand Legal Adviser—Magnesia Jefferson, of Virginia.
Honorary Poet—Lazarus Bunkers, of New York.
Grand Chaplain—Rev. Penstock, of Detroit.
Keeper of the Bear Trap—Avaricious Johnson, of Detroit.
Librarian—Hon. Gonback Fisher, of Canada.

Committees were also appointed on Judiciary, Agriculture, Fisheries, Lighthouses, Astronomy, Finance, Harmony, Pomology, Botany and Encouragement of Vice.

MUSIC AND POETRY.

Judge Congo made a speech of ten minute's length, in which he stated his belief that music had done more to keep the colored race happy and peaceful than any other influence. He believed in music and song, and the Lime-Kiln Club, as the representative of 3,000,000 colored people, should hold out encouragement. He would move that a premium of \$20 be given each year for the best song and chorus sent in by the composer, and he would favor any move to put music in the hands of the masses.

PECK'S BAD BOY.

THE BAD BOY'S FOURTH OF JULY.

PA IS A POINTER NOT A SETTER—SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY—A GRAND SUPPLY OF FIRE WORKS—THE EXPLOSION—THE AIR FULL OF PA AND DOG AND ROCKETS—THE NEW HELL—
A SCENE THAT BEGGARS DESCRIPTION.

"How long do you think it will be before your father will be able to come down to the office?" asked the druggist of the bad boy as he was buying some arnica and court plaster.

"O, the doc. says he could come down now if he would on some street where there were no horses to scare," said the boy as he bought some gum, "but he says he aint in no hurry to come down till his hair grows out, and he gets some new clothes made. Say, do you wet this court plaster and stick it on?"

The druggist told him how the court plaster worked, and then asked him if his Pa couldn't ride down town.

"Ride down? well, I guess nix. He would have to set down if he rode down town, and Pa is no set-

ter this trip, he is a pointer. That's where the pin-wheel struck him."

"Well how did it all happen?" asked the druggist, as he wrapped a yellow paper over the bottle of arnica, and twisted the ends, and then helped the boy stick the strip of court plaster on his nose.

"Nobody knows how it happened but Pa, and when I come near to ask him about it he feels around his night shirt where his pistol pocket would be if it was pants he had on, and tells me to leave his sight forever, and I leave too, quick. You see he is afraid I will get hurt every 4th of July, and he told me if I wouldn't fire a fire-cracker all day he would let me get four dollars' worth of nice fire-works and he would fire them off for me in the evening in the back yard. I promised, and he gave me the money and I bought a dandy lot of fire-works, and don't you forget it. I had a lot of rockets and Roman candles, and six pin-wheels, and a lot of nigger chasers, and some of these cannon fire-crackers, and torpedoes, and a box of parlor matches. I took them home and put the package in our big stuffed chair and put a newspaper over them.

Pa always takes a nap in that stuffed chair after dinner, and he went into the sitting room and I heard him driving our poodle dog out of the chair, and heard him ask the dog what he was a-chewing, and just then the explosion took place, and we all rushed in there, I tell you what I honestly think. I think that dog was chewing that box of parlor matches. This kind that pop so when you step on them.

Pa was just going to set down when the whole air was filled with dog, and Pa, and rockets, and everything. When I got in there Pa had a sofa pillow trying to put the dog out, and in the meantime Pa's linen pants were afire. I grabbed a pail of this indigo water that they had been rinsing clothes with and throwed it on Pa, or there wouldn't have been a place on him biggern a sixpence that wasn't burnt, and then he threw a camp chair at me and told me to go to Gehenna. Ma says that's the new hell they have got up in the revised edition of the Bible for bad boys. When Pa's pants were out his coat-tail blazed up and a Roman candle was firing blue and red balls at his legs, and a rocket got into his white vest. The scene beggared description, like the Racine fire. A nigger chaser got after Ma and treed her on top of the sofa, and another one took after a girl that Ma invited to dinner, and burnt one of her stockings so she had to wear one of Ma's stockings, a good deal too big for her, home. After things got a little quiet, and we opened the doors and windows to let out the smoke and the smell of burnt dog hair, and Pa's whiskers, the big fire crackers began to go off, and a policeman came to the door and asked what was the matter, and Pa told him to go along with me to Gehenna, but I don't want to go with a policeman. It would give me dead away. Well, there was nobody hurt much but the dog and Pa. I felt awful sorry for the dog. He hasn't got hair enough to cover hisself. Pa didn't have much hair anyway, except by the ears, but he thought a good

deal of his whiskers, cause they wasn't very gray. Say, couldn't you send this anarchy up to the house? If I go up there Pa will say I am the damnest fool on record. This is the last 4th of July you catch me celebrating. I am going to work in a glue factory, where nobody will ever come to see me."

And the boy went out to pick up some squib fire-crackers, that had failed to explode, in front of the drug store.

A MEAN TRICK.

PROBABLY the meanest trick that was ever played on a white man was played in Milwaukee, and the fact that there is no vigilance committee there is the only reason the perpetrators of the trick are alive. A business man had just purchased a new stiff hat, and he went into a saloon with half a dozen of his friends to fit the hat on his head. They all took beer, and passed the hat around so all could see it. One of the meanest men that ever held a county office went to the bar tender and had a thin slice of Limburger cheese cut off, and when the party were looking at the frescoed ceiling through beer glasses this wicked person slipped the cheese under the sweat leather of the hat, and the man put it on and walked out.

The man who owned the hat is one of your nervous people, who is always complaining of being sick, and who feels as though some dreadful disease is going to take possession of him and carry him off. He went back to his place of business, took off his hat and laid it on the table, and proceeded to answer some letters. He thought he detected a smell, and, when his partner asked him if he didn't feel sick, he said he believed he did. The man turned pale and said he guessed he would go home. He met a man on the sidewalk who said the air was full of miasma, and in the street car a man who sat next to him moved away to the end of the car, and asked him if he had just come from Chicago. The man with the hat said he had not, when the stranger said they were having a great deal of smallpox there, and he guessed he would get out and walk, and he pulled

the bell and jumped off. The cold perspiration broke out on the forehead of the man with the new hat, and he took it off to wipe his forehead, when the whole piece of cheese seemed to roll over and breathe, and the man got the full benefit of it, and came near fainting away.

He got home and his wife met him and asked him what was the matter? He said he believed mortification had set in, and she took one whiff as he took off his hat, and said she should think it had. "Where did you get into it?" said she. "Get into it?" said the man, "I have not got into anything, but some deadly disease has got hold of me, and I shall not live." She told him if any disease that smelled like that had got hold of him and was going to be chronic, she felt as though he would be a burden to himself if he lived very long. She got his clothes off, soaked his feet in mustard water, and he slept. The man slept and dreamed that a smallpox flag was hung in front of his house and that he was riding in a butcher wagon to the pest house.

The wife sent for a doctor, and when the man of pills arrived she told him all about the case. The doctor picked up the patient's new hat, tried it on and got a sniff. He said the hat was picked before it was ripe. The doctor and the wife held a post-mortem examination of the hat, and found the slice of Limberger. "Few and short were the prayers they said." They woke the patient, and, to prepare his mind for the revelation that was about to be made, the doctor asked him if his worldly affairs were in a satisfactory condition. He gasped and said they were. The doctor asked him if he had made his will. He said he had not, but that he

wanted a lawyer sent for at once. The doctor asked him if he felt as though he was prepared to shuffle off. The man said he had always tried to lead a different life, and had tried to be done by the same as he would do it himself, but that he might have made a misdeal some way, and he would like to have a minister sent for to take an account of stock. Then the doctor brought to the bedside the hat, opened up the sweat-leather, and showed the dying man what it was that smelled so, and told him he was as well as any man in the city.

The patient pinched himself to see if he was alive, and jumped out of bed and called for his revolver, and the doctor couldn't keep up with him on the way down town. The last we saw of the odoriferous citizen he was trying to bribe the bar-tender to tell him which one of those pelicans it was that put that slice of cheese in his hat-lining.

A FEMALE KNIGHT OF PYTHIAS.

A WOMAN of Bay City, Michigan, disguised herself as a man and clerked in a store for a year, and then applied for membership in the Knights of Pythias and was initiated. During the work of the third degree her sex was discovered. It seems that in the third degree they have an India rubber rat and a celluloid snake, which run by clockwork inside, and which were, very natural indeed. The idea is to let them run at the candidate for initiation to see if he will flinch. When the snake ran at the girl she kept her nerve all right, but when the rat tried to run up her trousers leg she grabbed her imaginary skirts in both hands and jumped onto a refrigerator

that was standing near, (which is used in the work of the fourth degree) and screamed bloody murder. The girl is a member of the order, however, and there is no help for it. This affair may open the eyes of members of secret societies and cause them to investigate. One lodge here, we understand, takes precaution against the admission of women by examining carefully the feet of applicants. If the feet are cold enough to freeze ice cream the candidate is black-balled.

THE TELESCOPE FISH-POLE CANE.

THERE is one thing we want to set our face against and try and break up, and that is the habit of young and middle aged persons going fishing on Sunday, when going on the Summer excursions to the country. The devil, or some other inventor, has originated a walking-stick that looks as innocent as a Sunday school teacher, but within it is a roaring lion, in the shape of a fish-pole. We have watched young fellows, and know their tricks. Sunday morning they say to their parents that they have agreed to go over on the West Side and attend early mass with a companion, just to hear the exquisite music, and, by the way, they may not be home to dinner. And they go from that home, with their new cane, looking as pious as though they were passing the collection plate. When they get around the corner they whoop it up for the depot, and shortly they are steaming out into the country. They have a lot of angle worms in an envelope in their vest pockets, and a restaurant colored man, who has been seen the night before, meets them at

the depot and hands them a basket of sandwiches with a bottle sticking out.

Arriving at the summer resort, they go to the bank of the lake and take a boat ride, and when well out in the lake they begin to unbosom the cane. Taking a plug out of the end of it, they pull out a dingus and three joints of fish-pole come out, and they tie a line on the end, put an angle worm on the hook, and catch fish. That is the kind of "mass" they are attending.

At night the train comes back to town, and the sunburnt young men, with their noses peeled, hand a basket to the waiting colored man, which smells of fish, and they go home and tell their parents they went out to Forest Home Cemetery in the afternoon, and the sun was awful hot. The good mother knows she smells fish on her son's clothes, but she thinks it is some new kind of perfumery, and she is silent.

An honest up-and-up fish-pole is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, if the fishing is good, but one of these deceptive, three carde monte, political fish-poles, that shoves in and appears to be a cane, is incendiary, and ought to be suppressed. There ought to be a law passed to suppress a fish-pole that passes in polite society for a cane, and in such a moment as ye think not is pulled out to catch fish. There is nothing square about it, and the invention of that blasted stem winding fish-pole is doing more to ruin this country than all the political parties can overcome. If there was a law to compel the owners of those walking-sticks to put a sign on their canes, "This is a fish-pole," there would be less canes taken on these Sunday excursions in summer.

THE HUMORIST INTERVIEWS HIS GRACE THE DUKE
IN THE IMPROVED STYLE.

*Marlborough's Seeming Lack of Appreciation of a Joke
—Likewise His Lack of Loquacity—A Cordial Invitation to the Duke to Visit the Metropolis—Nye's Naïve and Graceful Conservation on Society Gossip.*

NEWPORT, Sept. 8.

I have just terminated a pleasant call upon the Duke of Marbro at his lodgings. I write his name Marbro because that is the way we pronounce it here at Newport. In the language of my ostensibly colored friend, Mr. Rankin, the amateur pronouncer would call it Marl-bor-ough, with three grunts, while in fact Marbro, the correct pronunciation of the name, is executed with but one grunt.

I found the Duke seated on a low ottoman, clad in a loosely fitting costume of pajamas. It was so loose and negligé that it was on the tip of my tongue to ask him if his mother made it for him out of his father's old pajamas; but I suddenly remembered that I was in Newport, and not in Tombstone, Arizona, and I restrained myself.

The Duke is suffering from a slight cold, which he contracted for during the early part of the week. It resulted from his ignorance of our changeable and freckle-minded climate. On Tuesday he took a long stroll, and while several miles from his lodgings and

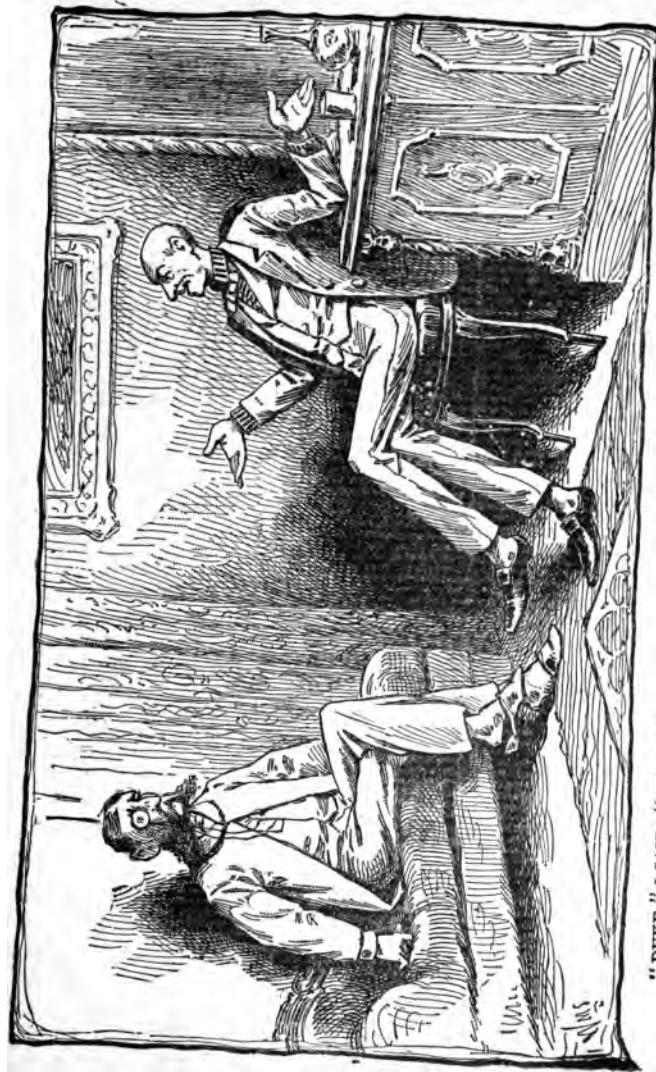
wearing his light summer cane, he was overtaken by a severe and sudden change in the temperature. The Marbros are not a strong race, and I am told that one of the Duke's second cousins died of pneumonia from exposing himself to the severity of a Christmas-day frolic clad in an autumn cane.

The Duke rose languidly as I entered, and, taking a reef in his pajamas clothes, looked at me in an inquiring way which betokened that, though of lineage high, he was not entirely at his ease in my presence.

“Duke,” said I, standing my umbrella up in the corner to show my childlike confidence in him, “how's your conduct?”

In five minutes afterwards I would have given worlds if I could have recalled my rash words. I did not mean anything more than to utter a piece of pleasantry, for I am passionately fond of pleasantry even in society; but Marbro seemed to take it to heart and to feel distressed. He made a low, guttural sound, but his reply seemed to die away in the mansard roof of his mouth. He stammered out something which sounded like the wail of a damned soul. At least it struck me to be like that, although my lot has not been cast among that class of souls since I got out of politics, and I may have forgotten their style of wail.

To hide his embarrassment, Marbro “rosined” his eye and put a large glass paper weight in it. He then regarded me with some amazement through this piece of brick-a-brac, while I poured out a grown person's dose of Rectified Ruin which stood on the escritoire and drank it with a keen relish, which showed that I



"DUKE," I SAID, "YOU CANNOT DISGUISE IT FROM ME. YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM SOCIAL OSTRACISM, AND IT IS BREAKING YOU DOWN."



trusted him implicitly. Everything I did was done to make Marbro forget himself and feel at his ease.

I told him I had known the Marbros in Maine ever since I was a boy; that we didn't feel above them then, and it would be a poor time to begin now at my time of life to look down on people just because I now wrote pieces for the paper, many of which were afterwards printed. We always thought that the Marbros, or Marlboroughs, of Maine, got their name from burrowing in the marl along the Piscataquis, I said.

Thus I chatted on with him for an hour or two without seeming to chirk him up at all. "Duke," said I at last, "I know what the matter must be with you—you are socially ostracized. I knew it as soon as I came into the room. You cannot disguise it from me. You are suffering from social ostracism, and it is breaking you down. The social demands made by America upon an imported social wreck do not give said wreck time to eat his meals and obtain a necessary amount of rest. I suppose there is nowhere in the world a climate that is so trying on a person suffering from social ostracism as that of my native land. In other climes they give a social outcast rest, but here he gets absolutely no rest whatever."

I then drifted into society chat in a graceful and naïve way, which, with others, has never failed to melt the stoniest heart. I told him that I had understood, since I came to Newport, that the demands of society here were so unrelenting that they had kept Mr. and Mrs. Mayonnaise dressing all the time.

A long pause ensued here, during which I could hear Marbro's reason tottering on its throne. After waiting

three-quarters of an hour, by my watch, and failing to see that my remark had shed even a ray of sunshine, where erstwhile all was gloom and chaos, I gave him my address and told him that if, in the future, he ever derived any beneficial effects from the above joke, I would be glad to have him communicate with me. And even if I were to die before he could truly say that he had been benefited by this joke and grapple with its keen, incisive nub, my grandchildren would be tickled almost to death to know that he had taken it to pieces and put it together again and found out how it was built and laugh at its ingenious mechanism.

I conversed with the Duke some time about the way his visit to Newport had depressed the price of real estate, and offered him the freedom of New York, hoping that he could depress the price of real estate there so that I could buy some.

“But,” said I, assuming an air of perfect repose, as I flung myself on a low couch in such a way as to give a faint view of my new red socks, “you will find it different in New York. Social ostracism there will not materially affect the price of real estate in the neighborhood of the postoffice. In fact, Marbro,” said I, regarding him earnestly for a moment through the bottom of a cut-glass tumbler, “there is not enough English social ostracism in New York to supply the demand. Come to our young and thriving town, a town that is rich in resources and liabilities; a town that threatens to rival Omaha as a railroad center; a town where a B. and O. deal has been a common occurrence every day for over a year; a town where you can ride on the elevated trains and get yourself

pinched in the iron gate by the guard or go down to Wall street and get pinched by the directors ; a town where a man like Henry S. Ives can buy about seven million dollars' worth of stuff that he can't pay for, while a poor man who goes into a general store to buy a pair of ear muffs is followed up by a private detective for fear he may run his finger into the molasses barrel and then lick it syrupititiously. "Come on, Duke," said I, growing more talkative as the fumes of his fifty-two dollar liquor rose to my surprised and delighted brains ; "come on to New York and mix up with us, and get on to our ways.

" See Fulton market by midnight, bite off a piece of atmosphere from Castle Garden, and come with me to see Guiteau's head in the museum. Guiteau was the last of a long line of assassins. He prophesied that every one connected with his trial would come to a bad end. Quite a number of those connected with this celebrated trial are already dead, and more especially Mr. Guiteau himself, whose skeleton is in the Smithsonian Institution, his viscera in the Potomac, and his head in a jar of alcohol. If you will come to New York, Marbro, you will have a good time, and the rose geraniums will come back to your pallid and durable cheek.

" If you will give us a whirl, Duke," said I, selecting an umbrella from the decorated crock in the hall and coming back to where he still sat, "you will be pleased and gratified with us; and if you can spare time to come over and see me personally I would try to be as cordial and chatty as you have been with me. No man ever entertained me as you have, or sat and examined

me through the bottom of an old microscope for two hours, to be forgotten again by me. Marbro, if you will come to New York, we will go and visit any body's tomb that you may designate."

I then let myself out of the house with an adjustable pass-key and hastened away. Shortly after I got back to my own lodgings, sometimes called a $7\frac{1}{2}$ room, a lackey from the Duke, wearing a livery-colored livery, handed me a note from Marbro, in which he said he hoped that in case I used this interview for publication I would be careful to give his exact language.

In my poor, weak way, I think I have done so.

THE CHINESE COMPOSITOR.

The Chinese compositor cannot sit at his case as our printers do, but must walk from one case to another constantly, as the characters needed cover such a large number, that they cannot be put into anything like the space used in the English newspaper office. In setting up an ordinary piece of manuscript, the Chinese printer will waltz up and down the room for a few moments, and then go down stairs for a line of lower case. Then he takes the elevator and goes up into the third story after some caps, and then goes out into the woodshed for a handful of astonishers. The successful Chinese compositor doesn't need to be so very intelligent, but he must be a good pedestrian.

THE TRUE AMERICAN.

The true American would rather work himself into luxury or the lunatic asylum than to hang like a great *wart upon the face of nature*.

NO LUNATICS PRESENT.

WHAT I war goin' to remark," began Brother Gardner, as the hour arrived and the triangle sounded, "am to ask who among you am insane? I should like to make out a list as soon as possible, an' I hope dat no lunatic will feel backward about handin' in his name.

"You look surprised," continued the old man, as he walked up and down in front of his desk, "but I am quite satisfied dat we have at least a dozen lunatics among us. De man who shot de President could read law an' plead it; he could cheat, lie, swindle, bilk hotels, buy an' sell, come an' go, push his claims fur office an' go on long journey, an' yet he am declared to be crazy. No one eber knowed it till he became an assassin. If he hadn't tried to commit murder he would still be looked upon as a dead-beat instead of a lunatic. Now I propose to take time by de 4-lock an' make a list of de lunatics in our Club fur de benefit of de purleece. Let each assassin stand up as his name is called by de Seckretary."

The Secretary went through the roll in his usual sing-song way, and not a member stood up.

"Werry well," said the President, "let de Seckretary make a note of dis. You hev all pleaded guilty to bein' perfeckly sane, an' you mus' take de consequences. If ary one of you walk out of a grocery wid a codfish under your coat, or am Ober-hauled by de purleece wid a bag of chickens on yer back, doan' try to shirk de consequences by pleadin' insanity."

NOT YET.

A letter from the Rev. Tobago Jones, of Mobile, asked if it was true that the Lime-Kiln Club had passed a resolution asking Congress to rob the treasury and divide up the money between them and go home and have done with it. The President said that such a resolution was now on his desk, and might be presented at the next meeting:

IT WILL.

The Secretary announced a further communication from Buggy Botton, Fla., stating the fact that the colored people in that vicinity had formed a "Saw-Dust Club," and desired to affiliate with the Lime-Kiln. Brother Gardner ordered the Secretary to open correspondence with red ink and corn-colored envelopes, and in case it was found that the "Saw-Dusters" were composed of sixteen members, and were provided with a three-hooped water-pail, a thermometer and a stove with regular hinges to the door, to say that the Lime-Kiln would affiliate up to the twenty-seventh degree.

"KINDER NEUTRAL."

"I has received a letter from de interior of de Stait," said the President, as he adjusted his spectacles, "axin' what part dis Lime-Kiln Club will take in de Emancipashun Proclimashun Celebrashun, to be held in August. I 'spect dat we shall take a kinder neutral posishun. If de cull'd folkses of Michigan, or any part dar'off, feel dat de anniversary of dat occashun calls fur a splurge, let 'em splurge. As fur me, I reckon dat de black man who chaws up

chickens on Thanksgivin', hangs up his stockins on Christmas, gorges himself on New Year's, parades on Washington's birthday, feels bad on Decorashun Day an' busts de glory outer dis kentry on Fo'th of July, has 'bout all de bizness on han' he kin manage on an income ranging from \$3 to \$7 per week. We will lend 'em our flag an' water-pail, an' keep Paradise Hall open all day fur de weary, but dey needn't look fur anythin' furder."

ABSORBED.

Among the applications for membership was the Colored Philosophical Club of Atlanta, composed of twenty-seven of the most celebrated colored men of Georgia. The club was organized seven years ago, and at one time numbered over three hundred members. The letter forwarded by the Secretary stated that the club had decided to dissolve because the President had run away with a strange woman, its Treasurer had skipped with the funds and the Secretary was in jail on charge of having thirteen shovels hidden under his wood-shed.

ELECTION.

Pickles Smith, Chairman of the Committee on Applications, announced that he had no names of candidates to hand in, and an explanation being demanded, he said that he had a list of thirteen in his pocket to bring down, but lost it while assisting a white man to load a calf into a wagon.

"Brudder Smith," replied the President, as he carefully wiped his spectacles, "de nex' time dat a spotted calf or a yaller dog, or anything else short of a cyclone or an airthquake, am permitted to interfere

wid de reg'lar bizness of dis Club, dar will be a wa-cancy heah, an' you will no longer hev de privilege of spittin' tobacky on de fust jint of de stove-pipe."

IT WAS PENSTOCK.

The Secretary then read a letter from January Jones, of Selma, Alabama, stating that he received a call some six weeks since from a person representing himself to be the Rev. Penstock. Said person borrowed \$2 to help him on to the next town, and as the money had not been returned as promised, Mr. Jones had drawn a sight-draft on the Treasurer of the Club for the amount.

As the Secretary laid the communication down 117 pairs of eyes were turned upon Penstock. He rose up, choking with indignation, and as soon as he could unbutton his vest and push up his hair, he put in such an emphatic denial that one of the bear-traps fell down upon Samuel Shin and rendered him unconscious for seven minutes. Penstock was not within fifty miles of Selma on his southern trip, and as for money, he reached home after an absence of almost four weeks with upwards of twenty-three cents to spare. He wanted a Committee of Investigation, and he wanted that committee to do its work in the most thorough manner. The President appointed Giveadam Jones, Colonel De Hue and Saratoga Thompson as such committee, with power to send for persons and papers and lemonade and cigars and a fifteen-cent lunch.

THE CLOSE.

The Glee Club having wrestled with a new song composed expressly for the fall season by some one signing herself "Mrs. L." Elder Toots was drawn to one side, a new thirteen-cent pad-lock placed on the safe, and the meeting adjourned with such enthusiasm that several panes of glass were broken in the window looking down upon the alley.

TRAPPING A HYENA.

SOME three months ago, owing to various and repeated attempts to destroy Paradise Hall by fiends in human shape, Samuel Shin asked leave in open meeting to protect the Hall by an invention of his own. Leave was granted, and the result was seen as the Janitor opened the place Saturday afternoon to make ready for the usual weekly meeting at night. Mr. Shin's invention consisted of a pound of powder innocently stored away in an old nail keg, and the keg placed where a stranger would use it to look through the transom. A pressure of two pounds on the head of the keg would scratch a match and explode the powder. Some men would have grown weary of waiting, but Samuel knew that if he fished long enough he was certain to catch a whale.

Sometime during Thursday night a person whose name will never be known unlocked the street door with the crank of a coffee mill and slid up stairs with murder in his thoughts. Perhaps he expected to find Elder Toots asleep up there, and was prepared to dispatch him without mercy, or he may have sim-

ply intended to damage the Hall about \$18,000 worth and then go away to secretly chuckle over his dastardly work. Be that as it may he reached the ante-room and paused for a moment to cast a glance of contempt at the stuffed opossum over the door leading into the lodge. There stood the innocent nail keg, and the transom was open.

The human hyena probably cackled with delight as he saw the easy way prepared for him, but it was his last cackle on earth. As he mounted the keg there was a dull explosion, which was heard by many people on the street and supposed to have been caused by the blowing up of a tug down towards Lake Erie.

When the Hall opened Saturday evening Mr. Shin had all the remains spread out on top of Waydown Bebee's plug hat. There was a button, seven hairs, the heel of a sock, a finger-nail, and a part of a document beginning with: "To the Hon. the Common Coun—." A hole in the roof through which twenty-seven stars looked placidly down on the Bear-Trap indicated the ulterior direction taken by the balance of the remains. The force of the explosion knocked the safe over and broke one hinge, and the pictures on the walls were more or less damaged, but Cadaver Smith came forward and offered to make good the damage out of his own pocket.

THE LESSON.

"Let dis be a warnin' to de wicked to pause," said Brother Gardner as the meeting opened. "Let it be a furder warnin to de good not to become wicked. Wickedness doan' pay. If you turn gambler you **may** hide de joker up yer sleeve and win a few dol-

lars, but de fust thing ye know some man will hide de fo' bowers in his hat an' skoop ye blind. If you turn robber you may stop some plumber on de highway an' make a haul of three hun'red dollars, but de nex' fing you know you bet on a hoss-race an' lose de pile. We have de proofs befo' us dat while de wicked am chucklin' an' grinnin' an' growin' fat, death am waitin' at deir elbow to lif' em higher nor a kite. De Committee on Privileges an' Repose will see to de repairs of de Hall, an' we will now ambulate to'rs de reg'lar order of bizness."

THE LAWYERS.

"JIST at dis moment," began Brother Gardner as the triangle called the meeting to order, "de press of de North, East, South an' West am cryin out at de increase of of crime an' de laxity of law. Judges an' juries am bein' plainly told dat dis turnin' loose of red-handed criminals must stop or de people will resort to lynch law, an' in many cases de long-sufferin' people hev dun taken de law inter deir own hands an' left de criminals dangling to de limbs of trees or lamp-posts. From de press an' workshop comes a cry for reform, an' men am axin' each oder whar de root of de evil lies. Heah am a letter from Ohio axin' me how I feel about it an' what I hev to recommend.

"Listen to me. Kin you name one single lawyer in dis kentry, outside of de salaried Prosecuting Attorneys, who has any fame as a defender of de law an' a convicter of criminals? Not one! On de oder hand you kin name hundreds who have grown

rich an' famous by pullin' thieves, burglars an' murderers freu de meshes of de law. To be a lawyer is to be a law-breaker—not a law defender. To be a lawyer is to be a man, who, fur mo' or less money, will attempt to shield de man who steals his own fadder's corpse from de grave an' sells it to de surgeons. To be a lawyer is to be a man who will break up the happiest family fur a \$20 greenback. Ef you hate your naybur go to de lawyer an' he will tell you how to play him some dirty trick. Ef a newspaper tells de truf 'bout you, go to a lawyer an' he will start a libel suit on 'speckulashun. Ef you want your wife sent to a mad-house, any lawyer will fix de case fur \$50. Steal, rob, murder, an' lawyers will rush to your prison cell to get a fee for defendin' you. Our cities am full of gamblers. Why? 'Kase de lawyers encourage 'em. Embezzlement has become de rule. Why? Kase de lawyer settles de case fur a per cent. an' de embezzler comes out of it wid a character as pure as de snow. Who started de insanity dodge? De lawyers. Who encourage divorces? De lawyers. Who encourage crime in all its phases? De lawyers. You kin not hire de lowest, poorest black man to do fur money what lawyers am doin' every day. De public am deir prey. Misfortune am deir opportunity, an' man's weakness am deir glory an' profit. De public law has no majesty in deir eyes—de fireside grief rouses no sentiment in deir hearts. Whar dar am no lawyers dar am no litigashun an' but few crimes. Our judiciary, in too many cases, from Justice of de Peace cl'ar up, am entitled to no man's reverence an' may well fall under every man's suspicshuns. *Too many lawyers am black-legs, who deserve prison*

bars, an' many of our courts am nuffin better dan dens of robbers an' black-mailers. Dat's all fur dis time, an' we will now impel ourselves upon de reg'-lar order of bizness."

DON'T NEED ANY.

The Secretary announced a communication from Prof. Pecan Thomas, of Texas, offering to come to Detroit and deliver five lectures before the Club on the subject of "The Benefits of Philosophy," providing that the Club would pay his running expenses and guarantee him a purse of \$100.

"We can't spar' de money, an' we doan' need de philosophy," said Brother Gardner in reply. "No doubt philosophy has its benefits: but a determined man, armed wid de Baptist religun an' a new white-wash brush, kin work all aroun' philosophy six days in de week, an' wake up wid a cl'ar head on Sunday mornin'. When taters am a dollar a bushel an' risin', two shillins in cash will go furder dan sixteen lectures on de purtiest philosophy eber stood up in a nine-pin alley to be knocked down by de cold han' of hunger."

NOT ON THAT LAY.

The Secretary of the Scientific and Research Association of St Louis, composed of twenty-one barbers and a cook, forwarded a communication to the Club, asking in the name of the colored people of America, a contribution of \$50 in cash towards another attempt to discover the North Pole.

Samuel Shin bobbed up to say that he favored the project, but one look settled him back, and on the matter being put to a vote, every one of the 129 mem-

ders voted dead against it. If the colored people of America do any discovering during the next three or four years, they will not have to divide the honors with the Lime-Kiln Clnb.

THEY WILL AGREE.

The Chairman of the Committee on Internal Harmony reported that his committee had met a committee appointed by the State Legislature, and had come to a perfect understanding all around. The legislative body had agreed:

1. To take no steps to raise the poll-tax on colored men, without the assent of the Club.
2. To place no impediment in the way of introducing artistic whitewashing into school boards.
3. To name all new mountains, lakes and volcanoes discovered in this State after prominent colored persons to be named by the Club.

The Committee had agreed on the part of the Club:

1. Not to demand exemption from jury service on account of ignorance.
2. To restrain the number of dogs in a family to six.
3. Not to interfere with the next Senatorship.

Thus, by the exercise of a little diplomatic courtesy and common sense, these two powerful bodies will work together for the common good, and the result cannot be over-estimated.

WILL SEE ABOUT IT.

The Secretary further announced the receipt of a communication from the "Malone Corners Prevaricating Society," of Tennessee, asking to be taken into the Lime-Kiln Club in a body.

Giveadam Jones moved to suspend the rules and vote the society in, but the Rev. Penstock objected. He said that a prevaricator was a liar, and he thought the Club had all the liars it could take care of.

Judge Juneblossom jumped up and wanted to know if that was a personal fling at him. Col. Rainbow Smith followed suit, and in a minute forty members were on their feet waving their hands, shaking their fists and yelling at the top of their voices. During the parliamentary excitement one of the bear-traps fell down, and struck old man Collins on the neck, and the bust of Andrew Jackson made a jump for Pickles Smith and laid him out, and somebody upset the sleeping Elder Toots and incited him to yell "murder!" at the top of his voice. Order could not be restored until the President picked up a four-pound weight and threatened to let it slide down the center aisle. It was then decided to refer the matter to a Special Committee, and the President added:

"Brudder Penstock, do not be too ready to charge humanity wid lyin' an' deceivin'. Brudder Juneblossom, do not be too quick to believe dat you am de only liar an' prevaricator in dis Club. All men lie an' all women prevaricate. We expect 'em to, an' in many cases we respect 'em for it."

RULES SUSPENDED.

At this moment the Janitor entered with a telegram from Comecloser Peters, of Baltimore, asking that his name be presented for membership. Mr. Peters is known throughout the State of Maryland as the only colored man in the South who can whis-

tle six different tunes on his thumb-nail. He is an orator, a great financier, and makes "pig" rhyme with "everlasting" when writing poetry.

On motion of Royal Purple Saunders the rules were suspended and Mr. Peters was made a member.

REPORTS.

Owing to the great interest taken in the celebration of the Fourth by the members of the Club, the various committees were behind in their reports and had nothing to submit. The President stated his hopes that all committees would settle down to business at once, and after reproving Samuel Shin for asserting in a crowd that his forefathers died in the cause of liberty, and severely reprimanding Pickles Smith for asserting that Fourth of July was no better than Christmas, the meeting walked down stairs while the Glee Club sang: "Twas the Midnight Howl of a Baby."

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

"I HAS received a letter from Boston," slowly remarked Brother Gardner as he squinted from Samuel Shin to Waydown Bebee. "I has received a letter from Boston axin' me fur my observashuns on de inflooence of music on mankind. I reply dat mankind widout music would be chawin' each odder up in half a day. Music am de stone wall dat surrounds marcy, peace, charity and humanity. Only last week I war writin' down my observashuns fur de last forty-seven y'ars, an' I will gib dem to de public as follows:

“De sound of a horse-fiddle brings up old reckoleckshuns an’ starts de tears of regret. If played long ’nuff, an’ de mind am in de right direckshun, it will cause de listener to shell out a subscrishun of \$3,000 to’rds a new cull’d Baptist Church. Try it once an’ be convinced.

“De sound of a harp hits a man below de belt. He begins to fink of all de mean fings he ever did, an’ to wish he hadn’t, an’ at de eand of fifteen min’ its he am all ready to step ober an’ pay his nayburs a dollar apiece fur de hens he shot in his garden las’ spring.

“De sound of de fiddle grabs on to seben different heart strings to once, an’ a man am knocked so flat dat he will esteem it a privilege to len’ you \$10.

“The jewsharp goes right to de soul. If your wife am all ready to ’lope off wid de hired man de notes of de jewsharp will take her bonnet off in sixteen seconds. If you keep a hired man you should also keep a jewsharp.

“Pianer music sometimes hits and sometimes misses. Ize known it to make an old bald-head go home an’ pass two hull hours widout cuffin’ de chill’en, an’ Ize known it to cause a young gal to slide down ober de roof of de kitchen an’ ’lope off wid de owner of a side-show.

“De guitar always brings sadness an’ a resolushun to begin on de 1st of January to quit runin’ out nights an’ playin’ policy.

“De brass band might soothe a sorrowin’ soul if de said sorrowin’ soul didn’t have all he could do to hold his hoss.

“De molodeon used to produce a desire on de part of de listener to be buried under a yew-yew tree, but

I h'ar dey have improved it so dat a pusson had as lief be buried under a basswood.

“De organ fills de soul wid awe an' strikes de heroic chord. If you am layin' fur a man doan' tackle him just arter he has been takin' in de note of an organ.

“De banjo—yum! If you want my dog—my hoss—my house an' lot, play me de banjo an' keep time wi' yer fut. I spect de music of de anjelic harps am sweet an' soft an' dreamy, but if dey want to keep us cull'd folks satisfied up dar a leetle mo' banjo an' a leetle less harp am de fust prescription. Let us now attack de bizness of de meetin'.”

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

A hotel keeper in Leesburg, Va., notified the Club that on a late date a colored man, wearing two diamond pins, three watch chains and other evidences of the string game, called at his hotel to engage board for four weeks, and gave his name as Trustee Pullback, of the Lime Kiln Club. When his landlord asked him which eye Brother Gardner was blind of, the fellow took to his heels, and although pursued for three miles by two men and a dog, he eluded them in a blackberry patch.

A CLOSE SHAVE.

“Am brudder Blue Glass Henderson in de Hall to-night?” blandly inquired the President, as he stood up and looked around.

“Yes, sah.”

“Will you please step dis way?”

The brother stepped. He didn't seem easy in *his mind* and he kept his eyes on the coffee-pot once

owned by the poet Milton instead of facing the President.

“ Brudder Henderson, you war in a butcher-shop on Beaubien street las’ Wednesday forenoon?”

“ Yes, sah.”

“ When you went out de butcher missed two slices of ham, an’ you war foller'd an searched.”

“ Yes, sah.”

“ In one of your coat-tail pockets dey found, not de two slices of ham, but a pound and a half of beef.”

“ Yes, sah.”

“ You couldn’t tell whar you got dat beef to save your life, an’ you let de butcher keep it.”

“ Yes, sah, but de charge was stealin’ ham.”

“ Jist so, Brudder Henderson, jist so. Dey missed ham an’ dey found beef. It am plain ‘nuff dat you didn’t take de goods charged but I want you to understan’ dat when dey miss ham an’ find beef on a member of dis Club dat member has had de werry closest sort of a shave from bein’ bounced off’n our books an’ outer de Hall. Take your seat, sah, an’ let dis be de awfulest kind of a warnin’ to you.”

THE WEATHER.

The following streak of weather can be looked for this week.

SUNDAY—Pretty fair, considering that it has to spread out over the whole United States and Canada.

MONDAY—A little off, but good enough for wash-day.

TUESDAY—Opens to a large house and gives general satisfaction as far west as Omaha, and that’s as far as good weather is expected to go.

WEDNESDAY—Signs of autumn; coal dealer says he wants the amount of the old bill first. Thunder showers in the Gulf States. Persimmons fair eating in Virginia, and Michigan watermelons come under the wire ahead.

THURSDAY—No fish.

FRIDAY—Next door to being a spooney day. Opaque atmosphere in the New England States, and all the women look lantern-jawed.

SATURDAY—Comes up to the scratch smiling, but no go. Wants to snow, but concludes to rain. Sort of dreariness settles down over the country, and cats usher in the evening with wild, glad yells.

A CHAMPION.

“Am Construction White in de Hall dis evenin’?” softly inquired the President as the hush came.

“Yes, sah,” answered a voice from the back end of the room, and Brother White made his way to the platform with a look of puzzled wonder on his face.

“Construction White,” continued the President, after drawing a long breath, “I understan’ dat you have become a champion.”

“I—I—I dunno, sah,” stammered the Brother.

“I understan’ dat you claim to be able to lift mo’ wid your teef dan any odder man in America. One of de local papers say dat you kin lift 280 poun’s wid your jaws, an’ dat you kin sustain your own weight seben minits by cotchin’ a strap in your mouf.”

“I—I ’spect dat’s so, sah.”

"Brudder White, dis Club doan' go a cent on champions. Champion rowers am simply crooks. Champion wrestlers am only loafers wid clean shirts on. De champion runner am sooner or later an inmate of de workhouse. De champion walker walks away from his bo'd bill. Show me a so-called champion an' I'll show you a bad citizen. Brudder White, you am a man wid an iron jaw."

"Yes, sah."

"Use dat jaw properly an' men will bless you. You have a wide field befo' you. You kin help to tear down houses wid dat jaw. You kin tow schooners up an' down de riber wid profit to yourself an' pleasure to commerce. You kin help de firemen—you kin aid de police—you need have no fear of bitin' off mo' dan you kin chaw. Do dis quietly an' modestly, an' widout any blowin' of ho'ns. Bite honestly when you strike a railroad spike, an' chaw on de squar' when you git hold of a piece of sheet-iron. Do dis, an' we shall be glad dat you are among us. Start out as a champion, an' off goes your name from our books. You kin now return to your seat an' analize yer thoughts, an' decide what course you will adopt."

THEY ARE FRAUDS.

The Secretary announced a letter under the blood red seal, from the council chamber of the Gee-haw-haw Club, of Jersey City, stating that six individuals who professed to hold membership in the Lime-Kiln Club had applied to the Gee-haw-haw Club for admission. The matter was laid on the table until the names could be forwarded for identification.

Brother Gardner at once denounced each and every one a fraud of the second water. No such persons ever belonged to the Lime-Kiln Club, and the only one of them who ever made application was rejected for walking home with a smoked ham which belonged to another man. Societies all over the country are warned against any person who claims to belong to the Lime-Kiln Club who cannot show a certificate in which the word correct is spelled with a big "K."

SIXTY COPIES WANTED.

Trustee Pullback stated that he had received a letter from Escanaba, Mich., to the effect that an Escanaba editor had in press a history of the colored troops in the war. It would be a book of 200 pages, illustrated with 150 cuts of the said editor leading the gallant sun-burned Africans into carnage, and would probably be sold for a dollar.

On motion of Samuel Shin it was resolved that the Kime-Kiln Club order sixty copies of the forthcoming work, and an amendment inviting the editor to lecture before the Club and describe his experiences in thirty-four battles was likewise adopted.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

Elder Toots said he arose in the interests of harmony and peace, and to inquire if the American Government had meddled or proposed to meddle with the eastern question.

The President replied that this government was represented in Turkish waters by two naval vessels, and that Uncle Sam seemed to itch to be counted in.

The Elder then offered a resolution to the effect that in the opinion of the Lime-Kiln Club the less this government meddled with foreign affairs the more it would please the great majority, and the same was adopted by a vote of 84 to 1—Sorghum Clydebottom voting in the negative to spite Pickles Smith for stepping on his heel.

REPORTS.

The Committee on Internal Harmony reported a peaceful state of affairs throughout the entire country.

The Committee on Agriculture had received reports from the peanut and melon crop which delighted their hearts.

The Committee on Judiciary reported a marked decrease of crime in most of the States, and recommended the passage of a law by the several States making the crime of murder a punishable offense.

The Committee on Astronomy had seen the comet and observed the spots on the sun, but were not prepared to say that either affair had any influence on the weather or the general welfare. It was their belief that if the heavens were allowed to run their own machine things would come out all right.

The Librarian reported that he had received three new books from Boston treating on the vegetable kingdom, and a further supply of almanacs of the date of 1857.

The Keeper of the Sacred Relics reported the receipt of a plaster cast of the head of Plato, which showed the old man to be very level-headed, a knife carried by DeSoto, and vest buckle supposed to have been lost by Napoleon in his retreat from Moscow.

THE INFIDEL AND HIS SILVER MINE.

It is announced in the papers that Colonel Ingersoll, the dollar a ticket infidel, has struck it rich in a silver mine, and is now worth a million dollars. Here is another evidence of the goodness of God. Ingersoll has treated God with the greatest contempt, called Him all the names he could think of, called Him a liar, a heartless wretch, and stood on a stump and dared God to knock a chip off his shoulder, and instead of God's letting him have one below the belt and knocking seven kinds of cold victuals out of him, God gives him a pointer on a silver mine, and the infidel rakes in a cool million, and laughs in his sleeve, while thousands of poor workers in the vineyard are depending for a livelihood on collections that pan out more gun wads and brass pants buttons to the ton of ore than they do silver.

This may be all right, and we hope it is, and we don't want to give any advice on anybody else's business, but it would please Christians a good deal better to see that bold man taken by the slack of the pants and lifted into a poor house, while the silver he has had fall to him was distributed among the charitable societies, mission schools and churches, so a minister could get his salary and buy a new pair of trousers to replace those that he has worn the knees out of kneeling down on the rough floor to pray.

It is mighty poor consolation to the ladies of a church society, to give sociables, ice creameries, strawberry festivals and all kinds of things to raise money to buy a carpet for a church or lecture room, *and wash their own dishes, and then hear that some*

infidel who is around the country calling God a pirate and a horse thief, at a dollar a head, to full houses, has miraculously struck a million dollar silver mine.

To the toiling minister who prays without ceasing, and eats codfish and buys clothes at a second hand store, it looks pretty rough to see Bob Ingersoll steered onto a million dollar silver mine. But it may be all right, and we presume it is. Maybe God has got the hook in Bob's mouth, and is letting him play around the way a fisherman does a black bass, and when he thinks he is running the whole business, and flops around and scares the other fish, it is possible Bob may be reeled in, and he will find himself on the bottom of the boat with a finger and thumb in his gills and a big boot on his paunch, and he will be compelled to disgorge the hook and the bait and all, and he will lay there and try to flop out of the boat, and wonder what kind of a game this is that is being played on him.

Everything turns out right some time, and from what we have heard of God, off and on, we don't believe He is going to let no ordinary man, bald headed and apoplectic, carry off all the persimmons, and put his fingers to his nose and dare the ruler of the universe to tread on the tail of his coat.

Bob Ingersoll has got the bulge on all the Christians now, and draws more water than anybody, but He who notes the sparrow's fall has no doubt got an eye on the fat rascal, and some day will close two or three fingers around Bob's throat, when his eyes will stick out so you can hang your hat on them, and he will blat like a calf and get down on his knees and say:

"Please, Mr. God, don't choke so, and I will give it all back and go around and tell the boys that I am the almightyest liar that ever charged a dollar a head to listen to the escaping wind from a blown up bladder. O, good God, don't hurt so. My neck is all chafed."

And then he will die, and God will continue business at the old stand.

THE GREAT MONOPOLIES.

THERE is an association of old fossils at New York calling themselves the "Anti-Monopoly League," that has taken the job on their hands of saving the country from eternal and everlasting ruin at the hands of the gigantic monopolies, the railroads, and this league, through its President, L. E. Chittenden, is sending editorials and extracts from speeches delivered by great men who have been refused passes, or who have not been retained by railroads to conduct law suits as much as they think they ought to be, to newspapers all over the country requesting their publication.

The Sun gets its regular share of these documents each week, which go into the waste basket with a regularity that is truly remarkable, considering that we are not a railroad monopoly. But there is something so ridiculous about these articles that one cannot help laughing. They claim that the country is in the grasp of the gigantic monopolies, and that they will choke the country to death and ruin everybody, though what the object can be in running the country and everybody in it, is not stated.

These monopolies have taken the country when it was as weak as gruel, and hoisted it by the slack of the pants to the leading position among nations. The monopolies have built their track all over God's creation, where land could not be given away, have hauled emigrants out there and set them up in business, and made the waste land of the government valuable. They have made transportation so cheap that the emigrant from Germany of last year can send wheat from Dakota to the Fatherland, and Bismarck and King William can get it cheaper than they can wheat grown within a mile of their castles.

These monopolies that the played out nine-spot anti-monopoly leagues are howling against have made the country what it is, and if there is anybody in this country that don't like it, they can get emigrant tickets and go to Germany or Norway and take the places of the men that the monopolies are causing to settle here. Of course we could all run railroads better than the owners run them, but as long as we have not got money enough to buy them we better shut up our yap and let Jay Gould and his fellows do what they please with their own, as long as they permit the country to prosper as it is prospering now. The anti-monopoly leaguers had better go to driving street cars.

ANOTHER DEAD FAILURE.

AGAIN we are called upon to apologize to our readers for advertising what we had reason to expect would occur at the time advertised, but which failed to show up. We allude to the end of the world which was to have taken place last Sunday.

It is with humility that we confess that we were again misled into believing that the long postponed event would take place, and with others we got our things together that we intended to take along, only to be compelled to unpack them Monday morning.

Now this thing is played out, and the next time any party advertises that the world will come to an end, we shall take no stock in it. And then it will be just our luck to have the thing come to an end, when we are not prepared. There is the worst sort of mismanagement about this business somewhere, and we are not sure but it is best to allow God to go ahead and attend to the closing up of earthly affairs, and give these fellows that figure out the end of all things with a slate and pencil the grand bounce.

It is a dead loss to this country of millions of dollars every time there is a prediction that the world will come to an end, because there are lots of men who quit business weeks beforehand and do not try to earn a living, but go lunching around. We lost over fifteen dollars' worth of advertising last week from people who thought if the thing was going up the flue on Sunday there was no use of advertising any more, and we refused twenty dollars' worth more because we thought if that was the last paper we were going to get out we might as well knock off work Friday and Saturday and go and catch a string of perch. The people have been fooled about this thing enough, and the first man that comes around with any more predictions ought to be arrested.

People have got enough to worry about, paying taxes, and buying strawberries and sugar, to can, *without feeling* that if they get a tax receipt the

money will be a dead loss, or if they put up a cellar full of canned fruit the world will tip over on it and break every jar and bust every tin can.

Hereafter we propose to go right along as though the world was going to stay right side up, have our hair cut, and try and behave, and then if old mother earth shoots off into space without any warning we will take our chances with the rest in catching on to the corner of some passing star and throw our leg over and get acquainted with the people there, and maybe start a funny paper and split the star wide open.

OUR BLUE-COATED DOG POISONERS.

“PAPA, the cruel policeman has murdered little Gip! He sneaked up and frowned a nice piece of meat to Gip, and Gip he eated it, and fanked the policeman with his tail, and runned after him and teased for more, but the policeman fought Gip had enough, and then Gip stopped and looked sorry he had eaten it, and pretty soon he laid down and died, and the policeman laughed and went off feeling good. If Dan Sheehan was the policeman any more he wouldn’t poison my dog, would he, pa?”

The above was the greeting the bald-headed *Sun* man received on Thursday, and a pair of four-year-old brown eyes were full enough of tears to break the heart of a policeman of many years’ standing, and the little, crushed master of the dead King Charles spaniel went to sleep sobbing and believing that policemen were the greatest blot upon the civilization of the nineteenth century.

Here was a little fellow that had from the day he first stood on his feet after the scarlet fever had left him alive, been allowing his heart to become entwined with love for that poor little dog. For nearly a year the dog had been ready to play with the child when everybody else was tired out, and never once had the dog been cross or backed out of a romp, and the laughter and the barking has many a time been the only sound of happiness in the neighborhood.

If the boy slept too long after dinner, the dog went and rooted around him as much as to say, "Look a here, Mr. Roy, you can't play this on your partner any longer. You get up here and we will have a high old time, and don't you forget it." And pretty soon the sound of baby feet and dog's toe nails would be heard on the stairs, and the circus would commence.

If the dog slept too long of an afternoon, the boy would hunt him out, take hold of his tail with one hand, and an ear with the other, and lug him into the parlor, saying, "Gip, too much sleep is what is ruining the dogs in this country. Now, brace up and play horse with me." And then there was fun.

Well, it is all over; but while we write there is a little fellow sleeping on a tear-stained pillow, dreaming, perhaps, of a heaven where the woods are full of King Charles' spaniel dogs, and a door-keeper stands with a club to keep out policemen. And still we cannot blame policemen—it is the law that is to blame—the wise men who go to the legislature, and make months with one day too much, pass laws that a dog shall be muzzled and wear a *brass check*, or he is liable to go mad. Statistics

show that not one dog in a million ever goes mad, and that they are more liable to go mad in winter than in summer; but several hundred years ago somebody said that summer was "dog days," and the law-makers of this enlightened nineteenth century still insist on a wire muzzle at a season of the year when a dog wants air and water, and wants his tongue out.

So we compel our guardians of the peace to go around assassinating dogs. Men, who as citizens, would cut their hands off before they would injure a neighbor's property, or speak harsh to his dog, when they hire out to the city must stifle all feelings of humanity, and descend to the level of Paris scavengers. We compel them to do this. If they would get on their ears and say to the city of Milwaukee, "We will guard your city, and protect you from insult, and die for you if it becomes necessary; but we will see you in hades before we will go around assassinating dogs," we as a people, would think more of them, and perhaps build them a decent station house to rest in.

The dog law is as foolish as the anti-treating law, and if it were not enforced, no harm would be done. Our legislators have to pass about so many laws anyway, and we should use our judgment about enforcing them.

But the dog is dead, and the little man meditates a terrible revenge. He is going to have a goat that can whip a policeman, he says; then there will be fun around the parsonage.

PECK'S BAD BOY.

HIS PA IS "NISHIATED."

ARE YOU A MASON?—NO HARM TO PLAY AT LODGE—
WHY GOATS ARE KEPT IN STABLES—THE BAD BOY
GETS THE GOAT UP STAIRS—THE GRAND BUMP-
ER DEGREE—KYAN PEPPER ON THE GOAT'S
BEARD—“BRING FORTH THE ROYAL
BUMPER”—THE GOAT ON THE
RAMPAGE.

“SAY, are you a Mason, or a nodfellow, or anything?” asked the bad boy of the grocery man, as he went to the cinnamon bag on the shelf and took out a long stick of cinnamon bark to chew.

“Why, yes, of course I am, but what set you to thinking of that,” asked the grocery man, as he went to the desk and charged the boy's father with a half a pound of cinnamon.

“Well, do the goats bunt when you nishiate a fresh candidate?”

“No, of course not. The goats are cheap ones, that have no life, and we muzzle them, and put pillows over their heads, so they can't hurt anybody,” says the grocery man, as he winked at a brother Odd Fellow who was seated on a sugar barrel, looking mysterious, “But why do you ask?”

O, nothin, only I wish me and my chum had muzzled our goat with a pillow. Pa would have enjoyed his becoming a member of our lodge better. You see, Pa had been telling us how much good the Masons and Odd Fellers did, and said we ought to try and grow up good so we could jine the lodges when we got big, and I asked Pa if it would do any hurt for us to have a play lodge in my room, and purtend to nishiate, and Pa said it wouldn't do any hurt. He said it would improve our minds and learn us to be men. So my chum and me borried a goat that lives in a livery stable. Say, did you know they keep a goat in a livery stable so the horses won't get sick? They get used to the smell of the goat, and after that nothing can make them sick but a glue factory. I wish my girl boarded in a livery stable, then she would get used to the smell. I went home with her from church Sunday night, and the smell of the goat on my clothes made her sick to her stummick, and she acted just like an excursion on the lake, and said if I didn't go and bury myself and take the smell out of me she wouldn't never go with me again. She was just as pale as a ghost, and the prespiration on her lip was just zif she had been hit by a street sprinkler. You see my chum and me had to carry the goat up to my room when Pa and Ma was out riding, and he blatted so we had to tie a handkerchief around his nose, and his feet made such a noise on the floor that we put some baby's socks on his feet. Gosh, how frowy a goat smells, don't it? I should think you Masons must have strong

stummix, Why don't you have a skunk or a mule for a trade mark. Take a mule, and annoint it with limburg cheese and you could initiate and make a candidate smell just as bad as with a gosh darn milk-dewed goat.

" Well, my chum and me practiced with that goat until he could bunt the picture of a goat every time. We borried a buck beer sign from a saloon man and hung it on the back of a chair, and the goat would hit it every time. That night Pa wanted to know what we were doing up in my room, and I told him we were playing lodge, and improving our minds, and Pa said that was right, there was nothing that did boys of our age half so much good as to imitate men, and store by useful nollidge. Then my chum asked Pa if he didn't want to come up and take the grand bumper degree, and Pa laffed and said he didn't care if he did, just to encourage us boys in innocent pastime, that was so improving to our intollex. We had shut the goat up in a closet in my room, and he had got over blatting, so we took off the handkerchief, and he was eating some of my paper collars, and skate straps. We went up stairs, and told Pa to come up pretty soon and give three distinct raps, and when we asked him who comes there he must say, 'a pilgrim who wants to join your ancient order and ride the goat.' Ma wanted to come up too, but we told her if she come in it would break up the lodge, cause a woman couldn't keep a secret, and we didn't have any side saddle for the goat. Say, if you never tried it, the next

time you nitiate a man in your Mason's lodge you sprinkle a little kyan pepper on the goat's beard just afore you turn him loose. You can get three times as much fun to the square inch of goat. You wouldn't think it was the same goat. Well, we got all fixed and Pa rapped, and we let him in and told him he must be blindfolded, and he got on his knees a laffing and I tied a towel around his eyes, and then I turned him around and made him get down on his hands also, and then his back was right towards the closet door, and I put the buck beer sign right against Pa's clothes. He was a laffing all the time, and said we boys were as full of fun as they made 'em, and we told him it was a solemn occasion, and we wouldn't permit no levity, and if he didn't stop laffing we couldn't give him the grand bumper degee. Then evergthing was ready, and my chum had his hand on the closet door, and some kyan pepper in his other hand, and I asked Pa in low bass tones if he felt as though he wanted to turn back, or if he had nerve enough to go ahead and take the degee. I warned him that it was full of dangers, as the goat was loaded for bear, and told him he yet had time to retrace his steps if he wanted to. He said he wanted the whole bizness, and we could go ahead with the menagerie. Then I said to Pa that if he had decided to go ahead, and not blame us for the consequences, to repeat after me the following : ' Bring forth the Royal Bumper and let him Bump.'

" Pa repeated the words, and my chum sprinkled the kyan pepper on the goat's moustache, and he

sneezed once and looked sassy, and then he see the lager beer goat raring up, and he started for it, just like a cow catcher, and blatted. Pa is real fat, but he knew he got hit, and he grunted, and said, 'Hell's fire, what you boys doin'?' and then the goat gave him another degree, and Pa pulled off the towel and got up and started for the stairs, and so did the goat, and Ma was at the bottom of the stairs listening, and when I looked over the banisters Pa and Ma and the goat were all in a heap, and Pa was yelling murder, and Ma was screaming fire, and the goat was blattting, and sneezing, and bunting, and the hired girl came into the hall and the goat took after her and she crossed herself just as the goat struck her and said, 'Howly mother, protect me!' and went down stairs the way we boys slide down hill, with both hands on herself, and the goat rared up and blatted, and Pa and Ma went into their room and shut the door, and then my chum and me opened the front door and drove the goat out. The minister, who comes to see Ma every three times a week, was just ringing the bell and the goat thought he wanted to be nishiated too, and gave him one, for luck, and then went down the sidewalk, blattting, and sneezing, and the minister came in the parlor and said he was stabbed, and then Pa came out of his room with his suspenders hanging down, and he didn't know the minister was there, and he said cuss words, and Ma cried and told Pa he would go to hell sure, and Pa said he didn't care, he would kill that kussid goat

afore he went, and I told Pa the minister was in the parlor, and he and Ma went down and said the weather was propitious for a revival, and it seemed as though an outpouring of the spirit was about to be vouchsafed to His people, and none of them sot down but Ma, cause the goat didn't hit her, and while they were talking relidgin, with their mouths, and kussin the goat inwardly, my chum and me adjourned the lodge, and I went and stayed with him all night, and I haven't been home since. But I don't believe Pa will lick me, cause he said he would not hold us responsible for the consequences. He ordered the goat hisself, and we filled the order, don't you see, ? Well, I guess I will go and sneak in the back way, and find out from the hired girl how the land lays. She won't go back on me, cause the goat was not loaded for hired girls. She just happened to get in at the wrong time. Good bye, sir, Remember and give your goat kyan pepper in your lodge."

As the boy went away, and skipped over the back fence, the grocery man said to his brother odd fellow, "If that boy don't beat the devil then I never saw one that did. The old man ought to have him sent to a lunatic asylum."

IN AN UNGUARDED MOMENT BILL NYE IS CAPTURED
BY A POLITICAL SIREN.

Decoyed by Honeyed Words He Essays to Purify Politics—The Inevitable Delegation from Irving Hall—An Unreserved Statement of Campaign Expenses—Some Items of a Momentous Canvass Disclosed.

I have only just returned from the new-made grave of a little boomlet of my own. Yesterday I dug a little hole in the back yard and buried in it my little boom, where the pie-plant will cast its cooling shadows over it and the pinch-bug can come and carol above it at eventide.

A few weeks ago a plain man came to me and asked me my name. Refreshing my memory by looking at the mark on my linen, I told him promptly who I was. He said he had resided in New York for a long time and felt the hour had now arrived for politics in this city to be purified. Would I assist him in this great work? If so, would I appoint a trysting place where we could meet and tryst? I suggested the holy hush and quiet of lower Broadway or the New York end of the East River bridge at 6 o'clock; but he said no, we might be discovered. So we agreed to meet at my house. There he told me that his idea was to run me for the State Senate this fall, not because he had any political axe to grind, but because he wanted to see old

methods wiped out and the will of the people find true and unfettered expression.

"And, sir," I asked, "what party do you represent?"

"I represent those who wish for purity, those who sigh for the results of unbought suffrages, those who despise old methods and yearn to hear the unsmothered voice of the people."

"Then you are Mr. Vox Populi himself, perhaps?"

"No, my name is Kargill, and I am in dead earnest. I represent the party of purity in New York."

"And why did you not bring the party with you? Then you and I and my wife and this party you speak of could have had a game of whist together," said I with an air of inimitable drollery.

But he seemed to be shocked by my trifling manner, and again asked me to be his standard-bearer. Finally I said reluctantly that I would do so, for I have always said that I would never shrink from my duty in case I should become the victim of political preferment.

In Wyoming I had several times accepted the portfolio of justice of the peace, and so I knew what it was to be called forth by the wild and clamorous appeals of my constituents and asked to stand up for principle, to buckle on the armor of true patriotism and with drawn sword and overdrawn salary to battle for the right.

In running for office in Wyoming our greatest expense and annoyance arose from the immense distances we had to travel in order to go over one county. Many a day I have traveled during an exciting canvass from daylight till dark without meeting a voter. But here was a Senatorial district not larger than a ~~just~~

school district, and I thought that the expense of making a canvass would be comparatively small.

That was where I made a mistake. On the day after Mr. Lucifer Kargill had entered my home and with honeyed words made me believe that New York had been, figuratively speaking, sitting back on her haunches for fifty years waiting for me to come along and be a standard-bearer, a man came to my house who said he had heard that I was looking toward the Senate, and that he had come to see me as the representative of Irving Hall. I said that I did not care a continental for Irving Hall, so far as my own campaign was concerned, as I intended to do all my speaking in the school-houses.

He said that I did not understand him. What he wanted to know was, what percentage of my gross earnings at Albany would go into the Irving Hall sinking fund, provided that organization indorsed me? I said that I was going into this campaign to purify politics, and that I would do what was right toward Irving Hall, in order to be placed in a position where I could get in my work as a purifier.

We then had a long talk upon what he called the needs of the hour. He said that I would make a good candidate, as I had no past. I was unknown and safe. Besides, he could see that I had the elements of success, for I had never expressed any opinion about anything, and had never antagonized any of the different wings of the party by saying anything that people had paid any attention to. He said also that he learned I had belonged to all the different parties, and so would be *familiar* with the methods of each. He then asked me



TEMPTED BY A POLITICAL SIREN.



to sign a pledge, and after I had done so he shook hands with me and went away.

The next day I was waited upon by the treasurers of eleven chowder clubs, the financial secretary of the Shanty Sharpshooters and Goat Hill Volunteers. A man also came to obtain means for burying a dead friend. I afterward saw him doing so to some extent. He was burying his friend beneath the solemn shadow of a heavy mahogany-colored mustache, of which he was the sole proprietor.

I was waited upon by delegations from Tammany, the County Democracy and the Jeffersonian Simplicity Club. Everybody seemed to have dropped his own business in order to wait upon me.

I became pledged to every one on condition that I should be elected. It makes me shudder now to think what I may have signed. I paid forty odd dollars for the privilege of voting for a beautiful child, and thus lost all influence with every other parent in the contest. I voted for the most popular young lady and heard afterward that she regarded me only as a friend. I had a biography and portrait of myself printed in an obscure paper that claimed a large circulation, and the first time the forms went into the press a loose screw fell out of the machinery, caught on the forehead of my portrait and peeled back the scalp so that it dropped over one eye like a prayer rug hanging out of the window of a Constantinople minaret during house-cleaning time.

I had paid a boy three dollars to scatter these papers among the neighbors, but I met him as he came out of

the offices and made it free failure if he would put them in the disposal of the incoming tide.

I give below a rough sketch of expenses, not including some of the items referred to above:

STATEMENT OF THE EXPENSES OF MY CAMPAIGN.	
Called to visit meet gentleman who discovered me and pleaded with me to run for the office as that the people could have a pure administration.....	\$25 00
Paid man who claimed to have influence, but whose wife is in the habit of sticking him under the lounge and pulling him over the head with a carpet-wrecker.....	20 00
Advised to Party Galore Club for demonstration purposes, viz., for purchase of 500 tickets which demonstration was a failure, owing to inability of the six members of club to carry 500 tickets while drunk.....	250 00
Paid to Recording Secretary of Independent Order of Bung-starters, for purpose of buying new tin panoply for parade purposes.....	32 00
Paid my proportion of expenses of contemplated demonstration. Stipulated by me that this money should be used in defraying expense of torchlight procession to march down Broadway, but it was really used to fit out a procession that marched down the broad road to a ready made drunkard's doom.....	27 00
Paid drunk-and-disorderly fine and costs of man who first came to me with his siren's song and begged me to please run and purify politics	9 35
Paid secretary of Beardless Boys' Political Filter Corps No. 9, to buy new strainer for purifying politics.....	2 85
Paid for bromide furnished to man who first thought of me as a candidate.....	20
Paid man who agreed to throw a stereopticon portrait of myself against the side of the Grand Central depot all night, together with the announcement that I was the people's choice, but which said man, I afterward learned, got \$50 for putting above the portrait an illuminated legend, as follows: <i>This man would have looked better if he had used Slenck's Handrake Pills!</i>	25 00

'aid hack hire for conveying to Home of the Friendless two children of a man who writes scathing magazine articles on "How to Make Home Happy," and who also has a strong political pull, but which pull, strong as it is, stands back and trembles and turns pale in the presence of this man's rich Bourbon breath.....	5 00
'aid for votes while running at a big church fair for embroidered suspenders voted to "the most popular hairless man in New York," \$832.	
Credit by suspenders, 40 cents; balance.....	881 60
'aid for extra papers (papers contained column article, with flea bitten portrait, and statement that at the age of eighteen months I crawled out of the cradle and began to support my parents by taming lions for a circus).....	121 00
'aid for overcoat for our pastor, hoping he would frequently allude to it, but who took the coat and paid a long contemplated visit to his boyhood home in Ohio.....	83 00
'aid for eight-line reading notice in the columns of the <i>Elevated Railway and Advertiser</i>	73 00
Miscellaneous expenses, including railroad fare of my wife, who has gone home to her parents to remain until I get politics purified.....	178 00
'aid for cigars to use during political campaign.....	75 00
'aid for strong political pulls to use in working said cigars...	3 50
'aid to influential ward worker, who needed a little money at the house, as his wife had just presented him with twins. 20 00	
One week later, thoughtlessly paid same man under what purported to be similar circumstances.....	10 00

Yesterday I tried to find the red-nosed man who first sked me to go into the standard-bearer business, in order to withdraw my name, but I could not find him in the directory. I therefore take this means of saying, as I said to my assignee last evening, that if a public office be a public bust, I might just as well bust now and have it over.

To-morrow I will sell out my residence, a cane voted to me as the most popular man in the State; also an

the office and made it five dollars if he would put them in the bosom of the moaning tide.

I give below a rough draft of expenses, not including some of the items referred to above:

STATEMENT NOW IN THE HANDS OF MY ASSIGNEE.

Loaned to red-nosed gentleman who discovered me and pleaded with me to run for the office so that the people could have a pure administration.....	\$25 00
Paid rent of man who claimed to have influence, but whose wife is in the habit of kicking him under the lounge and wälting him over the head with a carpet-stretcher.....	20 00
Advanced to Early Galoot Club for demonstration purposes, viz., for purchase of 500 torches; which demonstration was a failure, owing to inability of the six members of club to carry 500 torches while drunk.....	250 00
Paid to Recording Secretary of Independent Order of Bung-starters, for purpose of buying new tin panoply for parade purposes.....	32 00
Paid my proportion of expenses of contemplated demonstration. Stipulated by me that this money should be used in defraying expense of torchlight procession to march down Broadway, but it was really used to fit out a procession that marched down the broad road to a ready made drunkard's doom.....	27 00
Paid drunk-and-disorderly fine and costs of man who first came to me with his siren's song and begged me to please run and purify politics	9 35
Paid secretary of Beardless Boys' Political Filter Corps No. 9, to buy new strainer for purifying politics.....	2 85
Paid for bromide furnished to man who first thought of me as a candidate.....	20
Paid man who agreed to throw a stereopticon portrait of myself against the side of the Grand Central depot all night, together with the announcement that I was the people's choice, but which said man, I afterward learned, got \$50 for putting above the portrait an illuminated legend, as follows: <i>This man would have looked better if he had used Slenck's Handrake Pills!</i>	25 00

Paid hack hire for conveying to Home of the Friendless two children of a man who writes scathing magazine articles on "How to Make Home Happy," and who also has a strong political pull, but which pull, strong as it is, stands back and trembles and turns pale in the presence of this man's rich Bourbon breath.....	8 00
Paid for votes while running at a big church fair for embroidered suspenders voted to "the most popular hairless man in New York," \$832.	
Credit by suspenders, 40 cents; balance.....	831 60
Paid for extra papers (papers contained column article, with flea bitten portrait, and statement that at the age of eighteen months I crawled out of the cradle and began to support my parents by taming lions for a circus).....	121 00
Paid for overcoat for our pastor, hoping he would frequently allude to it, but who took the coat and paid a long contemplated visit to his boyhood home in Ohio.....	33 00
Paid for eight-line reading notice in the columns of the <i>Elevated Railway and Advertiser</i>	72 00
Miscellaneous expenses, including railroad fare of my wife, who has gone home to her parents to remain until I get politics purified.....	178 00
Paid for cigars to use during political campaign.....	75 00
Paid for strong political pulls to use in working said cigars....	8 50
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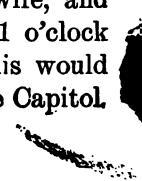
assortment of political pulls, a little loose in the handles, but otherwise all right. I will close out at the same time five hundred torches, three hundred tin helmets, nine transparencies and one double-leaded editorial, entitled "Dinna Ye Hear the Slogan?"

VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

A noble, generous-hearted man in Cheyenne lost \$250, and an honest chambermaid found it in his room. The warm heart of the man swelled with gratitude, and seemed to reach out after all mankind, that he might in some way assist them with the \$250 which was lost, and was found again. So he fell on the neck of the chambermaid, and while his tears took the starch out of her linen collar, he put his hand in his pocket and found her a counterfeit twenty-five cent scrip. "Take this," he said, between his sobs, "virtue is its own reward. Do not use it unwisely, put it into Laramie County bonds, where thieves cannot corrupt, nor moths break through and gnaw the corners off."

A GOOD PAINTING FOR THE CAPITOL.

I have seen a very spirited painting somewhere; I think it was at the Louvre, or the Vatican, or Fort Collins, by either Michael Angelo, or Raphael, or Eli Perkins, which represented Joseph presenting a portion of his ulster overcoat to Potiphar's wife, and lighting out for the Cairo and Palestine 11 o'clock train, with a great deal of earnestness. This would be a good painting to hang on the walls of the Capitol.



THE TRUE HISTORY OF DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

Dionysius the Elder—Paris Green in the Pie—Damon and Pythias—Pythias about to Be Sacrificed—The Solitary Horseman Puts in an Appearance.

CHAPTER I.

The romantic story of Damon and Pythias, which has been celebrated in verse and song for over two thousand years, is supposed to have originated during the reign of Dionysius I, or Dionysius the Elder as he was also called, who resigned about 350 years B. C. He must have been called "The Elder," more for a joke than anything else, as he was by inclination a Unitarian, although he was never a member of any church whatever, and was, in fact, the wickedest man in all Syracuse.

Dionysius arose to the throne from the ranks, and used to call himself a self-made man. He was tyrannical, severe and selfish, as all self-made men are. Self-made men are very prone to usurp the prerogative of the Almighty and overwork themselves. They are not satisfied with the position of division superintendent of creation, but they want to be most worthy high grand muck-a-muck of the entire ranch, or their lives are gloomy fizzles.

Dionysius was indeed so odious and so overbearing toward his subjects that he lived in constant fear of assassination at their hands. This fear robbed him of

his rest and rendered life a dreary waste to the tyrannical king. He lived in constant dread that each previous moment would be followed by the succeeding one. He would eat a hearty supper and retire to rest, but the night would be cursed with horrid dreams of the Scythians and White River Utes peeling off his epidermis and throwing him into a boiling cauldron with red pepper and other counter-irritants, while they danced the Highland fling around this royal barbecue.

Even his own wife and children were forbidden to enter his presence for fear that they would put "barn arsenic" in the blanc-mange or "Cosgrove arsenic" in the pancakes, or Paris green in the pie.

During his reign he had constructed an immense subterranean cavernous arrangement, called the Ear of Dionysius, because it resembled in shape and general telephonic power, the human ear. It was the largest ear on record. One day a workman expressed the desire to erect a similar ear of tin or galvanized iron on old Di. himself. Some one "blowed on him," and the next morning his head was thumping about in the waste paper basket at the General Office. When one of the king's subjects, who thought he was solid with the administration, would say: "Beyond the possibility of a doubt, your Most Serene Highness is the kind and loving guardian of his people, and the idol of his subjects," His Royal Tallness would say, "What ye givin' us? Do you wish to play the Most Sublime Overseer of the Universe and General Ticket Agent Plenipotentiary for a Chinaman? Ha!!! You cannot fill up the King of Syracuse with taffy." Then he would order *the chief executioner* to run the man through the royal

sausage grinder, and throw him into the Mediterranean. In this way the sausage-grinder was kept running night and day, and the chief engineer who ran the machine made double time every month.

CHAPTER II.

I will now bring in Damon and Pythias.

Damon and Pythias were named after a popular secret organization because they were so solid on each other. They thought more of one another than anybody. They borrowed chewing tobacco, and were always sociable and pleasant. They slept together, and unitedly "stood off" the landlady from month to month in the most cheerful and harmonious manner. If Pythias snored in the night like the blast of a fog horn, Damon did not get mad and kick him in the stomach as some would. He gently but firmly took him by the nose and lifted him up and down to the merry rythm of "The Babies in Our Block."

They loved one another in season and out of season. Their affection was like the soft bloom on the nose of a Wyoming legislator. It never grew pale or wilted. It was always there. If Damon were at the bat, Pythias was on deck. If Damon went to a church fair and invited starvation, Pythias would go, too, and vote on the handsomest baby till the First National Bank of Syracuse would refuse to honor his checks.

But one day Damon got too much budge and told the venerable and colossal old royal bummer of Syracuse what he thought of him. Then Dionysius told the chief engineer of the sausage grinder to turn on steam and prepare for business. But Damon thought

of Pythias, and how Pythias hadn't so much to live for as he had, and he made a compromise by offering to put Pythias in soak while the only genuine Damon went to see his girl, who lived at Albany. Three days were given him to get around and redeem Pythias, and if he failed his friend would go to protest.

CHAPTER III.

We will now suppose three days to have elapsed since the preceding chapter. A large party of enthusiastic citizens of Syracuse are gathered around the grand stand, and Pythias is on the platform cheerfully taking off his coat. Near by stands a man with a broad-axe. The Syracuse silver cornet band has just played "It's funny when you feel that way," and the chaplain has made a long prayer, Pythias sliding a trade dollar into his hand and whispering to him to give him his money's worth. The Declaration of Independence has been read, and the man on the left is running his thumb playfully over the edge of his meat axe. Pythias takes off his collar and tie, swearing softly to himself at his miserable luck.

CHAPTER IV.

It is now the proper time to throw in the solitary horseman. The horizontal bars of golden light from the setting sun gleam and glitter from the dome of the court-house and bathe the green plains of Syracuse with mellow splendor. The billowy piles of fleecy bronze in the eastern sky look soft and yielding, like a Sarah Bernhardt. The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea, and all nature seems oppressed with the solemn

hush and stillness of the surrounding and engulfing horror.

The solitary horseman is seen coming along the Albany and Syracuse toll road. He jabs the Mexican spurs into the foamy flank of his noble cayuse plug, and the lash of the quirt as it moves through the air is singing a merry song. Damon has been delayed by road agents and wash-outs, and he is a little behind time. Besides, he fooled a little too long and dallied in Albany with his fair gazelle. But he is making up time now and he sails into the jail yard just in time to take his part. He and Pythias fall into each other's arms, borrow a chew of fine-cut from each other and weep to slow music. Dionysius comes before the curtain, bows and says the exercises will be postponed. He orders the band to play something soothing, gives Damon the appointment of superintendent of public instruction, and Pythias the Syracuse post-office, and everything is lovely. Orchestra plays something touchful. Curtain comes down. Keno. *In hoc usufruct nux vomica est.*

A TRYING SITUATION.

“There are a great many things in life which go to atone for the disappointments and sorrows which one meets,” but when a young man’s rival takes the fair Matilda to see the base-ball game, and sits under an umbrella beside her, and is at the height of enjoyment, and gets the benefit of a “hot ball” in the pit of his stomach, there is a nameless joy settles down in the heart of the lonesome young man, such as the world can neither give nor take away.

JUDGE CADAVER.

"Am Judge Cadaver in de Hall to-night?" softly queried Brother Gardner, as he looked down the aisle toward the stool on which the fat and juicy Judge was unanimously reposing.

"If de Judge am in de Hall he will please step dis way," continued the President, after a moment of deep silence.

The Judge slowly arose and meandered forward, energetically chewing a piece of slippery elm to hide his agitation.

"Brudder Cadaver, I have a few words to say to you to-night," said the President, as he looked down upon his shiny baldness. "De odder day I happened to pass a policy shop, an' I saw you gwine in. Dat same evenin' as I was gwine past a saloon I saw you standin' at de bar wid a glass of whisky in your 'han'. I kin also recall de fack dat I hev not seen you at work for de las' month."

"I hasn't bin feelin' strictly well," pleaded the Judge.

"You war well 'nuff to play policy."

"I—I—didn't put up but ten cents."

"An' what about de whiskey-drinkin'?"

"I was feelin' powerful weak, sah,"

"Too thin—too thin," replied the President, as he shook his head. "Now, den, I want to spoke to you. In some respects you am a good man. I doan' believe you would steal, I hev never cotched you lyin', an' I reckon you am a good man at home. Now, if somebody told you dar was a gold ring in de bottom of de ribber somewhar, would you pay ten cents a chance to fish fur it?"

"*No, sah.*"

“Sartin, you wouldn’t. Policy am a long, wide, deep ribber. De gold ring at de bottom am a \$5 prize which some poo’ critter fishes out after payin’ ten or fifteen dollars fur de chance. You wouldn’t frow money into Lake Erie an’ spect to git it back, but you’ll frow money into de pond of policy an’ spect to git out ten times as much as you tossed in. Drap it—drap it, Brudder Cadaver, befo’ you lose de title of Judge an’ get dat of Fool.”

“Yes sah; I’ll drap it to once.”

“An’ you drank whisky. De man who goes into a saloon am no better dan de man who keeps it. If I should ax you to put your foot agin a hot stove you would think me crazy. An’ yit, when you burn your stomach, befuddle your brain an’ make a brute of yourself, an’ hev to pay fur de privilege besides, what shall I think of you? God made de idiot, but it was left to whisky to make de fool.”

“I’ll nebber tech de stuff agin, sah—nebber.”

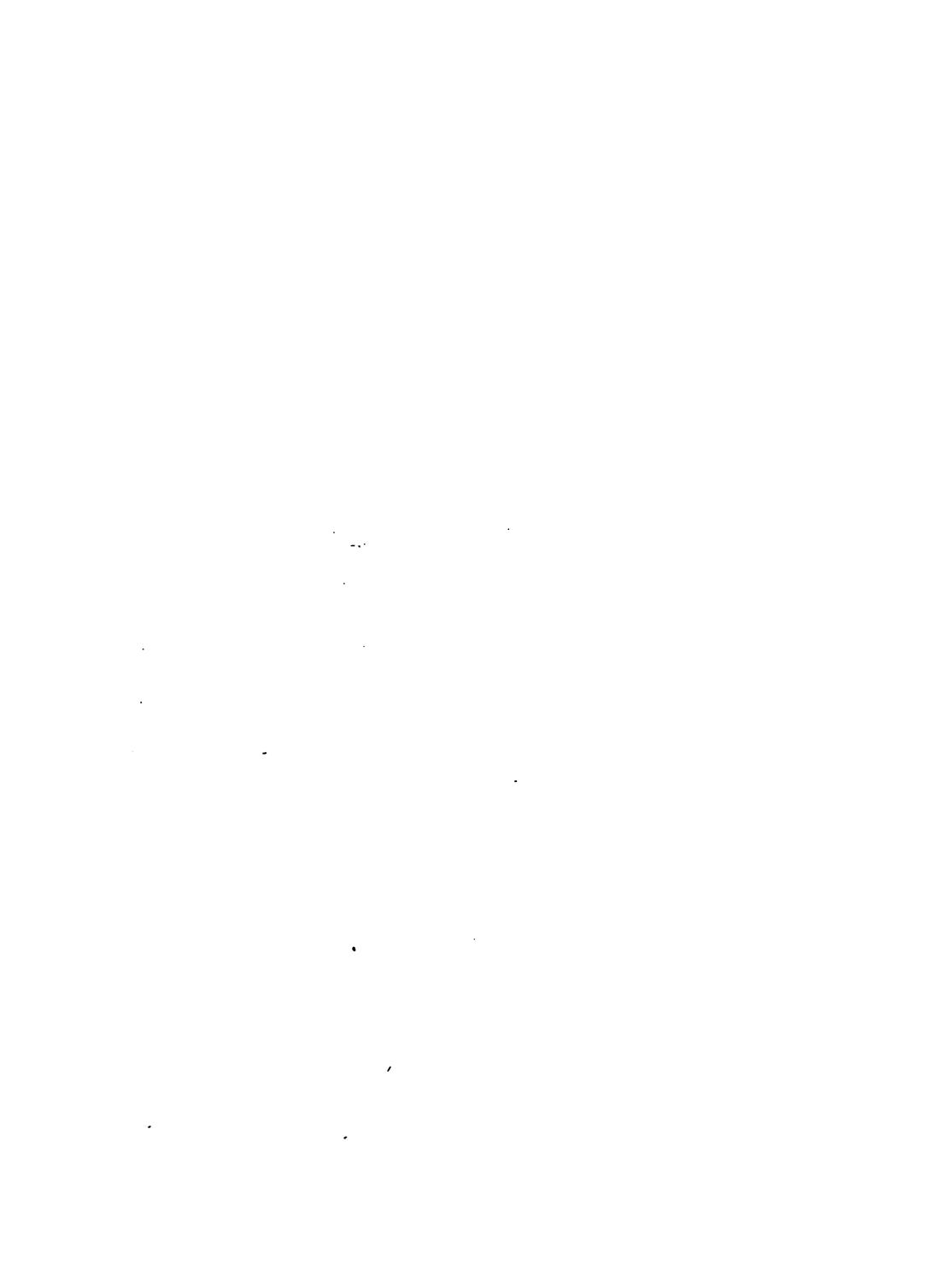
“An’ you hev big loafin’ aroun’. Brudder Cadaver, all wickedness begins wid laziness. A loafer am as much despised as a drunkard. When laziness comes home, pride goes away to visit de nayburs. Whisky may break a woman’s heart, but laziness will freeze her to death. When you go home to-night spit on yer hands an’ ax de boys to grease yer butes. When you turn outer bed in de mawnin’, freeze hold of de ax, or spade, or brush, an hunt fur a job. Dissolve partnership with laziness, cut de acquaintance of whisky, an’ de next time you am tempted to play policy come ober to my cabin an’ ax me to kick you all roun’ de doah-yard. You kin now sot down.”

A NARROW ESCAPE.

AND still another fiendish attempt to destroy human life and demolish Paradise Hall must be recorded. As the janitor was making ready for the Saturday night meeting, he opened the stove to take a chew of tobacco from a box he had been keeping there since it was decided not to build any more fires. To his horror, it was discovered that some one had placed a two-pound can of powder in the stove, and under ordinary circumstances he would have started a fire without seeing it. The result would have been appalling. Samuel Shin, who always sits nearest the stove, would have gone out of the opposite window and demolished the entire rear end of a second-hand clothing store. Giveadam Jones would have been lifted off his stool and dashed into the ante-room, knocking down the Keeper of the Pass-Word and utterly smashing a jug containing five pints of kerosene oil. Waydown Bebee would have been subjected to a pressure of 22,000 pounds to the square inch, and under this terrific strain he must have gone scooting up the Hall and plumped dead against Sir Isaac Walpole, mashing the old man to pulp in the wink of an eye. Brother Gardner would have been blown against the iron safe containing over \$700, and rebounding from thence he would have struck Elder Toots, killed him stone dead, passed close to Pickle Smith's ear, and brought up against the chimney, falling to the floor a lifeless mass of dark-colored clay. Every lamp chimney would have been broken—every window demolished, and every one of the nineteen joints of stove-pipe would have struck a separate head in *falling*. Paradise Hall might not have been entirely



WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.



demolished, but it would have taken at least \$13 to cover actual damages, to say nothing of the loss of valuable lives.

THE EYE OF PROVIDENCE.

"Let dis be anoder warnin' to you dat de eye of Providence am allus watchin' out," said Brother Gardner in his opening. "De good am sartin to be protected, while de bad will sooner or later arrove at some awful end. Had we been de Common Council, a political convention, or a State Legislature dat fiah would have been built; dat powder would have gone off, an' dis Hall would have been de picture of desolashun an' death. De janitor, who now receives a salary of seventy-five cents per week, will have it increased to eighty, an' in fucher his seat will be under de bust of Andrew Jackson. We will now pass de water an' purceed to bizness."

A PETITION.

The Secretary further announced a petition from twenty-four colored men of Richmond, asking the Signal Service of the United States to give at least twenty-four hours warning of the approach of earthquakes. No arrangements have been made for reporting earthquakes at all, and the colored population had to depend on luck alone. Brother Gardner announced that the Lime-Kiln Club would indorse the petition and forward it to Congress.

DELAYED POETRY.

The Secretary announced that he had received from Prof. Bagdad Pratt, of Brownsville, N. Y., a poem to be entered for the Waydown Bebee premium. The entries had been closed and the prizes

awarded, but on motion of Pickles Smith the Secretary was instructed to read the poem in a voice full of emotion. He therefore read:

ON DE NEGLECTED GRAVE

By de co'ner ob de melon patch,
 Among de bloomin' clover,
 I sit me on a grassy mound
 To look de melons ober,
 De bee was buzzin' in de sun,
 A makin' ob de honey—
 De skeeter borin' at my shin,
 As if he worked for money.

A stirrin' ob de melon vines—
 De win' blew from de souf;
 An' powerful de melons pumped
 De water in my mouf.
 An' den I think, "how soon—how soon,
 No melons I see shall—
 How soon—how soon I shall not hear
 De buzzin' ob de bee."

Dis darky's fleetin' bref done gone!
 (For life am neber long),
 De melon-longin' hushed—an' hushed
 De banjo an' de song.
 Den lay me in de groun' right heah,
 An' let de skeeter rave!
 De melon shuah will ripen on
 De poo' neglected grave.

On motion of Waydown Bebee, the Secretary was instructed to forward the thanks of the Club, together with a letter introducing the poet into the best society in the principal cities of the Union.

IT DOES NOT.

After lowering the contents of the water pail an inch and a half, and raising two windows to admit more oxygen, the Secretary announced the following inquiry:

GLENROSE, TEXAS, March 14, 1882.

DEAR BROTHER GARDNER.—There is a superstition among the negroes of the South that all lawyers go to the bad place. Does such an idea prevail among the members of the Lime-Kiln Club? By answering this question, you will oblige greatly,

Your distant friend,

COTTONSEED WHITE.

"I neber heard dat dis Club entertained any such superstishun," said Brother Gardner, in reply. "So fur as de average lawyer goes, dis Club has no particular respect fur him. De average lawyer isn't a bit better dan de average criminal he keeps out of jail. De thief breaks de law to git money. De lawyer defends the thief for de same purpose, an' it most allus happens dat de thief am dun cleaned out when de lawyer am drew wid him. But de greatest criminals an' de meanest men am generally gibin time to repent. Arter de lawyer begins to grow old an' de rheumatism cotches on, an' his wife dies, an' his house burns up widout insurance, he am forced to reflect on his past life, an' dat refleckshun probably brings repentance. I doan' 'spose Heaben am crowded wid lawyers, but I reckon dat 'nuff of 'em squeeze in to keep fings pretty lively fur sich angels as disturb de peace or obstruct de sidewalks.

COLORED CONCERT TROUPES.

SOMETIMES it seems as though the colored people ought to have a guardian appointed over them. Now, you take a colored concert troupe, and though they may have splendid voices, they do not know enough to take advantage of their opportunities. People go to hear them because they are colored people, and they want to hear old-fashioned negro melodies, and yet these mokes will tackle Italian opera and high toned music that they don't know how to sing.

They will sing these fancy operas, and people will not pay any attention. Along toward the end of the programme they will sing some old nigger song, and the house fairly goes wild and calls them out half a dozen times. And yet they do not know enough to make up a programme of such music as they can sing, and such as the audience want.

They get too big, these colored people do, and can't strike their level. People who have heard Kellogg, and Marie Roze, and Gerster, are sick when a black cat with a long red dress comes out and murders the same pieces the prima donnas have sung. We have seen a colored girl attempt a selection from some organ-grinder opera, and she would howl and screech, and catch her breath and come again, and wheel and fire vocal shrapnel, limber up her battery and take a new position, and unlimber and send volleys of soprano grape and cannister into the audience, and then she would catch on to the highest note she could reach and hang to it like a dog to a root, till you would think they would have to throw a pail of water on her to make her let go, and all the time she would be biting and shaking like a terrier with a rat, and finally give one kick at her red tail.

with her hind foot, and back off the stage looking as though she would have to be carried on a dustpan, and the people in the audience would look at each other in pity and never give her a cheer, when, if she had come out and patted her leg, and put one hand up to her ear, and sung, "Ise a Gwine to See Massa Jesus Early in de Mornin'," they would have split the air wide open with cheers and called her out five times.

The fact is, they haven't got sense.

There was a hungry-looking, round-shouldered, sick-looking colored man in that same party, that was on the programme for a violin solo. When he came out the people looked at each other, as much as to say, "Now we will have some fun." The muke struck an attitude as near Ole Bull as he could with his number eleven feet and his hollow chest, and played some diabolical selection from a foreign cat opera that would have been splendid if Wilhelmjor Ole Bull had played it, but the colored brother couldn't get within a mile of the tune. He rasped his old violin for twenty minutes and tried to look grand, and closed his eyes and seemed to soar away to heaven,—and the audience wished to heaven he had,—and when he became exhausted and squeezed the last note out, and the audience saw that he was in a profuse perspiration, they let him go and did not call him back. If he had come out and sat on the back of a chair and sawed off "The Devil's Dream," or "The Arkansaw Traveler," that crowd would have cheered him till he thought he was a bigger man than Grant.

But he didn't have any sense.

If some one will send a marked copy of this paper to some of these colored concert troupes, and they will take the hint, and sing nigger songs, they will make a heap of money, where now they have to live on a free lunch route.

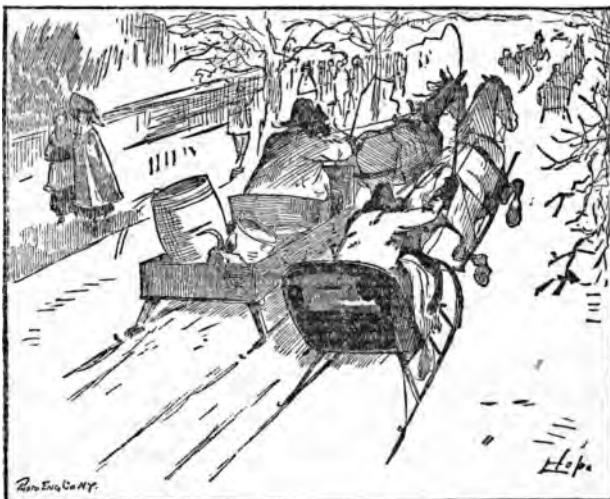
COULDNT GET AWAY FROM HIM.

A GOOD many may have wondered why we so suddenly quit speeding our horse on the avenue. For two or three days we couldn't go down the avenue enough, and there is no person but will admit that our old pile driver trotted real spry. We did not get the idea that he was the fastest horse that ever was, but he seemed real soon. It takes a good deal of executive ability for a man who has a third-class horse to keep from going down the road with horses that are too fast. One must be a good judge, and when he finds a horse that he can beat, stick to him.

We got the thing down pretty fine, but one day a man drove along beside us, going up, who seemed bound to get into conversation. He was a red-faced man, with these side-bar whiskers, evidently a German. He was driving a sorrel horse to a long sled, with a box on behind the seat, a sort of delivery sleigh. He had a barrel in the sleigh, filled with intestines from a slaughter house, two baskets full of the same freight, a cow's head, and two sheep heads. He was evidently owner of a sausage factory somewhere, and as he kept along beside us his company was somewhat annoying. Not that we were proud, but we feared the people on the avenue would think

we were a silent partner in a sausage factory, and that we were talking business.

The man was real entertaining in his conversation, but the load he had was not congenial, and we were glad when the foot of the hill was reached, so we could turn around and go down, and get away from him. We turned and spit on our hands, and begun to pull up on the old horse, and he began to



"NICE RACE, AIN'T IT, MR. BECK?"

get his legs untangled and to go. We forgot about the sausage butcher, as we went down, the fresh air making every nerve get up and git.

Suddenly the nose of a sorrel horse began to work up by where we sat, and we looked around, and may we never live to make a million dollars if it wasn't the red-faced sausage man, intestines, cow's head,

basket and all, and his old horse was coming for all that was out. We blush for our sex. It would look nice to get in the papers that we had been racing our blue-blooded thoroughbred against a sausage butcher, wouldn't it? Our plan was formed in an instant. Great generals form plans suddenly, and we took out the whip and touched our horse on a raw spot, intending to go right away from the fertilizer.

The horse seemed to smell the load behind him, and to have his pride touched, for he snorted and let out another link. We don't know as anyone would believe it, but the faster our beautiful and costly steed went, the faster that homely and cheap butcher horse climbed. People by the hundreds all along the line were watching the race. The baskets of sausage covers were slewing around from one side of his sled to the other, and we expected every moment one of them would flop over into our cutter.

Matters were becoming desperate, and we gave the horse one more cut and went the last block at a fearful rate, but the butcher was right beside us, so one mosquito bar would have covered us, and we came out neck and neck, the Dutchman a little ahead because his horse was unchecked, and the crowd yelled for the butcher. We turned to go up, when the butcher came up alongside just as a carriage of beautiful ladies were passing, and as they turned up their noses at his load, he said:

“Dot vas a nice race, ain’t it, Mister Beck?”

We could have killed him in cold blood. Not that we dislike to be beaten. We have always been beaten. It isn’t that. But we don’t want to trot *horses with no delivery wagon*. We are not calcu-

lated for associating, in the horse arena, with a load of slaughter house refuse. It is asking too much. We are willing to race with Deacon Van Schaick, or brother Antisdel, or Elder Hyde, or Elder Gordon, or any of those truly good men in whom there is no guile, and in whose cutters there is no foreign matter, but as long as reason maintains her throne we shall never go upon the track again with a butcher.

There should be a law passed making it a penal offence for a person with a delivery wagon to tackle onto a man who drives a thoroughbred. It is wrong, and will lead to trouble. We have not given up racing entirely, but hereafter we shall look the avenue over very close for butchers before we let out our four-legged telescope. A butcher is just as good as anybody, understand us, but they must keep their distance. We don't want to look into the hind end of no cutter that is filled with slaughter house ornaments, and we won't. It is not pride of birth, or anything of that kind, but such people ought to drive on Wells street, or have slower horses.

DOGS AND HUMAN BEINGS.

LORILLARD, the New York tobacco man, had a poodle dog stolen, and has offered a reward of five hundred dollars for the arrest of the thief, and he informs a reporter that he will spend \$10,000, if necessary, for the capture and conviction of the thief. [Applause.]

The applause marked in there will be from human *skye* terriers, who have forgotten that only a few weeks ago several hundred girls, who had been

working in Lorillard's factory, went on a strike because, as they allege, they were treated like dogs. We doubt if they were treated as well as this poodle was treated. We doubt, in case one of these poor, virtuous girls was kidnapped, if the great Lorillard would have offered as big a reward for the conviction of the human thief, as he has for the conviction of the person who has eloped with his poodle.

We hope that the aristocracy of this country will never get to valuing a dog higher than it does a human being. When it gets so that a rich person would not permit a poodle to do the work in a tobacco factory that a poor girl does to support a sick mother, hell had better be opened for summer boarders. When girls work ten hours a day stripping nasty tobacco, and find at the end of the week that the fines for speaking are larger than the wages, and the fines go for the conviction of thieves who steal the girls' master's dog, no one need come around here lecturing at a dollar a head and telling us there is no hell.

When a poor girl, who has gone creeping to her work at daylight, looks out of the window at noon to see her master's carriage go by, in which there is a five hundred dollar dog with a hundred dollar blanket on, and a collar set with diamonds, lolling on satin cushions, and the girl is fined ten cents for looking out of the window, you don't want to fool away any time trying to get us to go to a heaven where such heartless employers are expected.

It is seldom the *Sun* gets on its ear, but it can say with great fervency, "Damn a man that will work poor girls like slaves, and pay them next to nothing, and spend ten thousand dollars to catch a dog-

thief!" If these sentiments are sinful, and for expressing them we are a candidate for fire and brimstone, it is all right, and the devil can stoke up and make up our bunk when he hears that we are on the through train.

It seems now—though we may change our mind the first day at the fire—as though we had rather be in hades with a hundred million people who have always done the square thing, than to be in any heaven that will pass a man in who has starved the poor and paid ten thousand dollars to catch a dog-thief. We could have a confounded sight better time, even if we had our ulster all burned off. It would be worth the price of admission to stand with our back to the fire, and as we began to smell woolen burning near the pistol pocket, to make up faces at the ten-thousand-dollar-dog millionaires that were putting on style at the other place.

ANDREWS' *Bazar* says: "Gathered waists are very much worn."

If the men would gather the waists carefully and not squeeze so like blazes, they would not be worn so much. Some men go to work gathering a waist just as they would go to work washing sheep, or raking and binding. They ought to gather as though it was eggs done up in a funnel-shaped brown paper at a grocery.

THE Black River Falls *Independent* says: "If you have any old pants to give to the poor, take or send them to the Ladies' Relief Society."

THE BOB-TAILED BADGER.

THE last legislature, having nothing else to do, passed a law providing for a change in the coat-of-arms of the State. There was no change, particularly, except to move the plows and shovels around a little, put on a few more bars of pig lead, put a new fashioned necktie on the sailor who holds the rope, the emblem of lynch law, tuck the miner's breeches into his boots a little further, and amputate the tail of the badger. We do not care for the other changes, as they were only intended to give the engraver a job, but when an irresponsible legislature amputates the tail of the badger, the emblem of the democratic party, that crawls into a hole and pulls the hole in after him, it touches us in our patriotism.

The badger, as nature made him, is a noble bird, and though he resembles a skunk too much to be very proud of, they had no right to cut off his tail and stick it up like a sore thumb. As it is now the new comer to our Garden of Eden will not know whether our emblem is a Scotch terrier smelling into the archives of the State for a rat, or a defalcation, or a *sic semper Americanus scunch*. We do not complain that the sailor with the Pinafore shirt on, on the new coat-of-arms, is made to resemble Senator Cameron, or that the miner looks like Senator Sawyer. These things are of minor importance, but the docking of that badger's tail, and setting it up like a bob-tail horse, is an outrage upon every citizen of the State, and when the democrats get into power that tail shall be restored to its normal condition if it takes all the blood and treasure in the State,

and this work of the republican incendiaries shall be undone. The idea of Wisconsin appearing among the galaxy of States with a bob-tailed badger is repugnant to all our finer feelings.

CANNIBAL WITH CORK LEGS.

GREAT results are expected from an experiment recently tried by the American Missionary Society. Last fall they sent as missionary to the cannibal Islands a brother who had lost both arms and both legs in a railroad accident. He was provided with cork limbs, and his voice being in good condition it was believed he could get in his work with the heathen as well as though he was a whole man. The idea was to allow the cannibals to kill him and eat him, believing that the heathen would see the error of their ways and swear off on human flesh.

A report has been received which is very encouraging. It seems that the cannibals killed the good missionary, and cut off his arms and legs for a sort of stew, or "boyaw," thus falling directly into the trap set for them by the missionary society. The missionary stationed at the next town, who furnishes the society with the data, says it was the most laughable thing he ever witnessed, to see the heathen chew on those cork limbs. They boiled them all day and night, keeping up a sort of a go-as-you-please walk around, or fresh meat dance, and giving a sacred concert about like our national "Whoop it up, Liza Jane," and when they stuck a fork into the boiling limbs, and found that the "meat" seemed water soaked, they set the table and sounded the loud timbrel for breakfast.

The surviving missionary says he shall never forget the look of pain on the face of a buck cannibal as he bit into the elbow joint of the late lamented and struck a brass hinge. He picked it out as an American would pick a buckshot out of a piece of venison, and laid it beside his plate in an abstracted manner, and began to chew on the cork elbow. Any person who has ever tried to draw a cork out of a beer bottle with his teeth can realize the feelings of these cannibals as they tried to draw sustenance from the remains of the cork man. They were saddened, and it is safe to say they are incensed against the missionary society.

Whether they will conclude that all Americans have become tough, and quit trying to masticate them, is not known, though that is the object sought to be attained by the society. One of the cannibals said he knew, when those legs and arms would not stay under water when they were boiling, and had to be loaded down with stones, that the meat wasn't right, but his wife told him "some pork *would* bile so."

The experiment is worth following up, and we suppose hereafter there will be a great demand for men with cork arms and legs to be sent as missionaries. After a few such experiences the cannibals may see the error of their ways and become Christians, and eat dog sausage and Limberg cheese.

THE MINISTERIAL PUGILISTS.

THOSE who read the account of the trial of Rev. Carhart, at Oshkosh, are about as sick of true goodness as men can be. They open the ecclesiastical

court by singing "A charge to keep I have," and then Brother Haddock, after a prayer has been delivered, does not keep his charges, but fires them at the presiding elder. Good old tunes are sung previous to calling witnesses to testify to alleged three card Monte acts of a disciple of Christ. Sanctimonious looking men pray for divine guidance, and then try to prove that a dear brother has bilked another dear brother out of several hundred dollars on Texas lands, and that he tried to trade a wagon at double what it is worth to settle the matter.

They sing, "Take me just as I am," and then try to prove that the one who made charges against the other is not altogether holy, because he is alleged to have confessed to passing the night in a room with a female church member, in silent devotion, when he swears it is a lie,—that he only laid on a lounge.

Prominent Methodists collect at the bull-fight in Oshkosh, take sides with one or the other, and lay their bottom prayer that their champion will come out on top, with not a stripe polluted nor a star erased.

One side sings, "Jesus caught me when a stranger," and the other side smiles and winks and whis- pers that they are glad he was caught.

They sing, "Rock of ages, cleft for me," and proceed to cleave the rock of each other's character. They cast one eye heavenward in prayer, while with the other they watch the other side to see that they don't steal the testimony.

Some one starts "Little drops of water," and big drops of perspiration appear on truly good foreheads for fear proof will be adduced to show that money has been obtained under false pretenses.

And this goes by the name of religion !

There should be honor among ministers. Both of the principals in this suit should be bounced. If the charges are true, Carhart should emigrate. If they are not true, Haddock should emigrate.

MUSIC ON THE WATERS.

OUR readers have no doubt noticed in the papers that the Goodrich Transportation Company had secured a band from Waupun to make music on the boats of that line between Milwaukee and Chicago this summer. Well, there is trouble going on in consequence. Mr. Hurson, of the Goodrich line, entrusted the organization of the band to Mr. Nick Jarvis, of Waupun, a gentleman whose reputation as a scientific pounder of the bass drum has received encomiums from the crowned heads of Oshkosh and Hazen's cheese factory.

Having such confidence in Mr. Jarvis, Mr. Hurson gave him a roving commission, with authority to secure the best talent in the known world. He organized the band, and then it occurred to Mr. Jarvis that the musicians had always been accustomed to playing on land, and they might be sick on the water, so he took measures to accustom them to a sea-faring life before leaving Waupun. He got them to practicing in a building, and hired some boys to throw water up on the side of the house, to see if they would be seasick. The band fellows would have stood the sea first-rate, only the villains who had been hired to throw the water used a lot of dirty stuff they found back of a hotel, which smelled **powerful**

A number of the band members felt the swash of the waves against the bulwarks of the house, and smelled what they supposed to be salt sea air, and they leaned out of the windows and wanted to throw up their situations, but a German in the party had a lemon and some cheese, which was given around to taste and smell, and they came out of it all right.



MUSIC ON THE WATERS.

Mr. Jarvis' next idea, to accustom the prairie sailors to the vasty deep, was to take them out on the mill pond at Waupun in a skiff. They got out in the middle of the pond, and were playing a selection from the opera of "Solid Muldoon," when a boy who had slipped into the boat with a fish-pole, got a bite from a bull-head, which caused the vessel to roll, and the utmost confusion prevailed. Ordering

the snare drum player to "cut away the main bobstay, and belay the cornet," Mr. Jarvis took the bass drum between his teeth and jumped overboard, followed by the band, and they waded ashore.

On Monday last the band arrived in Milwaukee and reported on board the Goodrich steamer, in the river, ready for business. They were told to go as they pleased until evening, when they would be expected to play before the boat started, and also on the trip to Chicago. The men sat around on deck all the afternoon, and smelled of the river. It smelled different from any salt water they ever snuffed, and they wanted to go home.

At seven o'clock the band played a few tunes as the boat lay in the river, and finally she let go her ropes and steamed down toward the lake, the band whooping it up to the "Blue Danube." As the boat struck blue water, and her bow raised out about sixteen feet and began to jump, the cornet player stopped to pour water out of his horn, and ran against a post. He was as pale as death, and the tuba player stopped to see what ailed the cornet player, and to lean over the railing to see a man down stairs. The baritone had eaten something that did not agree with him, and he stopped playing and laid down in a life boat, the alto became cold around the extremities and quit playing and went to the smoke stack to warm himself, the b-flat began to perspire and quit playing and fanned himself with the cymbals, and all of the horn blowers were e-flat and b-flat on the deck in less than two minutes.

The captain noticed that there was some discrepancy in the music and came on deck to see about it. *Wading* through the brass horns he came up to

where the band had been, and found Nick Jarvis beating blazes out of the bass drum and Harve Hill carving the Blue Danube out of the snare drum, and that was all the music there was. The captain asked Jarvis what kind of a riot that was, and he told him it was the best they could do under the circumstances.

Restoratives were applied to the members, and they braced up enough to start in on "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," but they couldn't play it through, owing to dyspepsia. The captain got them into the cabin to play for the young folks to dance, but the only thing they could play without getting sick was "Home Again, from a Foreign Shore," and the bass drum had to do it all. The horn blowers were out looking at the starlight, leaning over the railing, as the stars were reflected in the water.

At Racine it took some time to load, owing to rough water, and in the midst of it all a pale man, with a snare drum on his arm, rolled up against the captain. It was Harve Hill. He held his hand over his mouth and in a voice choked with emotion and fried potatoes he said:

"Captain, I am a poor man, but if you will land this boat and save me, I will give you nine dollars."

The captain decided to dispense with the music the rest of the night, and let the band get on its sea legs.

THE GREAT SHAKESPEARIAN CONTROVERSY.

THE SHAKESPEARE-BACON PUZZLE WRESTLED WITH CONSCIENTIOUSLY.

Why Bill favors the Claims of Bill Shakespeare—His Handwriting skillfully touched upon—Its Likeness to Horace Greeley's—Difference between Shakespeare and Bacon—A kind Lift for the Yeomanry.

Trusting that it will not in any way impair the sale of Mr. Donnelly's book, I desire to offer here a few words in favor of the theory that William Shakespeare wrote his own works and thought his own thinks. The time has fully arrived when we humorists ought to stand by each other.

I do not undertake to stand up for the personal character of Shakespeare, but I say that he wrote good pieces, and I don't care who knows it. It is doubtless true that at the age of eighteen he married a woman eight years his senior, and that children began to cluster about their hearthstone in a way that would have made a man in a New York flat commit suicide. Three little children within fourteen months, including twins, came to the humble home of the great Bard, and he began to go out and climb upon the haymow to do his

writing. Sometimes he would stay away from home for two or three weeks at a time, fearing that when he entered the house some one would tell him that he was again a parent.

Yet William Shakespeare knew all the time that he was a great man, and that some day he would write pieces to speak. He left Stratford at the age of twenty-one and went to London, where he attracted very little attention, for he belonged to the Yeomanry, being a kind of dramatic Horace Greeley, both in the matter of clothes and penmanship. Thus it would seem that while Sir Francis Bacon was attending a business college and getting himself familiar with the whole-arm movement, so as to be able to write a free, cryptogamous hand, poor W. Shakespeare was slowly thinking the hair off his head, while ever and anon he would bring out his writing materials and his bright ready tongue, and write a sonnet on an empty stomach.

Prior to leaving Stratford he is said to have dabbled in the poaching business in a humble way on the estates of Sir Thomas Lucy, since deceased, and that he wrote the following encomium or odelet in a free, running hand, and pinned it on the knight's gate:

O, deer Thomas Lucy,
Your venison's juicy,
Juicy is your venison;
Hence I append my benison.
The rose is red; the violet's blue;
The keeper is a chump and so are you,
Which is why I remark and my language is plain,
Yours truly,

High Low Jack

And the Game.

Let me now once more refer to the matter of the signature. Much has been said of Mr. Shakespeare's

coarse, irregular and vulgar penmanship, which, it is claimed, shows the ignorance of its owner, and hence his inability to write the immortal plays. Let us compare the signature of Shakespeare with that of Mr. Greeley, and we notice a wonderful similarity. There is the same weird effort in both cases to out-cryptogam Old Cryptogamous himself, and enshrine immortal thought and heaven-born genius in a burglar-proof panoply of worm fences, and a chirography that reminds the careful student of the general direction taken in returning to Round Knob, N. C., by a correspondent who visited the home of a moonshiner, with a view toward ascertaining the general tendency of home-brewed whisky to fly to the head.

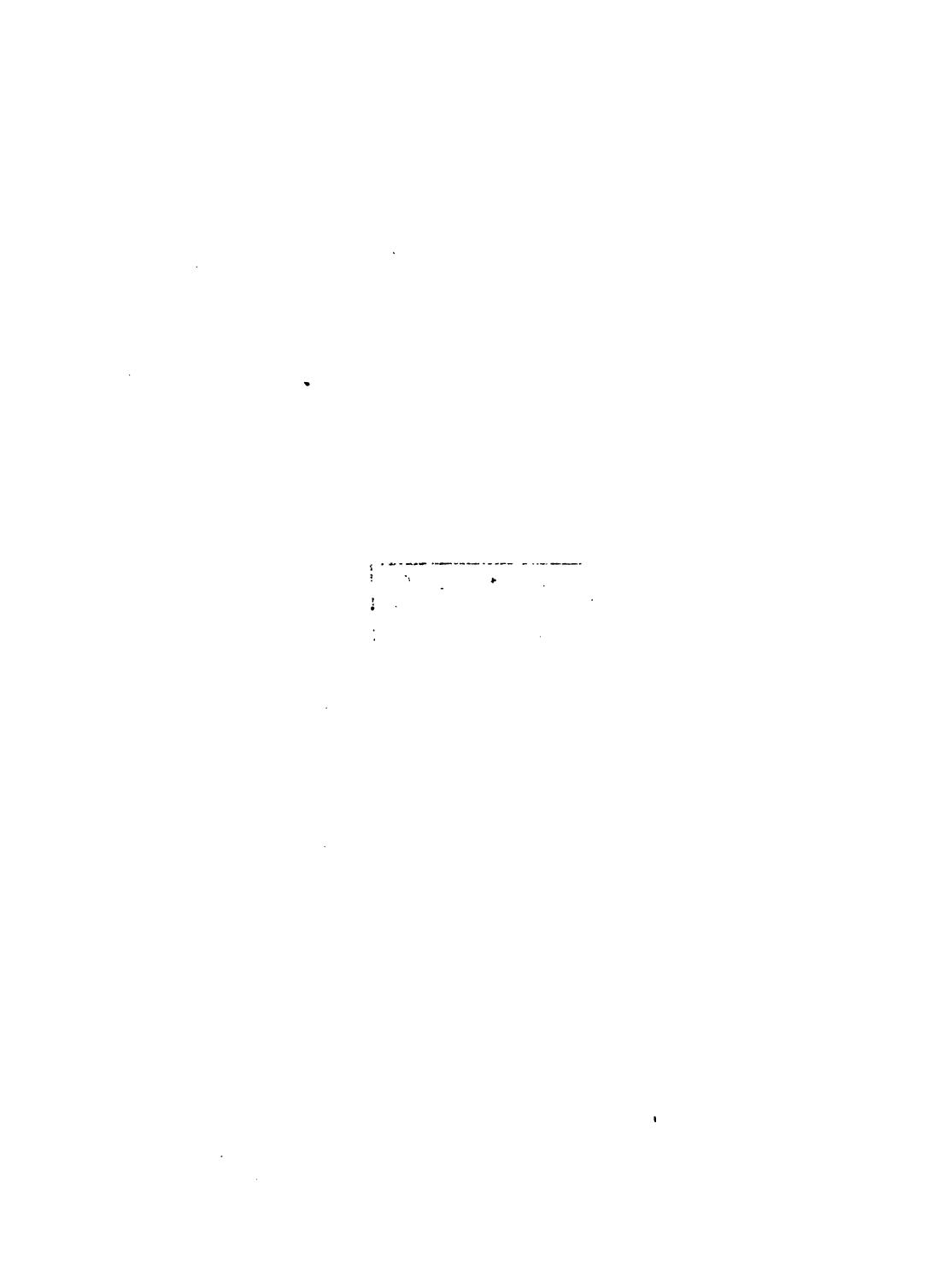
If we judge Shakespeare by his signature, not one of us will be safe. Death will wipe out our fame with a wet sponge. John Hancock in one hundred years from now will be regarded as the author of the Declaration of Independence, and Compendium Gaskell as the author of the *New York Tribune*.

I have every reason to believe that while William Shakespeare was going about the streets of London, poor but brainy, erratic but smart, baldheaded but filled with a nameless yearning to write a play with real water and a topical song in it, Francis Bacon was practicing on his signature, getting used to the full-arm movement, spoiling sheet after sheet of paper, trying to make a violet swan on a red woven wire mattress of shaded loops without taking his pen off the paper, and running the rebus column of a business college paper.

Poets are born, not made, and many of them are born *with odd and even disagreeable characteristics*. Some



SHAKESPEARE NAILS HIS POEM ON THE GATE.



men are born poets, while it is true that some acquire poetry while others have poetry thrust upon them. Poetry is like the faculty, if I may so denominate it, of being able to voluntarily move the ears. It is a gift. It cannot be taught to others.

So Shakespeare, with all his poor penmanship, with his proneness to poach, with his poverty and his neglect of his wife and his children, could write a play wherein the leading man and the man who played the bass drum in the orchestra did not claim to have made the principal part.

Shakespeare did not want his plays published. He wanted to keep them out of the press in order to prevent their use at spelling schools in the hands of unskilled artists, and so there was a long period of time during which the papers could not get hold of them for publication.

During this time Francis Bacon was in public life. He and Shakespeare had nothing in common. Both were great men, but Bacon's sphere was different from Shakespeare's. While Bacon was in the Senate, living high and courting investigation, Shakespeare had to stuff three large pillows into his pantaloons and play Falstaff at a one-night stand.

Is it likely that Bacon, breathing the perfumed air of the capitol and chucking the treasury girls under the chin ever and anon, hungered for the false joys of the under-paid and underscored dramatist? Scarcely!

That is one reason why I prefer to take the side of Shakespeare rather than the side of Bacon.

Mr. Donnelly's book shows keen research, and preserves the interest all the way through, for the reader

is impressed all along with the idea that there is a hen on, if I may be permitted to coin a phrase ; but so far my sympathies and kind regards go with Shakespeare. He was one of the Yeoman of Stratford, and his early record was against him ; but where do poets usually come from ? Do they first breathe in the immortal sentiments which, in after years, enable their names to defy the front teeth of oblivion while stopping at one of our leading hotels ? Did Burns soak his system with the flavor and the fragrance of the Scotch heather while riding on an elevated train ? Did any poet ever succeed in getting up close to Nature's great North American heart by studying her habits at a twenty-five dollar german ? I trow not. Moreover, every one who studies the history of our great poets and orators will trow likewise. Lord Tennyson wrote better things before he tried to divide his attention between writing poetry and being a Lord. So I say that from our yeomanry frequently spring the boys whose rare old rural memories float in upon and chasten and refine their after-lives even when fame comes, and fills them full of themselves and swells their aching heads as they swoop gayly across the country in a special car.

I do not go so far as some of the friends of Shakespeare, and say that while he was a lovely character and a great actor, that Bacon was a ham. I do not say that, for Bacon had his good points.

The thing that has done more to injure Shakespeare in the eyes of the historian than aught else, perhaps, was his seeming neglect of his wife. But we should consider both sides of the question before we pass *judgment*. The Hathaways were queer people, and

Anne was unusually so. Her father snubbed her in his will just as her husband did, which shows that Mrs. Shakespeare was not highly esteemed even by her parents. The brief notice which Anne received in these two wills means a good deal, for there is nothing quite so thoroughly unanswerable as a probate snub.

Shakespeare in his own will gave to his wife his second-best bed, and that was all. When we remember that it was a bed that sagged in the middle, and that it operated by means of a bed-cord which had to be tightened and tuned up twice a week, and that the auger-holes in the bedstead seemed ever to mutely appeal for more powder from Persia's great powder magazine, we will be forced to admit that William did not passionately love his wife.

I know that Shakespeare has been severely criticised by the press for leaving his family at Stratford while he himself lived in London, only visiting home occasionally; but I am convinced that he found they could live cheaper in that way. Help in the house was very high at that time in London, and the intelligence offices were doing a very large business without giving very much intelligence. Friends of his told him that it was not only impossible to get enough help in the homes of London, but that there was hardly enough servants to prevent a panic in the Employment Bureaus. Several offices were in fact compelled to shut down for a half day at a time, one using the limited stock in the forenoon and the other in the afternoon.

Shakespeare was a perfect gentleman, having been made so by the Herald's College, which invested his father with coat armor. This coat armor made a gen-

tleman of the elder Shakespeare, and as William's mother was already a gentleman under the code, William became one also both on his father's and on his mother's side. Of course all this is mere detail and is dull and uninteresting; but I refer to it to show that those who have read things in Shakespeare's works that they did not like, and who, therefore, say that he was no gentleman, do the great Bard an injustice.

I think I like Shakespeare's expurgated poems best, and I often wish that he had confined himself entirely to that kind. If I had a son who seemed to lean toward poesy and felt like twanging his lyre now and then, I would advise him to write expurgated poems exclusively.

I do not say that Shakespeare was the author of his own works, and it would not look well in me to set up my opinion in opposition to that of scholars, experts and savants who have had more advantages than I have, for I would never take advantage of any one; but I say that somehow the impression has crept into the papers that he was a pretty good little play-writer, and I am glad that Mr. Childs has had a testimonial made and sent over to England that will show an appreciation, at least, of his ability to keep before the people.

It will be noticed by the alert and keen-scented littérat^{eur} that I have carefully avoided treading on the tail of Mr. Donnelly's cipher. Being rather a poor mathematician anyway, I will not introduce the cipher at this time, but I will say that although the whole thing happened about three hundred years ago, and has now nearly passed out of my mind, to the best of my

recollection Shakespeare, though he was the son of a buckwheater, and though he married his wife with a poetic license, and though he left his family at Stratford rather than take them to live in a London flat, wrote the most of his plays with the assistance of an expurgator who was out of the city most all of the time.

I cannot show Shakespeare's ready wit better at this time than by telling of his first appearance on the stage as I remember it. He came quietly before the foot-lights with a roll of carpet under one arm and a tack-hammer under the other. In those days it was customary to nail down stage carpets, and while doing so "Shake," as we all called him then, knocked the nail off his left thumb, whereupon he received an ovation from the audience. Some men would have been rattled and would have "called up," as we say, but Shakespeare was always ready to please his friends or respond to an encore; so putting his right thumb up against a large painted rock in a mountain scene, he obliged by knocking off the other thumb-nail.

Shakespeare wrote the poem called "Venus and Adonis," during the absence of his expurgator, and sent it to the editor of the Stratford *Appeal*, who dead-headed the paper to him for a year and told him that he wished he would write up any other gossip that might come to his knowledge in that part of the country, especially if it promised to be spicy.

Shakespeare was one of the few Englishmen who never visited this country for two weeks, for the purpose of writing an eight-pound book on his impressions of America.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

Terrible Loss of Children — Strange Sympathy of the Health Officer — The Old Man's Defense of his Boys — He Gives Free Utterance to his Heresies.

Up in Polk county, Wis., not long ago, a man who had lost eight children by diphtheria, while the ninth hovered between life and death with the same disease, went to the health officer of the town and asked aid to prevent the spread of the terrible scourge. The health officer was cool and collected. He did not get excited over the anguish of the father whose last child was at the moment hovering upon the outskirts of immortality. He calmly investigated the matter, and never for a moment lost sight of the fact that he was a town officer and a professed Christian.

“ You ask aid, I understand,” said he, “ to prevent the spread of the disease, and also that the town shall assist you in procuring new and necessary clothing, to replace that which you have been compelled to burn in order to stop the further inroads of diphtheria. Am I right ? ”

The poor man answered affirmatively.

“ May I ask if your boys who died were Christian boys, and whether they improved their gospel opportunities and attended the Sabbath school, or whether they were profane and given over to Sabbath-breaking ? ”

The bereft father said that his boys had never made a profession of Christianity ; that they were hardly old enough to do so, and that they might have missed some gospel opportunities owing to the fact that they were poor, and hadn't clothes fit to wear to Sabbath school. Possibly, too, they had met with wicked companions, and had been taught to swear ; he could not say but they might have sworn, although he thought they would have turned out to be good boys had they lived.

"I am sorry that the case is so bad," said the health officer. "I am led to believe that God has seen fit to visit you with affliction in order to express His divine disapproval of profanity, and I cannot help you. It ill becomes us poor, weak worms of the dust to meddle with the just judgments of God. Whether as an individual or as a *quasi corporation*, it is well to allow the Almighty to work out His great plan of salvation, and to avoid all carnal interference with the works of God."

The old man went back to his desolated home and to the bedside of his only living child. I met him yesterday and he told me all about it.

"I am not a professor of religion," said he, "but I tell you, Mr. Nye, I can't believe that this board of health has used me right. Somehow I ain't worried about my little fellers that is gone. They was little fellers, anyway, and they wasn't posted on the plan of salvation, but they was always kind and they always minded me and their mother. If God is using diphtheria agin perfanity this season they didn't know it. They was too young to know about it and I was too poor to take the papers, so I didn't know it nuther. I

just thought that Christ was partial to kids like mine, just the same as He used to be 2,000 years ago when the country was new. I admit that my little shavers never went to Sabbath school much, and I wasn't scholar enough to throw much light onto God's system of retribution, but I told 'em to behave themselves, and they did, and we had a good deal of fun together — me and the boys — and they was so bright, and square, and cute that I didn't see how they could fall under divine wrath, and I don't believe they did.

"I could tell you lots of smart little things that they used to do, Mr. Nye, but they wa'n't mean and cussed. They was just frolicky and gay sometimes because they felt good. I don't believe God had it in for 'em bekuz they was like other boys, do you? Fer if I thought so it would kind o' harden me and the old lady and make us sour on all creation.

"Mind you, I don't kick because I'm left alone here in the woods, and the sun don't seem to shine, and the birds seems a little backward about singin' this spring, and the house is so quiet, and she is still all the time and cries in the night when she thinks I am asleep. All that is tough, Mr. Nye — tough as old Harry, too — but it's so, and I ain't murmurin', but when the board of health says to me that the Ruler of the Universe is makin' a tower of northern Wisconsin, mowin' down little boys with sore throat because they say 'gosh,' I can't believe it.

"I know that people who ain't familiar with the facts will shake their heads and say that I am a child of wrath, but I can't help it. All I can do is to go up *there* under the trees where them little graves is, and

think how all-fired pleasant to me them little, short lives was, and how every one of them little fellers was when he come, poor as I was, and how I rastled with poor crops and pine stumps to buy cloze for 'em, and didn't care a cent for style as long as they was well. That's the kind of heretic I am, and if God is like a father that settles it. He wouldn't wipe out my family just to establish discipline, I don't believe. The plan of creation must be on a bigger scale than that, it seems to me, or else it's more or less a fizzle.

"That board of health is better read than I am. It takes the papers and can add up figures, and do lots of things that I can't do; but when them fellers tell me that they represent the town of Balsam Lake and the Kingdom of Heaven, my morbid curiosity is aroused, and I want to see the stifykits of election."

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE REVOLVER DIFFICULTY.

If revolvers could not be sold for less than \$500 a piece, with a guarantee on the part of the vendee, signed by good sureties, that he would support the widows and orphans, you would see more longevity lying around loose, and Western cemeteries would cease to roll up such mighty majorities.

THE FEMALE ARTISTE.

Along the dreary pathway of this cloud-environed life of ours there is no joy so pure, no triumph so complete, no success so fraught with rapture, as that of the female artiste who hangs on the flying trapeze by her chilblain and kisses her hand to the perspiring throng.

THE DIFFERENCE IN HORSES.

THERE has been a great change in livery horses within the last twenty years. Years ago, if a young fellow wanted to take his girl out riding, and expected to enjoy himself, he had to hire an old horse, the worst in the livery stable, that would drive itself, or he never could get his arm around his girl to save him. If he took a decent looking team, to put on style, he had to hang on to the lines with both hands, and if he even took his eyes off the team to look at the suffering girl beside him, with his mouth, the chances were that the team would jump over a ditch, or run away, at the concussion. Riding out with girls was shorn of much of its pleasure in those days.

We knew a young man that was going to put one arm around his girl if he did not lay up a cent, and it cost him over three hundred dollars. The team ran away, the buggy was wrecked, one horse was killed, the girl had her hind leg broken, and the girl's father kicked the young man all over the orchard, and broke the mainspring of his watch.

It got so that the livery rig a young man drove was an index to his thoughts. If he had a stylish team that was right up on the bit, and full of vinegar, and he braced himself and pulled for all that was out, and the girl sat back in the corner of the buggy, looking as though she should faint away if a horse got his tail over a line, then people said that couple was all right, and there was no danger that they would be on familiar terms.

But if they started out with a slow old horse that *looked as though* all he wanted was to be left alone,

however innocent the party might look, people knew just as well as though they had seen it, that when they got out on the road, or when night came on, that fellow's arm would steal around her waist, and she would snug up to him, and—Oh, pshaw, you have heard it before.

Well, late years the livery men have "got onto the racket," as they say at the church sociables. They have found that horses that know their business are in demand, and so horses are trained for this purpose. They are trained on purpose for out door sparkling. It is not an uncommon thing to see a young fellow drive up to the house where his girl lives with a team that is just tearing things. They prance, and champ the bit, and the young man seems to pull on them as though his liver was coming out. The horses will hardly stand still long enough for the girl to get in, and then they start off and seem to split the air wide open, and the neighbors say, "Them children will get all smashed up one of these days."

The girl's mother and father see the team start, and their minds experience a relief as they reflect that "as long as John drives that frisky team there can't be no hugging a going on." The girl's older sister sighs and says, "That's so," and goes to her room and laughs right out loud.

It would be instructive to the scientists to watch that team for a few miles. The horses fairly foam, before they get out of town, but striking the country road, the fiery steeds come down to a walk, and they mope along as though they had always worked on a hearse. The shady woods are reached, and the carriage scarcely moves, and the horses seem to be

walking in their sleep. The lines are loose on the dash board, and the left arm of the driver is around the pretty girl, and they are talking low. It is not necessary to talk loud, as they are so near each other that the faintest whisper can be heard.

But a change comes over them. A carriage appears in front, coming towards them. It may be some one that knows them. The young man picks up the lines, and the horses are in the air, and as they pass the other carriage it almost seems as though the team is running away, and the girl that was in sweet repose a moment before acts as though she wanted to get out. After passing the intruder the walk and conversation are continued.

If you meet the party on the Whitefish Bay road at 10 o'clock at night, the horses are walking as quietly as oxen, and they never wake up until coming into town, and then he pulls up the team and drives through town like a cyclone, and when he drives up to the house the old man is on the steps, and he thinks John must be awful tired trying to hold that team. And he is.

It is thought by some that horses have no intelligence, but a team that knows enough to take in a sporadic case of buggy sparkling has got sense. These teams come high, but the boys have to have them.

ADDICTED TO LIMBURG CHEESE.

DURING the investigation of Chief Kennedy one witness testified to something that ought to make it hot for the chief. When men stoop to do the things that Mr. Chapin testified to, an outraged public sen-

timent has got to step in. Mr. Chapin testified—and he is a man whose word is as good as our note—he said he met Kennedy in a street car, and his breath smelled of limburg cheese. That is enough. Carry his remains out.

Any man who will appear in a public place, among folks, with his breath smelling of limburg cheese, has got his opinion of us. It is simply damnable. We can see how a man who likes limburg cheese is liable, though he may have sworn off, to return to the mustard cup, and after the first taste, fill his skin full of cheese, arguing that one may as well die for an old sheep as a lamb.

It is a well known fact, agreed to by all scientists, that a single mouthful will tarnish an otherwise virtuous breath as much as a whole cheese. One mouthful of cheese leads on to another, and we are prepared to believe that if the chief smelled of cheese at all, he was full of it.

Men cannot be too careful of cheese. If a man feels that he is going to commit the dastardly act of eating limburg cheese, he has time to go out to a glue factory, or a slaughter house, or the house of correction, or some other place whose offense is rank.

The desire to eat cheese does not come upon a man suddenly, like the desire to take a drink, or stand off a creditor, and he is not taken possession of by the demon of appetite and pulled to the nearest saloon by a forty horse power devil, as is the man who has the jim jams.

The cheese does its work more quietly. It whispers to him about 11 o'clock A. M., and says there is nothing like cheese. He stands it off, and again in

the afternoon the cheese takes possession of him and leads him on step by step, by green fields, and yet he does not fall. But about 9 o'clock P. M. the air seems full of cheese, and he smells it wherever he goes, and finally, after resisting for ten hours, he goes and orders a cheese sandwich.

Now, when the feeling first comes on, and he shuts his eyes and imagines he sees limburg cheese, if the victim would go and buy a slice and go away out in the country, by the fertilizer factory, he could eat his cheese and no one but the workmen in the fertilizer factory could complain. That is what ought to be done when a man is addicted to cheese.

But this chief of police has stood up in the face of public opinion, eaten limburg cheese with brazen effrontery that would do credit to a lawyer, and has gone into a public conveyance, breathing pestilence and cheese. There is no law on our statute books that is adequate to punish a man who will thus trample upon the usages of society.

However, the conviction of Kennedy of eating limburg cheese will be the means of acquitting him of the other charge, that of conversing with a lewd woman. We doubt if there is a lewd woman, though she be terribly lewd, who would allow a man to come within several blocks of her who had been eating that deceased cheese.

If we were in Kennedy's place we would admit the cheese, and then bring ten thousand women to swear whether they would remain in the same room with a man who had been eating that cheese. There are men who do eat cheese, bad men, the wicked classes, who go into the presence of females, but *that is one* thing which causes so many suicides

among the poor fallen girls. When we hear that another naughty but nice looking girl has been filling her skin full of paregoric and is standing off a doctor with a stomach pump, we instinctively feel as though some man with a smell of cheese about his garments had been paying attention to her, and she had become desperate.

If they discharge the chief on that cheese testimony it will be a lesson to all men hereafter.

TERRIBLE TIME ON THE CARS.

THERE is something about the average Chicago young man that gives him away, and gives away anybody that gets in with him. He is full of practical jokes, and is a bad egg on general principles.

Last week Mr. Eppenetus Hoyt, of Fond du Lac, went to Chicago on a visit. He is a pious gentleman, whose candor would carry conviction to the mind of the seeker after righteousness, and his presence at the prayer meeting, at the sociable or the horse-race, is an evidence that everything will be conducted on the square.

Mr. Hoyt knew a young man named Johnny Darling, who was attending Rush Medical College, and through him was permitted to visit the dissecting-room, and gaze upon the missionary work being done there. Mr. Hoyt was introduced to a number of the wicked young men who were carving the late lamented, and after he got accustomed to the climate he rather enjoyed the performance.

Whether young Mr. Darling told the boys that Mr. Hoyt was "fresh" or not, will, perhaps, never be known; but, as Mr. Hoyt passed around among

the slabs where they were at work, each made a contribution from the "stiff" he was at work upon to Mr. Hoyt's coat pockets unbeknown to him. While one was calling his attention to a limb that he was dissecting, another would cut off an ear, or a finger, or a nose, or dig out an eye, and drop the same into Mr. Hoyt's overcoat pockets. Finally, he bid the boys good-bye, thanked them for their courtesies in showing him around, told them if they ever came to Fond du Lac his pew in church was at their disposal, and he skipped for the train and got on board.

The seats were all occupied, and a middle aged lady, with a slim face and spectacles, and evidently an old maid, allowed him to sit beside her. The car was warm, and it was not long before the "remains" began to be heard from. He was talking to the lady about the "sweet by-and-by," and the hope of a glorious immortality beyond the grave, and of the inducements held out by the good book to those who try to lead a different life here on earth, when he smelled something. The lady had been smelling it for some miles back, and she had got her eye on Mr. Hoyt, and had put her handkerchief to her nose. He took a long breath and said to the lady :

"The air seems sort o' fixed here in this car, does it not?" and he looked up at the transom.

"Yes," said the lady, as she turned pale, and asked him to let her out of the seat, "it is very much fixed, and I believe *that you are the man that fixed it!*" and she took her satchel and went to the rear of the car, where she glared at him as though he was a fat rendering establishment.

Mr. Hoyt devoted a few moments to silent prayer, and then his attention was called to a new married couple, in the seat ahead of him. They had been having their heads close together, when suddenly the bride said :

“ Hennery, have you been drinking ?”

He vowed by all that was great and glorious that he had not, when she told him there was something about his breath that reminded her of strong drink, or a packing-house.

He allowed that it was not him, but admitted that he had noticed there was something wrong, though he didn’t know but it was some of her teeth that needed filling.

They were both mad at the insinuations of the other, and the bride leaned on the window and cried, while the groom looked the other way, and acted cross.

Mr. Hoyt was very much annoyed at the smell.

The smell remained, and people all around him got up and went to the forward end of the car, or to the rear, and there were a dozen empty seats when the conductor came in, and lots of people standing up. The conductor got one sniff, and said :

“ Whoever has got that piece of limberger cheese in his pocket, will have to go in the emigrant car !”

They all looked at Hoyt, and the conductor went up to him and asked him if he didn’t know any better than to be carrying around such cheese as that ?

Hoyt said he hadn’t got no cheese.

The conductor insisted that he had, and told him to turn his pockets wrong side out.

Hoyt jabbed his hands into his pockets, and felt something cold and clammy. He drew his hands

out empty, turned pale, and said he didn't have any cheese.

The conductor insisted on his feeling again, and he brought to the surface a couple of human ears, a finger, and a thumb.

"What in the name of the Apostles have you got there?" says the conductor. "Do you belong to any canning establishment that sends canned missionary to the heathen cannibals?"

Hoyt told the conductor to come in the baggage car, and he would explain all; and as he passed by the passengers, with both hands full of the remains, the passengers were ready to lynch Hoyt. He told the conductor where he had been, and the boys had played it on him, and the fingers and things were thrown beside the track, where some one will find them and think a murder has been committed.

Afterwards Hoyt went into the car and tried to apologize to the old maid, but she said if he didn't go away from her she would scream. Hoyt would always rather go away than have a woman scream.

He is trying to think of some way to get even with the boys of Rush Medical College.

CHANGED SATCHELS.

THERE was one of those old fashioned mistakes occurred on the train from Monroe to Janesville a week or so ago. A traveling man and a girl who was going to Milton College sat in adjoining seats, and their satchels were exactly alike, and the traveling man took the wrong satchel and got off at Janesville, and the girl went on to Milton.

The drummer went down to Vankirk's grocery and put his satchel on the counter, and asked Van how his liver was getting along, while he picked a piece off a codfish and ate it, and then smelled of his fingers and said "Whew!" Van said his liver was "not very torpid, thank you; how are you fixed for tea?" The drummer said he wished he had as many dollars as he was fixed for tea, and began to open his sample case. Van cut off a piece of cheese and was eating it while he walked along towards the drummer.

When the case was opened the drummer fell over against a barrel of brooms, and grasping a keg of maple syrup for support, turned pale and said he'd be dashed. Van looked in the sample case, and said, "Fixed for tea! I should think you was, but it wasn't that kind of tea I want."

There was a long female night-shirt, clapboarded up in front with trimming and starch, and buttoned from Genesis to Revelations. Van took a butter tryer and lifted it out, and there was more than a peck measure full of stuff that never belonged in no grocery. Van said: "If you are traveling for a millinery house I will send a boy to direct you to a millinery store."

The drummer wiped the perspiration from his face with a coffee sack and told Van he would give him a million dollars if he never would let the house in Milwaukee know about it, and he chucked the things back in. "What is this?" said Van, as he held up a pair of giddy looking affairs that no drummer ever wore on his own person. "Don't ask *me*," says the drummer. "I am not a married man."

He took the satchel and went to Milton on the next train. The girl had opened the satchel which fell to her in the division to show her room-mate how to make a stitch in crochet, and when the brown sugar, coffee, tea, rice, bottles of syrup, macaroni and a pack of cards came in sight, she fairly squealed. Along after dinner the drummer called and asked for an exchange, and they exchanged, and it was hard to tell which blushed the most.

THE NAUGHTY BUT NICE CHURCH CHOIR.

You may organize a church choir and think you have got it down fine, and that every member of it is pious and full of true goodness, and in such a moment as you think not you will find that one or more of them are full of the old Harry, and it will break out when you least expect it. There is no more beautiful sight to the student of nature than a church choir. To see the members sitting together, demure, devoted and pious looking, you think that there is never a thought enters their mind that is not connected with singing anthems, but sometimes you get left.

There is one church choir in Milwaukee that is about as near perfect as a choir can be. It has been organized for a long time, and has never quarreled, and the congregation swears by it. When the choir strikes a devotional attitude it is enough to make an ordinary christian think of the angel band above, only the male singers wear whiskers, and the females wear fashionable clothes.

You would not think that this choir played tricks on each other during the sermon, but sometimes

they do. The choir is furnished with the numbers of the hymns that are to be sung, by the minister, and they put a book mark in the book at the proper place. One morning they all got up to sing, when the soprano turned pale as an ace of spades dropped out of her hymn book, the alto nearly fainted when a queen of hearts dropped at her feet, and the rest of the pack was distributed around in the other books. They laid it onto the tenor, but he swore, while the minister was preaching, that he didn't know one card from another.

One morning last summer, after the tenor had been playing tricks all spring on the rest of the choir, the soprano brought a chunk of shoemaker's wax to church. The tenor was arrayed like Solomon, in all his glory, with white pants, and a Seymour coat. The tenor got up to see who the girl was who came in with the old lady, and while he was up the soprano put the shoemakers' wax on the chair, and the tenor sat down on it. They all saw it, and they waited for the result. It was an awful long prayer, and the church was hot, the tenor was no iceberg himself, and shoemakers' wax melts at ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit.

The minister finally got to the amen, and read a hymn, the choir coughed and all rose up. The chair that the tenor was in stuck to him like a brother, and came right along and nearly broke his suspenders. It was the tenor to bat, and as the great organ struck up he pushed the chair off of his person, looked around to see if he had saved his pants, and began to sing, and the rest of the choir came near bursting. The tenor was called out on three strikes by the umpire, and the alto had to sail in, and while

she was singing the tenor began to feel of first base to see what was the matter. When he got his hand on the shoemaker's warm wax his heart smote him, and he looked daggers at the soprano, but she put on a pious look and got her mouth ready to sing "Hold the Fort."

Well, the tenor sat down on a white handkerchief before he went home, and he got home without anybody seeing him, and he has been, as the old saying is, "laying" for the soprano ever since to get even.

It is customary in all first-class choirs for the male singers to furnish candy for the lady singers, and the other day the tenor went to a candy factory and had a peppermint lozenger made with about half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper in the centre of it. On Christmas he took his lozenger to church and concluded to get even with the soprano if he died for it.

Candy had been passed around, and just before the hymn was given out in which the soprano was to sing a solo, "Nearer My God to Thee," the wicked wretch gave her the loaded lozenger. She put it in her mouth and nibbed off the edges, and was rolling it as a sweet morsel under her tongue, when the organ struck up and they all arose. While the choir was skirmishing on the first part of the verse and getting scored up for the solo, she chewed what was left of the candy and swallowed it.

Well, if a democratic torch-light procession had marched unbidden down her throat she couldn't have been any more astonished. She leaned over to pick up her handkerchief and spit the candy out, but there was enough pepper left around the selvage of her mouth to have pickled a peck of chow-chow.

It was her turn to sing, and as she rose and took the book, her eyes filled with tears, her voice trembled, her face was as red as a spanked lobster, and the way she sung that old hymn was a caution. With a sweet tremulo she sung, "A Charge to Keep I Have," and the congregation was almost melted to tears.

As she stopped, while the organist got in a little work, she turned her head, opened her mouth and blew out her breath with a "whoosh," to cool her mouth. The audience saw her wipe a tear away, but did not hear the sound of her voice as she "whooshed." She wiped out some of the pepper with her handkerchief and sang the other verses with a good deal of fervor, and the choir sat down, all of the members looking at the soprano.

She called for water. The noble tenor went and got it for her, and after she had drank a couple of quarts, she whispered to him: "Young man, I will get even with you for that peppermint candy if I have to live a thousand years, and don't you forget it," and then they all sat down and looked pious, while the minister preached a most beautiful sermon on "Faith." We expect that tenor will be blowed through the roof some Sunday morning, and the congregation will wonder what he is in such a hurry for.

SENSE IN LITTLE BUGS.

THERE is a cockroach that makes his home on our desk that has got more sense than a delinquent subscriber. He—if it is a he one; we are not clear as to that—comes out and sits on the side of the paste-

dish, and draws in a long breath. If the paste is fresh he eats it, and wiggles his polonaise as much as to thank us, and goes away refreshed. If the paste is sour, and smells bad, he looks at us with a mournful expression, and goes away looking as though it was a mighty mean trick to play on a cockroach, and he runs about as though he was offended. When a package of wedding cake is placed on the desk he is the first one to find it out, and he sits and waits till we cut the string, when he goes into it and walks all over the cake till he strikes the bridal cake, when he gets onto it, stands on his head and seems to say, "Yum, yum," and is tickled as a girl with a fresh beau.

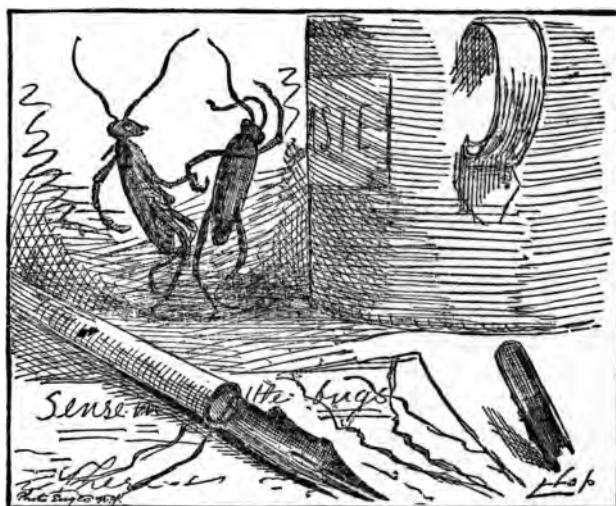
There is human nature in a cockroach. When a man comes in and sits around with no business, on our busy day, and asks questions, and stays and keeps us from working, the cockroach will come out and sit on the inkstand and look across at the visitor as much as to say :

"Why don't you go away about your business and leave the poor man alone, so he can get out some copy, and not keep us all standing around here doing nothing?"

But when the paper is out, and there is a look of cheerfulness about the place, and we are anxious to have friends call, the cockroach flies around over the papers and welcomes each caller as pleasantly as he can, and seems to enjoy it.

One day the paste smelled pretty bad, and we poured about a spoonful of whisky in it, and stirred it up. The cockroach came out to breakfast, and we never saw a person that seemed to enjoy the meal any more than the cockroach did. It seemed

as though he couldn't get enough paste. Pretty soon he put one hand to his head and looked cross-eyed. He tried to climb down off the paste-dish, and fell over himself and turned a flip-flap on the blotting paper. Then he looked at us in a sort of mysterious way, winked one eye as much as to say: "You think you are smart, don't you, old baldy?"



Then he put one hand to his forehead as if in meditation, and staggered off into a drawer, coming out presently with his arm around another cockroach, and he took him to the paste-pot, and he filled up, too, and then they locked arms and paraded up and down on the green cloth of the desk, as though singing, "We won't go home till morning," and

they kicked over the steel pens, and acted a good deal like politicians after a caucus.

Finally, some remark was made by one of them that didn't suit, and they pitched in and had the worst fight that ever was, after which one rushed off as if after a policeman, and the other staggered into his hole, and we saw no more of our cockroach till the next morning, when he came out with one hand on his head and the other on his stomach, and after smelling of the paste and looking sick, he walked off to a bottle of seltzer water and crawled up to the cork and looked around with an expression so human that we uncorked the bottle and let him in, and he drank as though he had been eating cod-fish. Since that day he looks at us a little suspicious, and when the paste smells a little peculiar he goes and gets another cockroach to eat some of it first, and he watches the effect.

Now, you wouldn't believe it, but that cockroach can tell, the minute he sees a man, whether the man has come in with a bill, or has come in to pay money. We don't know how he does it, but when a man has a bill the cockroach begins to look solemn and mournful, and puts his hands to his eyes as though weeping. If a man comes in to pay money, the cockroach looks glad, a smile plays around his mouth, and he acts kitteny. He acts the most human when ladies come into the office. If a book agent comes in, he makes no attempt to show his disgust.

One day an old person came in with a life of Garfield and laid it on the table, opened to the picture of the candidate, and left it. The cockroach walked *through the violet ink and got his feet all covered*,

and then he walked all over that book, and left his mark. The woman saw the tracks, and thought we had signed our name, and she said she was sorry we had written our signature there, because she had another book for subscribers' names.

When a handsome lady comes in, the cockroach is in his element, and there is a good deal of proud flesh about him. He puts his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest and walks around.

One day we put our face up to a deaf young lady to speak to her, and the cockroach looked straight the other way, and seemed to be looking over an old copy of the *Christian Statesman*; but when he found we only yelled at the lady, he winked as much as to say :

“ Well, how did *I* know ? ”

O, that cockroach is a thoroughbred !

PECK'S BAD BOY.

HIS PA MORTIFIED.

SEARCHING FOR SEWER GAS—THE POWERFUL ODOUR
OF LIMBERGER CHEESE AT CHURCH—THE AFTER
MEETING—FUMIGATING THE HOUSE—THE
BAD BOY RESOLVES TO BOARD AT
AN HOTEL.

“WHAT was the health officer doing over to your house this morning ?” said the grocery man to the bad boy, as the youth was firing frozen potatoes at the man who collects garbage in the alley.

“O, they are searching for sewer gas and such things, and they have got plumbers and other society experts till you can't rest, and I came away for fear they would find the sewer gas and warm my jacket. Say, do you think it is right, when anything smells awfully, to always lay it to a boy ?”

“Well, in nine cases out of ten they would hit it right, but what do you think is the trouble over to your house, honest ?”

“S-h-h ! Now don't breathe a word of it to a living soul, or I am a dead boy. You see I was over to the dairy fair at the exposition building Saturday night, and when they were breaking up, me and my chum helped to carry boxes of cheese and

firkins of butter, and a cheese-man gave each of us a piece of limberger cheese, wrapped up in tin foil. Sunday morning I opened my piece, and it made me tired. O, it was the offulest smell I ever heard of, except the smell when they found a tramp who hung himself in the woods on the Whitefish Bay road, and had been dead three weeks. It was just like a old back number funeral. Pa and Ma were just getting ready to go to church, and I cut off a piece of cheese and put it in the inside pocket of Pa's vest, and I put another in the lining of Ma's muff, and they went to church. I went down to church, too, and sat on a back seat with my chum, looking just as pious as though I was taking up a collection. The church was pretty warm, and by the time they got up to sing the first hymn Pa's cheese began to smell a match against Ma's cheese. Pa held one side of the hymn book and Ma held the other, and Pa he always sings for all that is out, and when he braced himself and sang "Just as I am," Ma thought Pa's voice was tinctured a little with biliousness and she looked at him, and hunched him and told him to stop singing and breathe through his nose, cause his breath was enough to stop a clock. Pa stopped singing and turned around kind of cross towards Ma, and then he smelled Ma's cheese, and he turned his head the other way and said, 'whew,' and they didn't sing any more, but they looked at each other as though they smelled frowy. When they sat down they sat as far apart as they could get, and Pa sat next to a woman who used to be a

nurse in a hospital, and when she smelled Pa's cheese she looked at him as though she thought he had the small pox, and she held her handkerchief to her nose. The man in the other end of the pew, that Ma sat near, he was a stranger from Racine, who belongs to our church, and he looked at Ma sort of queer, and after the minister prayed, and they got up to sing again, the man took his hat and went out, and when he came by me he said something in a whisper about a female glue factory.

"Well, sir, before the sermon was over everybody in that part of the church had their handkerchiefs to their noses, and they looked at Pa and Ma scandalous, and the two ushers they come around in the pews looking for a dog, and when the minister got over his sermon, and wiped the perspiration off his face, he said he would like to have the trustees of the church stay after meeting, as there was some business of importance to transact. He said the question of proper ventilation and sewerage for the church would be brought up, and that he presumed the congregation had noticed this morning that the church was unusually full of sewer gas. He said he had spoken of the matter before, and expected it would be attended to before this. He said he was a meek and humble follower of the lamb, and was willing to cast his lot wherever the Master decided, but he would be blessed if he would preach any longer in a church that smelled like a bone boiling establishment. He said religion was a good thing, but no person could enjoy religion as well in a fat

rending establishment as he could in a flower garden, and as far as he was concerned he had got enough. Everybody looked at everybody else, and Pa looked at Ma as though he knew where the sewer gas came from, and Ma looked at Pa real mad, and me and my chum lit out, and I went home and distributed my cheese all around. I put a slice in Ma's bureau drawer, down under her underclothes, and a piece in the spare room, under the bed, and a piece in the bath-room, in the soap dish, and a slice in the album on the parlor table, and a piece in the library in a book, and I went to the dining room and put some under the table, and dropped a piece under the range in the kitchen. I tell you the house was loaded for bear. Ma came home from church first, and when I asked where Pa was, she said she hoped he had gone to walk around a block to air hisself. Pa came home to dinner, and when he got a smell of the house he opened all the doors, and Ma put a comfortable around her shoulders and told Pa he was a disgrace to civilization. She tried to get Pa to drink some carbolic acid. Pa finally convinced Ma it was not him, and then they decided it was the house that smelled so, as well as the church, and all Sunday afternoon they went visiting, and this morning Pa went down to the health office and got the inspector of nuisances to come up to the house, and when he smelled around a spell he said there was dead rats in the main sewer pipe, and they sent for plumbers, and Ma went out to a neighbors to borry some fresh air, and when the plumbers

began to dig up the floor in the basement I came over here. If they find any of that limberg cheese it will go hard with me. The hired girls have both quit, and Ma says she is going to break up keeping house and board. That is just into my hand. I want to board at a hotel, where you can have a bill-of-fare and tooth picks, and billiards, and everything. Well I guess I will go over to the house and stand in the back door and listen to the mocking bird. If you see me come flying out of the alley with my coat tail full of boots you can bet they have discovered the sewer gas."

ABOUT KIND WORDS.

“I SAW in de papers de odder day,” began the old man, after carefully wiping the top of his head, “a leetle item ‘bout speakin’ kind words to our fellow-men as we trabbel de highway of life. Dat’s easy ‘nuff to do, an’ a mighty cheap way of scrubbin’ ‘long, but I doan’ want nobody to practice it on me. If I use dem right; dey will use me right, an’ wekin trade kind words. If you meet a man in de gutter, doan’ stand on de sidewalk an’ tell him dat you am ready to bust wid sorrow, an’ dat you solemnly wish he wouldn’t do so any mo’. Stan’ him on his feet an’ start him fur home, an’ let his wife an’ de poker run de kind word bizness, or hunt fur a purleeman an’ have de drunkard boosted for sixty days. If you meet a poo’ man, whose wife am lyin’ dead in de house, doan’ wipe yer eyes an rattle yer chin an’ tell you’d jine de funeral purcephun if you only had a mule. Walk right down inter yer west pocket fur half yer week’s wages to help pay fur de coffin an’ odder expenses. If you meet a feller-man who am out of wood an’ meat an’ flour, an’ has a broken arm to excuse it, doan’ pucker yer mouth an’ tell him dat de Lawd will purvide. De Lawd doan’ furnish purvishuns fur dis market. Instead of droppin’ a tear of sorrow on de doah-step, step aroun’ to de wood-yard an’ de grocer’s an’ lay down de cash to feed an’ warm de family fur a fortnight.

“When I meet a leetle gal who has lost her doll-baby, or a leetle boy who has stubbed his toe, I take ‘em up in my arms an’ wipe deir leetle noses an’ sot ‘em down wid a handful of peanuts. When I meet a widder who am out of wood, an old man who has bin turned out doahs, or a workin’man whose home

am under de shadder of death, I doan' lean on de fence an' look to Heaben fur relief. If I'ze got a dollar I lend it out. I lend it or give it, or make em take it, an' if Heaben does anyfing furder dat's extra. When you read dat it am easy to speak kind words, jist reflect dat it am also de cheapest way in de world to help a naybur. Turnips am quoted at forty cents a bushel; kind words have no value in de market. Let us now attack de reg'lar order of bizness."

A DANGEROUS FAILURE.

At this juncture the Keeper of the Pass-Word announced that Prof. Boliver Jackson, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, was present with his Back-Action, Three-Ply, Full-Jewelled Heel-Compressor, and would like to give an exhibition before the Club. Brother Gardner explained tht at the Secretary had had some correspondence with the inventor, and that the gentleman had come on at his own expense. There were colored people just foolish enough to feel ashamed of the long heels given them by nature to make their mark in the world, and this Heel-Compressor had been invented to reshape the foot. He was perfectly satisfied with his own feet, but he would have the machine brought in and let any member of the Club try it. Prof. Jackson was accordingly admitted, and he placed his invention in the center of the room and delivered a short lecture on his long struggle to securc what the colored race had so long sighed for. He warranted it to work smoothly, evenly and satisfactorily in all respects, and Pickles Smith volunteered his feet to be experimented on. Pulling off one of his cow-hides he placed his right

foot in the box, and the Professor began turning the crank and singing: "We Shall Never Meet Again." At the seventh turn of the crank the springs encountered a corn fourteen years old on Brother Smith's heel, and an explosion took place which knocked the Professor down, pitched Samuel Shin into the wood-box, and shot Smith headlong down the Hall on his stomach. Five of the lamps were extinguished, one of the bear-traps thrown down, and 117 new cracks appeared in the ceiling. It was a great wonder that no one was killed, as pieces flew here and there, and one cog-wheel weighing four pounds was hurled through a window and knocked a shower of shingles off an ice house. There was great confusion for two or three minutes, during which time the Professor leaped from a back window into the alley and escaped.

"Gem'len, what does dis prove?" asked the President, after order had been once more restored. "It proves dat de pusson who ain't satisfied wid de way Natur' did her work comes next doah to bein' a fool. Let dis be taken as a solemn warnin' to let our heels alone, an' to banish all feelin' agin de white man kase he has straight h'ar."

THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

As soon as the meeting opened in due form Give-adam Jones secured the floor and stated that he desired to render justice to an innocent man who had been dwelling under a cloud of suspicion for the past week. It had been hinted around that the Hon. Burdock Cantelope, acting as Janitor during the ab-

sence of Samuel Shin at Long Branch, had embezzled a large sum of money. His account, as handed to the Secretary for approval, read as follows:

	1881.
1 quart oil	10
1 lamp wick.....	1
1 cup.....	5
 Total.....	 1,881 16

It appeared from the above that the Hon. Cante-lope had used up \$1,881 for which he could render no account, and the Committee on Finance were ordered to investigate, and empowered to send for persons and papers. After a long wrestle with the mystery it was discovered that the Janitor had added the year to his expense account and thus made himself a seeming embezzler. The investigation had cleared his character as white as bleached cotton at fifteen cents a yard, and the Finance Committee had given him a vote of confidence.

A MISS.

The Secretary announced the receipt of a telegram from the Hon. Burkweather Skipp, the "Web-footed Orator of the Wabash River," stating that he had missed the freight train and would not be on hand to deliver his lecture on "The Modern Abuses of the Stomach."

"Wall, we'll have to make de bes' of it, I 'spose," sighed the President. "I know de man perfeckly well, an' as he am deaf in one ear, has a squint in one eye, and stutters like a boy wid a marble in his windpipe, I doan' 'spose we has missed nuffin' dat we can't find when we want it."

DISMISSED WITH COSTS.

The Rev. Penstock presented a written appeal from the wife of Kyfustus St. George, stating that her husband was confined to his bed and she hadn't a cent in the house to get her hat re-trimmed for Sunday. The Reverend backed up the appeal in a speech that brought tears to the eyes of Gen. Scott, and jammed Samuel Shin in between the window and the wood-box so hard that it took two men to pull him out.

"Brudder Penstock, did you inwestigate dis case?" asked the President.

"I nebber investigate, sah, when I h'ar de voice of distress."

"Do you know what ails Brudder St. George?"

"I understood dat he was seized wid a chill, an' de arternoon I was in dar his pulse was up to fo' hundred, an' he was outer his head, an' talkin' bout wolves an' bars."

"Jist so—I see. Maybe I kin gin you some pints on de case. I war' out lookin' fur my ole hoss de edder evenin' an' I passed Brudder St. George's cabin. He an' his wife war jawin' as to which owned de dog, an' ten minits later, when I returned, de dog was running fur de woods. Kyfustus was lyin' on de grass all broke up, an' his wife was settin' on de fence suckin' a lemon. Arter a man has been knocked into de middle of Jinuary wid an ole base ball bat he am quite apt to have chills an' talk 'bout wild animals. I shall dismiss de appeal wid costs."

IT DOAN' PAY.

IT having been officially announced that the Right Very, Very Hon. Phosphate DeBar, of North Carolina, was in the ante-room, the Reception Committee put on their white gloves and yellow neckties and proceeded to bring in the honorable gentleman. In appearance he somewhat resembled George Washington, having the same generous feet and arch of eyebrow. As near as could be judged he was six feet high, had two hind pockets in his pants, never smoked a cigar costing less than five cents, and was the sort of a man who would fish all day and never swear if he didn't get a bite. When he mounted the platform and bowed to right and left he was welcomed with a cheer which broke four panes of glass and awoke Elder Toots from his first nap.

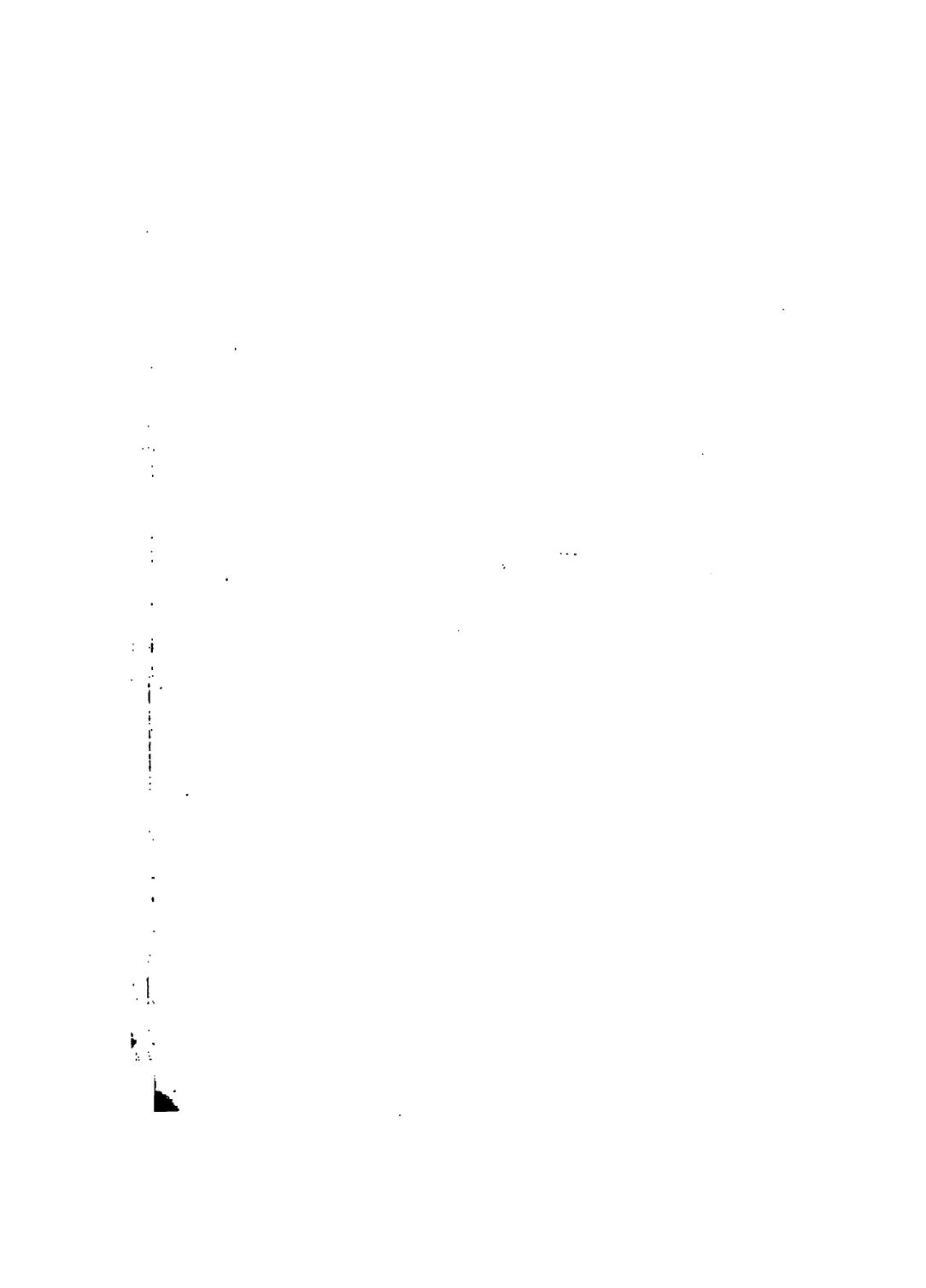
“DOES HAPPINESS PAY.”

In a voice as full of music as a buzz saw cutting through a side-walk spike, the Hon. De Bar announced the subject of his remarks as above, and continued:

“ Philosophers an' writers of all ages have told us dat de hight of human ambishun was to be happy. Pick up a book or newspaper an' you am confronted by de announcement dat one who am not happy might as well be dead. We am advised an' talked to an' written to an' urged to be happy, an' it am all nonsense an' has eber bin so. In de fust place no one kin be perfeckly happy. When you get posseshun of a great big watermellyon an' sit down in an alley to devour it all by yerself yer mouf waters, *yer back* sort o' humps up, an' you fondly emagine



THE DEFEAT OF KYFUSTUS.



dat you am perfeckly happy. But you ain't. You haven't taken ober two bites befo' you remember dat de ole woman wants a porus plaster, an' de chill'en want shoes, an' de rent will be due on Saturday, an' a dozen odder fings cum to mind to knock yer happiness higher dan Gilderoy's corn-sheller. It's de same when you play poker an' win ten dollars. You feel happy fur de minit, an' you dance aroun' on one leg an' chuckle ober yer smartness. Den comes de reaxshun. You remember dat you owe about fifty dollars, an' dat de wood am out, de flour-bar'l am empty, an' de chill'en have bin cryin fur bacon.

"In de second place, what's de use of bein' happy? [Sobs from Elder Toots.] Happiness doan' increase de price of blackin' stoves. You can't charge any mo' for whitewashin'. [Sensation behind the stove.] You can't git any mo' for beatin' a carpet. [Groans of despair.] Bein' happy doan' help our credit at de grocer's or butcher's. [Sighs.] What dey want is money an' not happiness. Show me a happy man who has any mo' to eat an' war dan an unhappy one. [Distressing coughs from all over the Hall.] It has bin said dat happiness am better dan riches. Doan' let 'em fool you! [Sensation.] De happy man am sent to jail quite as often as de unhappy one.

"In de third place, happiness am not healthy. It runs into liver complaint, consumpshun an' palpitation of de h'art. We am placed heah on airth to bet on de losin' hoss; to marry de wrong woman—to catch on to heaps of bad weather an' deadloads of tribulashun. Doan' go round lookin' fur a happy man. If you find one he'll be somebody so soft dat

dey have to put him on ice. Our greatest an' best men am de mos' unhappy ones. Show me a man who has lost three wives by yaller fever, six chill'en by the cholera, three or four houses by fire, an' has himself bin sent to jail on false testimony, an' I will show you a noble Roman. [Cheers.] Thanking you fur your parsimonious imprecations, an' predictin' dat de time am not fur distant when de honor of bein' a member of de Lime-Kiln Club will be all de honor one man kin lug aroun' in hot weather, I now deliberate towards de importunity of de infringement, an' bid you good-night."

The close was received with wild applause, during which the sacred bust of Andrew Jackson fell from its bracket and was broken into seven pieces.

AS YOU FIND HIM.

"WHEN I shake hands wid a stranger," said Brother Gardner, as silence fell upon the members. "I doan' care two cents wheder his great-gran'-fadder was a Cabinet Officer or a cobbler; wheder his own gran'fadder sold silk or kaliker; wheder his fadder was a cooper or a statesman. De man I hev to deal wid am de man befo' me, an' not de dust an' bones an' coffins of his predecessors. He may size up well, or he may run to remnants; he may be square or he may be a bilk; he may be honest, or he may hev de right bower up his sleeve—dat am fur me to find out.

"I doan' propose to jine hands wid a stranger kase his gran'fadder cum ober wid de Pilgrims. Neither shall I lend five dollars to one of my own

color on de ground dat his uncle weighed a ton an' shook hands with three different Presidents. What a man am, an' wedder his fadder was a poet or a blacksmith, won't make him any better or wuss. Size up your man on his own personal shape.

" It doan' matter to you what sort of a head his fadder had, or how big his uncle's feet were, he am de man you am doin' bizness wid. De pusson who trabels from dis kentry on nothing but de record made by some relative half a century since, will land in jail as soon as in good society. When I hev any plug tobacker to spare, de man whose fadder didn't do anything but mind his own bizness an' purvide fur his own family, will git it quite as soon as de man whose fadder diskivered a comet or predicted airthquake.

" I want each an' ebery member of dis Club to stand on his own shape. If he am fast color dat's all we want to know. If he crocks or fades in de washin' he must step down an' out. De fack dat Samuel Shin's fadder was lected to de South Carolina Legislature doan' prove dat Samuel hisself knows beans from hoss-barns. Likewise de fack dat Give-adam Jones had an uncle hung fur stealin' corn doan' go to prove dat it would be safe to leave our brudder in a grocery store for half an hour while de clerk went out arter change. When a man boasts dat one of de family signed de Declarashun of Independence, doan' you take his note widout a good indorser. People who lay back on nothin' but de glory of de dead or de statesmanship of some one who sat in Congress a hundred years ago am jist as apt to werk off a begus dollar en a sore-eyed railroad

conductor as a man whose geological tree has a baker hangin' to ebery limb."

Giveadam Jones was on his feet before the President ceased speaking, and he wanted to know if the remark in regard to his absent-minded uncle was a personal fling at him. Samuel Shin likewise desired to know if the President had intended to hold his lack of education to the contempt of the world at large. Brother Gardner replied that he had used them simply to illustrate points, and but for a slip of the tongue he would have had the uncle steal the whole outfit of a national bank instead of three bushels of corn.

ON TERMS.

THE Secretary announced a letter from New York asking if the Lime-Kiln Club was on friendly terms with Congress, and prepared to work in harmony with it during the coming session. Reports to the contrary were abroad in the East, and the friends of the Club were anxious to know how matters stood.

"So fur as my offishul knowledge goes, dis Club an' Congress am on de best terms," replied Brother Gardner. "While I am opposed to any ideah lookin' towards de consolidashun of de two bodies, I still believe dat de welfare of de kentry requires us to work in harmony. We are willin' to meet dat comparatively influenshul body half way in matters lookin' to de good of de kentry. To prove to de kentry at large dat dis Club does not desire to monopolize entire public attenshun doorin' de comin' winter, I *will appint Waydown Bebee, Givedam Jones an'*

Holdback White as a committee to confer wid an equal number of Congrissmen to agree upon a mutual course to be pursued fur de next six months."

The Secretary was instructed to forward a certified copy of this action to David Davis, and to request that gentleman to name his committee as soon as convenient.

NOT ONE CASE.

The President stated that he had been asked on several different occasions if the æsthetic lunacy had visibly affected the colored people of the North. His own personal observation had not furnished any evidence in the affirmative, but he would like to hear members express themselves.

Kyhaven Johnson said that a neighbor of his had run all over town to purchase a second-hand bedstead, and that she had finally secured one twenty-three years old, but he thought from the hot water treatment given it, that she did not prize it as a relic.

Trustee Pullback knew of a case where a colored man had paid seven dollars for a coat supposed to be twenty-eight years old, but it afterwards came out that he expected to find money in the lining.

Elder Toots said that his third wife had evinced a desire to pay seventy-five cents for an old earthern platter which had come over in the Mayflower, but when informed that if she did she would go without shoes all winter, she had said no more on the subject.

As far as could be ascertained from the best posted members, the colored element are entirely free from lunacy, and not likely to be affected this year.

A RARE GIFT.

After the election, Brother Gardner announced that he had received notice of the shipment to the Club of a rare gift to the museum, being a No. 8 shoe unearthed from the ruins of Troy by Dr. Schliemann. The sole of the shoe bears the letter "H," and is supposed to have belonged to Helen of Troy, as she is known to have worn a shoe of that number. The gift is from the Colored Art Association of Pennsylvania, before which society Brother Gardner will deliver an essay on "Ancient Bunions." The Secretary was instructed to return thanks, and the relic was ordered to be placed directly over the bear trap.

HIS ODE.

Waydown Bebee then arose and presented the Club with the following original ode:

DE WATERMELLYON.

Oblong an' luscious—
Black seeds or white
Lemme devour you
Outer my sight.

Mottled or speckled,
Thick rind or thin;
Devoid of all cramps,
Colic an' sin.

Georgia or Jarsey,
Speckled or spotted;
Dose who doan' like 'em
Orter be shotted.

There being no further business in the ice-box the meeting adjourned for one week.



WAYDOWN BEEF

HOW THE GLORIOUS FOURTH WAS CELEBRATED AT WHALEN'S GROVE LAST YEAR.

*An Oration by a Self-Made Man which had Bones in
it—Suggestions of Deep Interest to Taxpayers—
Freedom as it Suggests Itself to a Hickory Township
Man—Our Duties to a Common Country.*

There were patriotic remarks and greased-pig exercises at Whalen's Grove last year on the Fourth, all of which, according to the *Sandy Mush Record-Statesman*, passed off with marked success. From the opening prayer to the base-ball contest and greased-pole doings, everything was harmonious, and the receipts were satisfactory. Col. L. Forsyth Heeley acted as marshal of the day, wearing a maroon sash, and mounted on his well-known horse, Mambrino King. A serious accident in the early morning was happily averted by Col. Heeley's coolness and self-possession. A lady from Lower Hominy, whose name could not be ascertained, while actively engaged in listening to the band, and holding her young child so that it could get a good view of the sun, became entangled in her train, which had worked around in front, and while recovering herself Col. L. Forsyth Heeley came down the street in advance of the fire laddies. The horse was rearing high in the air, and going sideways with a squeaking sound, which seemed to be caused by the friction between his second and third stomach. His mouth was wide open, and his

fiery-red gums could be seen as far as the eye could reach. Almost every one thought there would be a holocaust; but at that trying instant, as if by magic, Col. Heeley decided to go down the other street.

Our fire laddies made a fine appearance, in their new, hot uniforms, and were not full during the parade, as was stated by the Hickory township *World*.

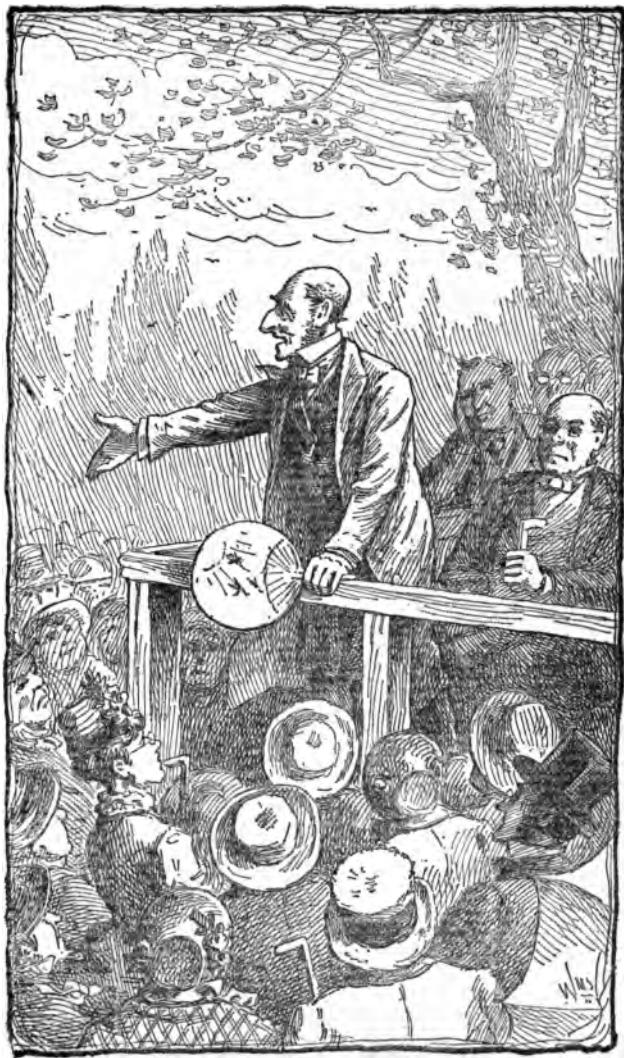
Everybody seemed to feel an interest in patriotism, with the exception of an old party from a distance, who opened the exercises by cutting a large water-melon and distributing it with a lavish hand among himself. He then went to sleep in the corner of a fence, where he would have been greatly pestered by flies if he had found out about it in time.

After a pleasant and courteous prayer by Rev. Mr. Meeks, in which he laid before the Lord a national policy which he felt certain would make a great hit, our Glee Club sang

Oh, say can you see, etc.

Judge Larraby read the Declaration of Independence in a rich dark red voice, and a self-made man from Hickory township delivered the following impromptu address, the manuscript of which he kindly furnished to the *Record-Statesman*:

“FELLOW CITIZENS: This is the anniversary of the day when freedom towards all and malice towards none first got a foothold in this country. And we are now to celebrate that day. I say that on that day Tireny and usurpation got a set-back that they will never recover from. We then paved the way for the poor, oppressed foreigner, so that he could come to our *shores* and take liberties with our form of government.



**"I SAY THAT ON THAT DAY TIRENY AND UZURPATION GOT A
SETBACK."**

To be a foreigner here in America to-day is one of the sweetest boons. If I could be just what I would like to be, I would be an oppressed foreigner, landing on our shores, free from the taxation and responsibility of government, with no social demands made on me, with nothing in my possession but a hearty Godspeed from both political parties, and a strong yearning for freedom. Oh, why was I not born an alien, that both parties wouldn't dast to reproach; an alien that can come here and find a government already established, with no flies on to it; a government of the people, by the people and for the people? (Fire-crackers and applause.)

“On the day that Button Gwinnett put his name to the statement that all men was created more or less equal, the spot on which we now stand was a howling wilderness. Where yonder lemonade-stand now stands and realizes a clean profit of forty-seven dollars and thirty-five cents on an investment of six dollars and fifty cents, the rank thistle nodded in the wynd, and the wild fox dag his hole unscared. If you do not believe this I refer you to the principal of our public school, who is to-day assisting in the band, and who is now in the act of up-ending his alto horn to pour out about a teacupful of liquid melody that he had left over from the last tune.

“And why is this? Why are we to-day a free people, with a surplus in the treasury that nobody can get at? (Loud applause and squeal from a grass-fed horse tied to a tree who is being kicked by a red two-year-old, owned by the Pathmaster of Road District No. 3.)

“Why are our resources so great that they almost equal our liabilities? Why is everything done to make

it pleasant for the rich man and every inducement held out for the poor man to accumulate more and more poverty? Why is it that so much is said about the tariff by men who do not support their families? Why is it that when we vote for a president of the United States, we have to take our choice between a statesman-like candidate with great ability and proclivities for grand larceny — why is it that we are given our choice between this kind of a man and what Virgil refers to in his 'Childe Harold' as a chump? (Cheers and cries of 'That's so' from a man who is riveted to the spot by means of a new pitch-plank on which he is sitting and which will not permit him to move out of the sun.)

"One hundred years ago the tastes of our people were simple. Now it takes so much simplicity to keep Congress going that the people don't get a chance at it. A century ago common, home-made rum was the only relaxation known to a plain but abstemious people. Now it takes a man with a mighty good memory to recall the names of some of the things he has drunk when his wife askshimabout it on the following morning. I claim to have a good memory of names and things generally, but if you want to get me mixed up and have fun with me, you can do it that way.

"But, fellow-citizens, how can we best preserve the blessing of freedom and fork it over unimpaired to our children? How can we enhance the blood-bought right, which is inherent in every human being, of the people, for the people and by the people, where tyrant foot hath never trod nor bigot forged a chain, for to look back from our country's glorious natal day or forward to a glorious, a happy and a prosperous future with

regard to purity of the ballot and free speech. I say for one we cannot do otherwise. (Prolonged applause.)

“I would rather have my right hand cleave to the roof of my mouth than to utter a sentiment that I would regret; but I say that as a people, as a nation or as an inalienable right which no man can gainsay or successfully controvert, not for political purposes, and yet I am often led to inquire whither are we drifting, not only as a people and as a nation, but as a country and as a joint school district, No. 6, where we now stand, and when we are paying a school teacher this summer twenty-two dollars a month to teach the children, little prattling children, during the hot summer weather, how many feet of intestines there are in the human body and what is best to do for it? Last winter we paid thirty-four dollars per month to a man who opened the school with prayer and then made a picture of the digestive organs on the blackboard. And still we wonder that politics is corrupt.

“I tell you that the seeds of vice and wickedness is often sowed at school in the minds of the young by teachers who are paid a large salary to do far different. What do you think of a man who would open a school with prayer and then converse freely about the alimentary canal? Such a man would lead a life of the deepest infamy if he had the least encouragement.

“So I say, fellow-citizens, that we must guard against the influences of the public schools as a nation, for the people, of the people, and by the people. Education is often a blessing in disguise, but we should not pry into things that the finite mind has no business with. How much was Galileo ahead in the long run for going out

of his sphere? He was boycotted from morning till night and died poor. Look at Demosthenes. Look at Diogenes. They pried into science, and both of them was poor providers and have since died. Of course their names are frequently used in debating schools, and some claim that this is big pay for what they went through; but I say give me a high-stepping horse, the bright smile of dear ones who are not related to me in any way, the approval of the admiring throng, a large woolly dog that will do as I tell him, a modest little home and unlimited credit at the store, and I do not care how much B. will have to use off from the diameter of a given grindstone, for which he paid an undivided one-fifteenth.

“ I know that this is regarded as a queer doctrine by what is called our more Advanced Thinkers, but I say let every man who pants for fame select his own style of pant and go ahead. I bid him a most hearty god-speed and hope he will do well.

“ But what makes me mad is for a man to come to me and dictate what I shall pant for. This is called intolerance by people who can afford to use words of that size. Intolerance is a thing that makes me tired. Whether it's religious, political or social intolerance, I dislike it very much. People that think I will enjoy voting for a yaller dog that had been picked out for me, or that I will be tickled to death to indorse the religious dogmas of an effete monicky with my eyes shet, don't know me. I say, let every man rely solely on his own thinker, and damned be he who first cries hold, enough! I am not a profane man, but I quote from a poem in using the above quotation.

“But again. In closing, let me say that we owe it to our common country to be peaceable citizens and pay our taxes without murmuring. The time to get in our fine work is on the valuation, and it is too late to kick after that. Let us cultivate a spirit of lofty patriotism, but believe nothing just to oblige others. I used to be a great believer in anything that was submitted for my approval. That was what kept me back. Now, if a man like Jay Gould says he is not feeling so well as he did, I make him show me his tongue.

“We are here to-day to celebrate the birthday of American freedom, as I understand it, and I am here to say that whatever may be said against our refinement and our pork, our style of freedom is sought for everywhere. It is a freedom that will stand any climate and I hear it very highly spoken of wherever I go.

“I am here to state that, as boy and man, I have been a constant user of American freedom for over fifty years, and I can truly say that I feel no desire to turn back; also that there will be a grand, free-for-all scuffle for a greased pig on the vacant lot south of the church at seven o’clock, after which fireworks will be served to those who desire to remain.”

And thus did the Fourth of July pass with all its glories in Whalen’s Grove in the year of our independence the 110th.

ENCOURAGING GREEN JOKES.

I want to encourage green jokes, that have never trotted in harness before, and, besides, I must insist on using my scanty fund of laugh on jokes of the nineteenth century. I have got to draw the line somewhere.

A PATHETIC EPISODE IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN.

A Trip to Northern Wisconsin — How Foreign Lumber Is Manufactured — Iron Dogs — A Sad Accident — The Funeral Procession — A Solemn Moral.

I have just returned from a trip up the North Wisconsin railway, where I went to catch a string of cod-fish, and anything else that might be contagious. The trip was a pleasant one, and productive of great good in many ways. I am hardening myself to railway traveling, like Timberline Jones' man, so that I can stand the return journey to Laramie in July.

Northern Wisconsin is the place where the "foreign lumber" comes from which we use in Laramie in the erection of our palatial residences. I visited the mill last week that furnished the lumber used in the Oasis hotel at Greeley. They yank a big wet log into that mill and turn it into cash as quick as a railroad man can draw his salary out of the pay car. The log is held on a carriage by means of iron dogs while it is being worked into lumber. These iron dogs are not like those we see on the front steps of a brown-stone house occasionally. They are another breed of dogs.

The managing editor of the mill lays out the log in his mind, and works it into dimension stuff, shingle bolts, slabs, edgings, two by fours, two by eights, two by sixes, etc., so as to use the goods to the best advantage, just as a woman takes a dress pattern and cuts it



A SAD FUNERAL PROCESSION.

so she won't have to piece the front breadths, and will still have enough left to make a polonaise for the last-summer gown.

I stood there for a long time watching the various saws and listening to their monotonous growl, and wishing that I had been born a successful timber thief instead of a poor boy without a rag to my back.

At one of these mills, not long ago, a man backed up to get away from the carriage, and thoughtlessly backed against a large saw that was revolving at the rate of about 200 times a minute. The saw took a large chew of tobacco from the plug he had in his pistol pocket, and then began on him.

But there's no use going into details. Such things are not cheerful. They gathered him up out of the sawdust and put him in a nail keg and carried him away, but he did not speak again. Life was quite extinct. Whether it was the nervous shock that killed him, or the concussion of the cold saw against his liver that killed him, no one ever knew.

The mill shut down a couple of hours so that the head sawyer could file his saw, and then work was resumed once more.

We should learn from this never to lean on the buzz saw when it moveth itself aright.

THE SECRET OF HEALTH.

Health journals are now asserting, that to maintain a sound constitution you should lie only on the right side. The health journals may mean well enough; but what are you going to do if you are editing a Democratic paper?

ON THE FENCE.

THREE or four minutes before time for sounding the triangle, a boy with a pair of boots five sizes to large, and a hat big enough to cover four heads of cabbage, climbed the stairs and encoutered the vigilant Tyler in the ante-room.

"Boy, you fly right down dem sta'rs, or I'll make a bar'l of soap outer dat body!" shouted the Sentinel.

"I guess not, sah, kase Ize got a letter heah for Sir Izook Poletall," replied the boy

"Werry well, den. Now you squat ober dar on de wood-pile till I takes dis 'pistle in to de Seckretary, an' if you try to look inter de lodge-room, one of de biggist kind o' gостs will jump out an' bring ye sich a box on de ears as you nebber heard tell of."

It was a note addressed to Sir Isaac Walpole, and it was from Brother Gardner. He stated that he was then sitting on a rail fence three miles in an air line from the City Hall, defending a load of corn stalks and ten bushels of corn from the attacks of three white men, who had stolen and carried off one load before he arrived. The note concluded as follows:

"De highest duty of a man am to protect his own from de hands of de desplier, an' it may be dat I shell hev to sot here all night. Go ahead an' open an' run de meetin' to de bes' of your 'bility, not-forgettin' dat Pickles Smith will b'ar watchin', an' dat Elder Toots allus falls off a bench to de left when he gits to sleep."

SIR ISAAC

Took the Presidential chair, read the epistle to the members and signaled for the triangle to bring or-

der. His first move was to call off the names of the Committee on Agriculture and request them to proceed without delay to the spot where Brother Gardner held the fort and assist him against the common enemy.

PETITIONS.

The petitions numbered only eight, the lightest number for several months, but easily explained on the ground of election and the general excitement attending. The only "big gun" in the eight was Warsaw Jones, LL. D., of Lynchburg, Va., who has preached in thirteen different states, and who originated the theory that all living creatures descended from the persimmon and defended it through three rough and tumble fights before the Boston Academy of Science.

ELECTION.

T. D. Williams, June Hastings, H. Clay Lukens and Paine Turner were shaken up in the bean box and shown to be worthy of membership.

THE OYSTER.

The Committee on Catfish and Turtles, to whom had been submitted the query: "Can the oyster be domesticated and made obedient to the commands of man?" were called upon and reported as follows:

"In de fust place, de ister am not purvided with legs nor teef, an' he wouldn't be worf ole bones to drive a cow outer de back yard. In the nex' place his eyes am sot too fur back in his head to permit him to rush drew a brush fence in an air-tine. He hasn't de back-bone to stand up to a row, nor de wings to fly away from one. He can't see in de

night, an' he am too lazy to see in de day-time. His general build and his average habits proves, to dis committee, dat nature nebber 'tended him to act as a watch-dog nor occupy a bird-cage. As a fish he am a sudden failure. As a grasshopper he can't hold his row. We turned him ober an' ober, took him in from all sides, an' arrove to de concludshun dat he am fillin' his mishun when he am stewed, fried, or taken on de half-shell. Dis committee darefore asks to be discharged from de furder considerashun of de subjeck, an' will ebber pray."

Elder Hardfoot Stoher objected to the report on the ground that it might encourage poor people to buy oysters instead of pig's heads and spare-ribs but it was accepted while he was in the middle of his remarks.

THE SICK.

The Committee on the Sick and Relief reported nine cases of illness among the members, three of them very serious. Four of the cases were chills and fever, three had a tendency to rheumatism, and the other two fell off a wood-shed. The Committee had ascertained that the last named members had climbed upon the shed to see a fight going on in a wood-yard, and "through a dispensashun of Providence had been anticipated to the ground below."

"I am de oldest man in de Club," said Sir Isaac in reply, "an' I hez yit to l'arn dat Providence ebber mixes herself up wid a fight in a wood-yard. De queshun of relief will, darefore, be jumped ober to de nex' meetin', when Brudder Gardner kin handle it as he sees fit."

A FAILURE.

During a discussion in the Club some time since on the question of preserving fall vegetables, Trustee Pullback annonnced that pumpkins, after being treated to two coats of varnish, could be kept for several years. The Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture was instructed to treat several pumpkins in this manner and report progress to the Club. At this meeting he announced his readiness to report, and said:

“ De next time dis Club wants to waste any varnish it had better pcur it down a rat hole. It took jist a quart to a pumpkin, 'ceptin' what de chill'en drank up. De fust week dar' was no great change in de pumpkins, but doorin' de second week two of 'em showed signs of de measles, one turned wrong side out, an' de odder two kinder keeled ober to de norf. At de end of de third week de sanitary purlece knocked on de doah an' tole my wife dat if we didn't get dat smell outer de house dey'd send me to de workhouse fur eighteen hundred years. De varnish bizness am a fraud an' a snare, an'it takes a heap of soap to wash it off de fingers.”

SNUBBED.

Caraway Fitzjohn here secured the fioor and asked leave to read a ballad entitled “ The Lost Schooner,” composed by himself and dedicated to the Lime-Kiln Club.

“ I object,” said John Quincy Davis in a prompt manner.

“ Sustain de jeckshun,” came from all parts of the Hall.

"Brudder Fitzjohn, am dat ballard written in red ink?" inquired the Chairman.

"No, sah."

"Dat's one serius objeckshun. Whar was dat schooner losted?"

"On de Red Sea, sah."

"Dats too far away from home—altogedertoo far. What was she loaded wid?"

"De ballad don't say, sah."

"Den we don't keer to hear it read. You hez left out all de main points, Brudder Fitzjohn, an' I hope you'll forgive me when I tell you to stick to de razor an' let poetry take care of itself."

THE LIBRARY.

The Librarian reported that he had now 1,100 volumes on hand, including over 1,000 almanacs, and he suggested the need of more shelving at once. He further reported that his corner had been well patronized since the evenings had become longer, and that he could make good use of the works treating on higher philosophy and modern anatomy.

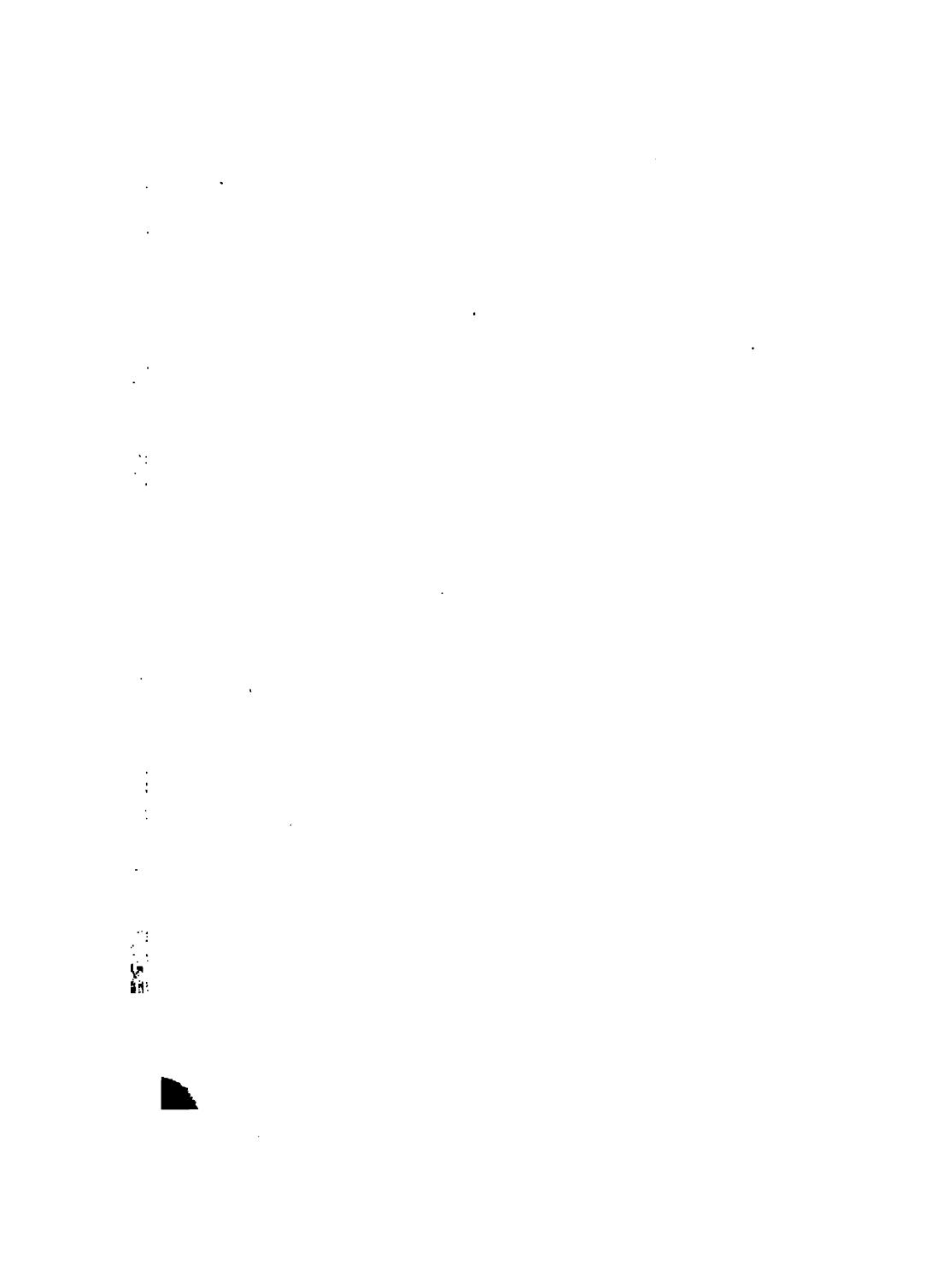
NO DINNER.

The Rev. Penstock got Elder Toots to wake up and introduce a resolution to the effect that the Club give itself a Thanksgiving dinner in Paradise Hall on the proper day, paying all expenses out of the treasury, and he then jumped up and made a seven minute speech in favor of the project. The idea seemed to take all over the Hall in a flash, and not feeling equal to the occasion Sir Isaac rose up and said:

"De moshun to adjourn am car'd."



DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS OF THE CLUB—SIR ISAAC WALPOLE
AND SAMUEL SHIN.



"No moshun—no moshun!" yelled twenty members.

"An' we will darefore repudiate to our homes," he continued.

"Queshun! queshun!" they yelled.

"Gwine home takes de precedence ober all odder queshuns," softly replied the old patriarch, and he put on his hat, closed the books and beat the Thanksgiving dinner question out of sight.

DE CIRCUS.

As the triangle sounded the call for order, all Biblical discussions came to an end, and Brother Gardner wiped off his mouth and began:

"De season of de circus am come. I heven't seen dø illustrious han'-bills on de walls yit, but de horn am tootin' only a few miles away, an' in a few days de unbendin' elefant, de musical hyena, de wrigglin' snaix an' de lemonade stand will be in our midst. Doorin' de past week I has recepted sev'ral letters from different parts of de kentry axin' if dis Club favors gwine to de circus, an' last nite two brethren of de church arrove at my cabin to ax me to use my inflooence to prevent de circus from destroyin' de Sunday skule bizness. Now, I has my ovn personal opinion 'bout dese fings, but I'd like to h'ar from de members of de Club in ginaler."

There was a pretty solid chunk of silence after the President sat down, but Sir Isaac Walpole finally got up and said:

‘Waal, now, I believe I kin remember of gwine to de fust circus dat struck de State of Old Virginny, an’ I reckon none eber showed up in Detroit an’ got away from me. I’ze bin right dar, frens, an’ I’ze got half a dollar laid by fur de next one. I belongs to de church, I rings de bell fur prayer-meetin’, an’ I’ze tryin’ to live so as to reach dat good place above whar’ de weary am at rest, an’ fo’ de Lawd! I doan’ believe dat gwine to de circus has eber rubbed de hide off in one single spot. De man who can’t go a circus wid a clean conscience, an’ come home de same way, had better set out an’ diskiver a kentry for himself.’

Several other speeches of like character were made, and the President arose and said:

“Gem’len, let it stan’ as de opinyon of de Lime-Kiln Club dat gwine to de circus am twice as respectable as sittin’ on de fence an’ makin’ up faces at de Bengawl tiger in his cage, am a heap better dan beatin’ a wood-yard man outen three dollars by movin’ in de night. We will now implore de reg’lar bizness of de meetin’.”

SICKNESS.

The Committee on the Sick reported that Skylark DeSoto, a member living across the river, had met with a serious accident, having been thrown off the back of a mule. He had applied for relief, and the Committee desired instructions before drawing any order on the Treasurer.

“De queshun am, is dis Brudder ’titled to draw on de relief fund?” replied the President.

“In de fust place, why was he on dat mule’s back? Didn’t he know he might as well have been on de

brink of Niagra? Was he racin' dat mule? Was he racin' de beast aroun' town to show him off? Lastly, was de Brudder sober or drunk? Sich questions should be settled befo' relief am granted, an' de Committee will proceed to Kennedy an' pump de victim for furder informashun."

A PRIZE.

The Rev. Penstock, who had just returned from the home of his childhood in Toledo, here arose and said he would like to utter a few remarks. Leave being granted, he said he had for a year past been excited in mind over the wholesale waste in oyster cans. Every one of the millions of cans was worthless as soon as emptied of its contents, and he found them rusting in alleys, on vacant lots, beside the curbstone, and wherever he went. His philanthropic interest in the welfare of America, as well as his ever-present desire to encourage genius, had led him to offer a prize of one terrier dog, one hand-sled, one snow-shovel and two dollars in cash to any American who would invent a way to utilize the old cans. The subject had been broached to the Club on a previous occasion, but nothing had been done to encourage the inventive faculty, and perhaps nothing would have been done but for the enthusiasm of Penstock, whose active mind is ever busy with plans to better the dwellers in this great world.

FERTILIZERS.

A communication from the President of the Texas Agricultural College made inquiry as to whether the Lime-Kiln Club made use of any special fertilizer in its agricultural experiments.

"I'spose I'ze got about as big a garden as any of us," replied the President, as the letter was filed, "an' I'spose I'ze tried about as many different fertiloozers as any man heah 'ceptin' Sir Isaac Walpole. I'ze put on lime, ashes, salt, saw-dust, old bones, bottles, chips, an' heaps of odder things, but long ago I diskivered dat an old bed quilt, a towel or two, wid free or fo' ole straw hats chopped up fine, an' de hull spread out ober de ground will grow de biggest crop o' melons dat you eber saw. De vines climb right up like a gopher, spread out like city taxes, an' when de melons start to grow you can't stop 'em wid a two mule team."

RESOLVED.

Judge Peachblossom, who has heretofore kept wonderfully quiet, presented a resolution to the effect that the present rates for whitewashing be increased twenty per cent, but the President rose up and replied:

"I am an old man. I hev seen de melyon crap come an' go nigh onto sixty-five times, an' it has taken me all dese long y'ars to learn to let well 'nuff alone. Too much charge am as bad as too much whitewash. It am now time to repress de meetin' an' go down on de market an' git a forty-cent water-melyon for a quarter."

SCRIMSHAW BAKER, LL. D.

It having become noised around that a stranger from the west would deliver a speech before the Club, Paradise Hall was filled to the last bench, and business started off with enthusiasm.

PETITIONS.

The petitions for the last two weeks counted up thirty-eight, of which Halifax and Winnepeg each sent one, and three came from California. Of the total number thirty-three were careful to state that they owned dogs, and a large number carelessly intimated that they didn't like chickens. Two of the petitions from the south were accompanied by odes written in red ink and worked up to an intense climax. Such petitioners as desire a copy of the constitution and by-laws will please forward ten cents.

PASSED AWAY.

The President announced that he had received a communication from Fort Scott, Ks., giving the particulars of the death of Ebeneezer Flintlock, an honorary member of the Club, and added:

"Gem'len, de letter states dat he passed away in de softest manner, an' dat his last request was to hev de Club notified of his departur'. I didn't know him personally, but I feel it safe to say dat he was honest, reprehensible, industrious, cutaneous an' well meanin'. P'raps he did't cut no great spread in de world, an' maybe he couldn't deliver a Fo'th of July speech widout mixin' up cocked hats wid gin cocktails, but what he wore he paid fur, an' what he ate he airned by de sweat of his brows. De Secretary, assisted by de keeper of de B'ar Trap, will hang an emblem of sorrow to de knob of de inner doah an' keep it dar for de space of fo'teen days, an' we will now jine in singin':"

" Beneaf de sod a brudder sleeps,
To wake no more—to wake no more—
'Till past de ribber swift an' deep
He's landed on de odder shore.

No pain or sorrow kin he know—
No words kin reach him in his grave;
But up in Heaven he'll find dat rest
Which Heaven gives to e'en a slave."

The song was well sung and made a deep impression on all the older members. What, therefore, was the surprise of the convention to hear Samuel Shin attempt to add a chorus to the last verse by switching off on "Whoa, Emma!" He was immediately walked to the front, and amidst looks and expressions of indignation he was fined eight hundred dollars and costs. He pleaded anxiety of mind about an overdue water-tax as an excuse, but it was no go, and for some weeks to come he will probably be the most sedate attendant at Paradise Hall.

THE PHOTOGRAPH QUESTION.

At this point the Rev. Penstock, his face illumined with a smile like the background of a Swiss chromo, secured the floor and announced that a proposition had been made to the Club through him. It was that a photograph should be taken of the interior of Paradise Hall with a weekly meeting in full blast, and in return for the privilege each member was to be presented with a copy free.

When he had taken his seat there was a great hitching around, and Trustee Pullback and Enos Skimmerhorn were seen posing themselves as if ready before the camera. By and by the old man rose up and said:

“Gem’len, dar hain’t de smallest doubts dat some of us am so awful purty dat we hadn’t orter lose any time in securin’ our fotograffs at any price, but out of respect for de feelins of doze who hain’t any beauty to brag about, we’ll wait awhile before consentin’ to de proposishun. I an’ de ole woman was tooken once, and I tell you it was de worst kind of a give away on our feet. I can close one eye an’ imagine what a photograph of dis Hall would be, an’ I doan’ want any of it.”

AGRICULTURE.

The Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture had a brief report to submit. In answer to a communication from Gen. Le Duc asking for a sample of Michigan catnip grown in the shade of a red picket fence, he reported that he had collected a quantity of leaves and bottled them so that they would retain their fragrance. He stepped forward and handed the President an eight-ounce bottle and resumed his seat. Brother Gardner lifted the bottle shook it, pulled the cork and smelled of the contents, and as he read the label he indulged in a grin that revealed his back teeth. At that moment the Chairman came forward in great haste and exchanged the bottle for another, whispering:

“We doan’ hev ‘em in our beds, but de folks nex’ doah am fairly car’d away by the pesky critters.”

“WHERE IS THE LIMIT?”

The Committee on Reception now donned their wide collars and white gloves and proceeded to the ante-room to return as the escort of Scrimshaw Baker, LL. D., better known in the west as “the

Bald Eagle Orator of the Rocky Mountains." After being formerly introduced and indulging in a few preparatory remarks he began one of the best speeches ever delivered in Paradise Hall. The subject, announced above, was handled between drinks of water with a flow of logic like the current of some mighty river sweeping to the sea, and every hit was received with a grand yell.

"When de saw-buck was invented," said the Orator, as he cast a sly glance at Elder Toots' bow-legs, "some folks imagined dat de limit was reached, but it was only twenty-nine days before de world was convulsed wid de news dat de buck-saw had sprung into life. After de buck-saw came de horse-radish grater, an' upon de heels of dis came de glorus news dat genius had given us de far-soundin' tinkle of de cow-bell. [Cheers.] Some men wanted to fold deir hands an' die, finkin' de end had come, but genius plumed her beak an' lo! we had taller candles. [Wild whoops.] Light shone in dark places, but it was no time to stop. Wid one wild swoop of her raven wings genius left at our doahs a jug with a handle an' de wheel-barrow. [Cheers and yells.] So it has gone. We didn't stop wid de clothes-pin but sprung for'd to de ha'r-pin, de stove handle, de jack-knife, de dictionary, ice cream, lager beer, an' odder splinters of genius too many to menshun. We shall nebber stop. What am new dis y'ar will be ole de nex'. Genius will not be content wid replacin' de bed-cord by springs, or de stage by de locomotive, but will go on an' on an' on, until buttermilk kin be drawn from ebery hitchin' post, an' seven-cent sugar scooped in from de roots of ebery lamp-post.

In de language of one of Rome's grandest Senators,
'Pluribue, sylubus unum cum dig!'"

Cheer after cheer shook the Hall as the speaker closed, and Waydown Bebee introduced the following:

"*Resolved*, That the uniformed thanks of dis Club are sagely due to de great Orator of de West fur de incarcerated effort he has made this evening to entertain, interest and instruct dis Club, an' we do hereby offer him de freedom of Paradise Hall during his stay in our middle."

The resolution was carried with a bang, and after the Glee Club had sung a few selections from Mozart the convention adjourned.

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PARALYSIS IN A THEATRE

INASMUCH as there seems to be no other business before the house, we desire, Mr. Speaker, to arise to a personal explanation. There was something occurred at the Opera House, the last night that the Rice Surprise Party played "Revels," that placed us in a wrong position before the public.

Mr. Gunning, the scene painter, had prided himself that the transformation scene that he had fixed up for the play was about as nice as could be, and as we confessed that we had only got an imperfect view of it, the night before, from one side of the house, he insisted that we take a seat right in front of the stage, in the parquette, and get a good view of it.

There were a good many legs in the show, and we didn't want to sit right down in front all the evening, so we compromised the matter by agreeing to sit in the dress circle until it was about time for the transformation scene, and then, after the giddy girls had all been behind the scenes, we would go down and take a front seat, right back of the orchestra, and take in the transformation scene.

Well, they had got through with the high kicking, and all gone off, except one girl, a gipsy, who was going to sing a song, and then a bell would ring and the whole stage effects would change as if by magic. When she had got to the end of her song and had waltzed off to the left, we got up and walked down in front, and took one of a whole row of vacant seats, put on our spectacles, and were ready. Do you know, every cuss in that audience saw us go down there? They all thought we had gone there

an heiress, but she has broken off the engagement until he can get his name changed. She was not very much mashed on the name, anyway, and Monday night, as she was with him coming out of Haverly's Theatre, something happened that broke her all up.

The young man's father was a pious man, and he named his son Abijah. His companion nicknamed him "Bige." Coming out of the theatre with his intended on his arm, an old friend, a drummer for a Chicago grocery house, happened to see him, and he went up to him and said, "Why, Bije Easus, how are you?" Young Mr. Easus shook hands with his friend, and introduced him to his girl, and she looked at the profane drummer out of one corner of her eye and trembled for his soul as she thought how he would be sure to go to hell when he died.

Mr. Easus explained to his friend as they walked out of the building, that he was engaged to the girl, and when they parted at the platform of the street car the drummer grabbed her by the hand and shook it as a terrier would a rat and said, "Well, Mrs. Bije Easus, that is to be, let me wish you many happy returns."

Mr. Easus colored up, the girl was as mad as a wet hen when she pried her fingers apart, and they rode home in silence. At the gate she said to him, "Bije Easus, I never till to-night knew what a horrid name I was going to take upon myself, and I have made up my mind that I cannot go through the remainder of my natural life in Chicago, being alluded to as a 'little female Bije Easus.' Mr. Easus, I trust we part friends. If you can come to

me by any other name, you would be sweet, but Bije Easus I will never have on my calling cards."

The young man has employed a lawyer and will have his name changed. The girl had a narrow escape, and she may thank the drummer for calling her attention to it.

CHURCH KENO.

WHILE the most of our traveling men, our commercial tourists, are nice Christian gentlemen, there is occasionally one that is as full of the old Nick as an egg at this time of year is full of malaria. There was one of them stopped at a country town a few nights ago where there was a church fair. He is a blonde, good-natured looking, serious talking chap, and having stopped at that town every month for a dozen years, everybody knows him. He always chips in towards a collection, a wake or a rooster fight, and the town swears by him.

He attended the fair, and a jolly little sister of the church, a married lady, took him by the hand and led him through green fields, where the girls sold him ten cent chances in saw dust dolls, and beside still waters, where a girl sold him sweetened water with a sour stomach, for lemonade, from Rebecca's well. The sister finally stood beside him while the deacon was reading off numbers. They were drawing a quilt, and as the numbers were drawn all were anxious to know who drew it. Finally, after several numbers were drawn it was announced by the deacon that number fifteen drew the quilt, and the little sister turned to the traveling man and said, "My! that is my number. I have

drawn it. What shall I do?" "Hold up your ticket and shout keno," said he.

The little deaconess did not stop to think that there might be guile lurking in the traveling man, but being full of joy at drawing the quilt, and ice cream because the traveling man bought it, she rushed into the crowd towards the deacon, holding her number, and shouted so they could hear it all over the house, "Keno!"

If a bank had burst in the building there couldn't have been so much astonishment. The deacon turned pale and looked at the poor little sister as though she had fallen from grace, and all the church people looked sadly at her, while the worldly minded people snickered. The little woman saw that she had got her foot into something, and she blushed and backed out, and asked the traveling man what keno meant. He said he didn't know exactly, but he had always seen people, when they won anything at that game, yell "keno." She isn't exactly clear yet what keno is, but she says she has sworn off on taking advice from pious looking traveling men. They call her "Little Keno" now.

THE ADVENT PREACHER AND THE BALLOON.

THERE occasionally occurs an incident in this world that will make a person laugh though the laughing may border on the sacrilegious. For instance, there is not a Christian but will smile at the ignorance of the Advent preacher up in Jackson county, who, when he saw the balloon of King, the balloonist, going through the air, thought it was the second coming of Christ, and got down on his knees

and shouted to King, who was throwing out a sand bag, while his companion was opening a bottle of export beer, "O, Jesus, do not pass me by."

And yet it is wrong to laugh at the poor man, who took an advertising agent for a Chicago clothing store for the Savior, who he supposed was making his second farewell tour. The minister had been preaching the second coming of Christ until he looked for Him every minute. He would have been as apt to think, living as he did in the back woods, that a fellow riding a bicycle, with his hair and legs parted in the middle, along the country road, was the object of his search.

We should pity the poor man for his ignorance, we who believe that when Christ *does* come He will come in the old fashioned way, and not in a palace car, or straddle of the basket of a balloon. But we can't help wondering what the Adventist must have thought, when he appealed to his Savior, as he supposed, and the balloonist shied a sand bag at him and the other fellow in the basket threw out a beer bottle and asked, "Where in — are we?"

The Adventist must have thought that the Savior of mankind was traveling in mighty queer company, or that He had taken the other fellow along as a frightful example. And what could the Adventist have thought when he saw a message thrown out of the balloon, and went with trembling limbs and beating heart to pick it up, believing that it was a command from on high to sinners, and found that it was nothing but a hand bill for a Chicago hand-me-down clothing store.

He must have come to the conclusion that the Son of Man had got pretty low down to take a job of bill

posting for a reversible ulster and paper collar bazar. It must have been food for reflection for the Advent preacher, as he picked up the empty beer bottle, shied at him from the chariot that he supposed carried to earth the redeemer of man. He must have wondered if some Milwaukee brewer had not gone to heaven and opened a brewery.

Of course we who are intelligent, and who would know a balloon if we saw it, would not have had any such thoughts, but we must remember that this poor Advent preacher thought that the day had come that had been promised so long, and that Christ was going to make a landing in a strong Republican county. We may laugh at the Adventist's disappointment that the balloon did not tie up to a stump and take him on board, but it was a serious matter to him.

He had been waiting for the wagon, full of hope, and when it came, and he saw the helmet on King's head and thought it was a crown of glory, his heart beat with joy, and he plead in piteous accents not to be passed by, and the confounded gas bag went on and landed in a cranberry marsh, and the poor, foolish, weak, short-sighted man had to get in his work mighty lively to dodge the sand bags, beer bottles, and rolls of clothing store posters.

The Adventist would have been justified in renouncing his religion and joining the Democratic party. It is sad, indeed.

THE CAUSE OF RHEUMATISM.

ONE of the most remarkable things in medical science is a discovery recently made by a Phila-

delphia physician When so many hundreds of years pass over without any new discovery being made, and when one *is* made, like vaccination, and they are not dead sure whether it amounts to anything or not, a new discovery that the discoverer will swear by is a big thing. This Philadelphia doctor has discovered that rheumatism is the direct result of cold feet.

There is no discovery that has ever been made in the human anatomy that stands to reason any more than this. Many thousands of men are going around crippled and bent with rheumatism, and suffering untold agonies, and they have never known what caused their bones to ache. Of course they knew that their wives had cold feet, but they had no idea that every time those No. 2 icicles were placed in the small of the back to get warm that they were sowing the seeds of rheumatism.

We presume there is a hundred pounds of male rheumatism to every square inch of cold female foot, and the Philadelphia doctor should be thanked by men of rheumatic tendencies as well as by women of arctic pedal extremities for this timely discovery. There is no woman who enjoys seeing her husband in the throes of rheumatic pains, and now that they know that their cold feet have brought about so much suffering, we trust they will try and lead a different life.

Of course we do not expect any woman is going to bed and leave her feet out on the floor, or under a coal stove. This could not be expected. But they can adopt some method to soften the rigors of a hard winter. They can paint their feet a nice warm color, or have a summer sunset painted on the instep, or a

fire-place on the bottom of their feet. Anything that will make their feet seem warm will be a relief to their rheumatic husbands. A pair of zinc overshoes to wear in bed would help some very cold feet several degrees.

Men are too valuable to be crippled up with rheumatism just for the temporary comfort they can confer upon their wives by allowing the small of their backs to be used in lieu of a grate fire. We trust that the cold footed portion of our female population will look at this matter in its true light, and if necessary leave their feet in the porter's room at bed time and get a check for them.

HOW A GROCERY MAN WAS MAIMED.

THE shooting of the grocery man at Appleton, by the man to whom he presented a bill, reminds us of the only grocery man we ever maimed for presenting a bill. His name was Smith, and he lived at La Crosse. We presume there have been meaner men built than this man Smith was at that time, though how it could be possible we cannot see. We had run up quite a bill at his grocery, and were willing to keep trading right along, but somehow he got wormy, and said that this thing had to stop.

We told him we never traded with him because we wanted his goods, but just to give him the benefit of our society, and we pointed out to him the injury it would be to his business to have us quit trading at his store. We told him that people would think that he had cheated us, and they would not come there any more. He said he knew it would be

pretty tough, but he would try and struggle along under it.

Well, there was no use arguing, and finally by helping him do his chores we got the bill all paid but a dollar and a half, and then he began his persecutions. He called us a baldheaded old catamaran. He would follow us into a saloon, when some one treated, and take our glass of beer, and say he would give us credit on account. He would catch our dog and propose to cut a piece of his tail off, and give us credit at so much an inch.

He would meet us coming out of church, and right before folks he would ask us to go down to the brewery and play pedro. He would say he would come up to our house for dinner some time, and everything wicked. One day we stopped at his store to enjoy his society, and eat crackers and cheese—for be it known we never took offence at him, in fact we sort of liked the old cuss—when he told us to take a seat and talk it over.

We sat down on a cracker box that had bees wax on it, and after a heated discussion on finances, found that we had melted about two pounds of wax on our trousers, and Smith insisted on charging it up to us. This was the last hair, and when he called us a diabolical, hot-headed guthoogen our warm southern blood began to boil. We seized a codfish that had been hanging in front of the store until it had become as hard and sharp as a cleaver, and we struck him.

The sharp edge of the codfish struck him on the second joint of the forefinger, and cut the finger off as clean as it could have been done with a razor.

He said that settled it, and he gave us a receipt in full, and ever afterwards we were firm friends.

One thing he insists on, even now, and that is in telling people who ask him how he lost his finger, that he wore it off rubbing out seven-up marks on a table while playing pedro.

He is now trying to lead a different life, being city clerk of La Crosse, but this article will remind him of old times, and he can remember with what an air of injured innocence we wiped the blood off that codfish and hung it up for a sign, and how Smith sold it the next day to Frank Hatch for a liver pad. No, thank you, we don't drink.

CAMP MEETING IN THE DARK OF THE MOON.

A DARTFORD man, who has been attending a camp meeting at that place, inquires of the Brandon *Times* why it is that camp meetings are always held when the moon does not shine. The *Times* man gives it up, and refers the question to *The Sun*. We give it up.

It does not seem as though managers of camp meetings deliberately consult the almanac in order to pick out a week for camp meeting in the dark of the moon, though such meetings are always held when the moon is of no account. If they do, then there is a reason for it. It is well known that pickerel bite best in the dark of the moon, and it is barely possible that sinners "catch on" better at that time.

There may be something in the atmosphere, in the dark of the moon, that makes a camp meeting more enjoyable. Certainly brethren and sisterin'

can mingle as well if not better when there is no glaring moon to molest and make them afraid, and they can relate their experience as well as though it was too light.

The prayers of the righteous avail as much in the darkness of the closet as they do in an exposition building, with an electric light, and as long as sinners will do many things which they ought not to do, and undo many things that they never ought to have done, the dark of the moon is probably the most healthy.

People don't want to be sunburnt in the night. It seems to us as though the work of converting could be done as well in a full moon, but statistics show that such is not the case, and we are willing to give the camp meeting attendants the benefit of the doubt.

Again, it may be that the moon is to blame. No one would blame the moon, if it was full, and looked down on an ordinary camp meeting, if it got sick at the stomach, staggered behind a cloud, turned pale and refused to come out until the camp meeting was pulled by the police.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CASE.

A NEW face has been put on the killing of old Mr. Utley, in Green Lake county, by his son, since the son has made his statement. At the time the first news was received we felt inclined to lay it up against young Mr. Utley, as there is nothing that hurts our feelings worse than to hear that a boy in the first flush of manhood, when the pin feathers are just appearing on his upper jaw, and when the

world is all before him to conquer and lay at his feet, has deliberately shot six No. 40 calibre bullets into various places in the person of his venerable father, who has nurtured him from childhood, stored his mind with useful knowledge, or perchance played mumblety peg with a shingle across the place where in later years another father may plant oblong pieces of leather, because of his habit of leaning his youthful stomach across the gate whereon swings a gentle maiden belonging to this other father, the while giving her glucose in regard to a beautiful castle that he will rear with his own hands on a commanding eminence, surrounded with vines and roses, into the golden portals of which he will usher her and empty into her lap the precious treasures of the orient, when the cuss knows that he will never be able to earn more than twelve shillings a day on a farm the longest day he lives, and that if she marries him she will have to take in stairs to scrub and cook liver over an oil stove, and wear the same dress she is married in till it will stand alone.

We say that we are opposed to young men killing their fathers. It has never seemed right to us. But since the supplemental returns in this case are all in, and we learn that old Mr. Utley was a drunken bulldozer who would take the farm horses and go off to town on a three days' drunk, leaving the young man to do all the work, and come back complaining because the work was not done, and if the boy attempted to explain, he would be knocked down with a stick of cord wood, and that on this occasion he was engaged in trying to dissect young Utley with a butcher knife, claiming that he was going to hang his hide on the fence, and cut out his

liver and stomach, and other things that Dr. Tanner has given a furlough, and that the young man shot his father just to keep peace in the family, and to save his own life, and that there were four quarts of raw whisky in the old man's panjandrum when he turned up his toes, we feel like apologizing to the young man and telling him that he did his country a great service in wiping out his sire, baby mine. When an old man gets so he can't enjoy himself without filling up with whisky and cutting slices off the livers of live people, the sooner he climbs the golden stair the better.

THE PIOUS DEACON AND THE WORLDLY COW

ONE of those incidents that cause a pious man to damn the whole animal creation occurred at Janesville last week. A business man that we all know, got up last Tuesday morning and took a walk down by Monterey, to view the beauties of nature and get up an appetite for breakfast. He is a man who weighs close onto 150 pounds, though he is as kitteny as anybody when occasion calls for kittenishness.

Gazing into the crystal waters of Rock River, it occurred to him that he would take a bath, so he disrobed himself, laid his clothes upon the ground and plunged in. He had been sporting with the wavelets, and waving with the sportlets for some minutes, when he heard a bellowing on shore, and he looked up to see a cow pawing the ground and running her horns into his clothes. You know how the smell of blood or carrion will cause the mildest mannered cow to get on her ear and paw the ground and bellow. Not that there was any blood or carrion

there, but the cow acted that way. She may have got the smell of a Democrat from his clothes. Any-way she made Monterey howl, and the large man in the water dove down for stones to throw at the cow. She had run one horn through one leg of his pants, and the other horn through the broad part, and was engaged in chewing his shirt, when a rock struck her on the rump and she started off with those two garments for the blind asylum, where she evidently belonged, shaking her head to get the pants off her horns, and chewing the shirt as though it was a bran mash.

The pious man rushed out of the water towards the cow and said "co-boss, co-boss," but she took one look at his shape and turned away and didn't co-boss very much. A war map of the thoughts of this Janesville business man, as he saw the cow go away, would sell well, if it was illustrated by a picture of a native Zulu picking buchu leaves. He said he was a pious man, and had always tried to lead a different life, and do the fair thing, but here-after he would be blanked if he wouldn't kill every blanked cow that he came across.

The only things the cow had left were his hat, vest and shoes and stockings. He put them on and started after the cow. The vest was one of these grandfather's clock vests, that stop short, never to go again, a sort of emigrant vest, that comes high. It was not a long, lingering, emotional vest; it was not what would be called a charitable vest, because charity begins at home, and covers a multitude of back pay into the treasury. He tried to remember some of the ten commandments, to repeat, but the

only one he could call to mind was "Pull down Thy Vest."

His eyes swept the horizon to see if anybody was looking, and he could see that the grounds about the blind asylum were alive with people of both sexes. He thanked heaven that by the inscrutable ways of Providence, people were made blind, but his joy at the calamity was mingled with sorrow when he thought that the teachers at the asylum were endowed with the most perfect eyesight.

As the cow neared the gate of the grounds he made one effort to head her off, but she run by him, and then he attempted to take his pistol from the hind pocket of his pants to kill himself, when he realized again that he was indeed barefooted from his vest to his stockings, and he sat down under a tree to die of slow starvation, but before he began to starve he got up again and resumed an upright attitude, on account of ants. It is a picnic for a nest of ants to partake of a human being who has lost his or her trousers, as the case may be, and he followed the cow, saying "co-boss" in the most pitiful accents that were ever used by a Janesville man.

The cow looked around, and as she did so the pants caught on a sapling and were pulled off her horns and dropped upon the ground. The pious man looked upon this as a direct interposition of Providence, and he was sorry he swore. He got into his trousers so quick that it made his head swim, and just as the crowd at the asylum had come down to the gate to see what strange looking calf was following the cow home, the man started on a run for town, leaving the shirt with the cow.

The people at the asylum have the shirt, and it has the initials of the man worked in the neck band, but he will never call for it. One sleeve is chewed off, and the bosom is rent with conflicting emotions and cow's teeth. The man sells nails and skimmers with a far off expression, and don't want cows to run at large any more.

THE QUESTION OF CATS.

THE New York Humane Society has at last taken action, looking to the destruction of improper, immoral and friendless cats, and agents are at work capturing the nocturnal prowlers, and turning them over to the proper authorities of the society, who cause them to be killed.

This action cannot but be favorably commented upon by all loyal citizens, and as the Milwaukee Humane Society is a branch of the New York society, it is only reasonable to suppose that it will not be long before our home society will be engaged in cat extermination. There is a great field here for such a society, and applause awaits the humane people who have banded together to put these cats out of their misery.

We know there are those who will say that cats are not in misery when they give vent to those soul-stirring passages from unwritten opera, under the currant bushes, but we cannot but think that they are in the most crushing misery which it would be a charity to put them out of, or they would not chew their words so, and expectorate imaginary tobacco juice, mingled with hair and profanity. We know that human beings when they are enjoying

each others society do not groan, and scratch, and Samantha around with their backs up, and their eyes sot, and run up board fences, and it is a safe inference to draw that these after dark cats are in pain. Of course cats are not human, though they are endowed with certain human instincts, such as staying out nights, and following other cats.

Sitting on the sharp edge of a board fence for hours, gazing at a neighboring cat, and occasionally purmowing, may be likened by the student of nature, to human beings who sit for hours on a cast iron seat in the park, with arms around each other; but it is far different. We have yet to hear of instances where quantities of hair have been found on the ground in the parks, and no young man or young woman, after an evening in the park, comes to his place of business in the morning, with eyes clawed out, ears chewed, or so stiff as to be unable to get up from under the stove without being kicked. Weighing this matter carefully and in an unbiased manner, we must give the chromo for good conduct, correct deportment, and good citizenship, to the human beings who frequent the parks at night, over the cats who picnic under our gooseberry bushes, and play Copenhagen on our area fences, when those who have brought them up from innocent kittenhood think they are abed and asleep.

So it is plain that the humane society has got work to do. We, as a people, have got tired of seeing a Thomas cat that never paid any taxes, get upon a pile of wood, swell his tail up to the size of a rolling pin, bid defiance to all laws, spit on his hands and say in ribald language to a Mariar cat, of a modest and retiring disposition, "Lay on, Mac Duff, and

blanked be he who first cries purmeow." This thing has got to cease. The humane society will soon be on the track of the enemy.

We know that the war is about to commence, because Mr. Holton has resigned the presidency of the society. But there are bold men in the society that are not so tender-hearted as Brother Holton, and they will fight this cat question to the bitter end.

We can almost see Mr. Oliver, with his trusty shot gun, going through back alleys at midnight, his white plume always to be found where cat hair is the thickest. John Woodhull will meet him, after the enemy is driven over the fence in disorder, and taken refuge under the shrubbery, and they will compare notes and cats. Good Mr. Spencer sees the handwriting on the wall, and his voice will be still for cats. Winfield Smith and Chas. Ray will go out in the pale moonlight with stuffed clubs and sell cats short, while Prof. McAllister and Chaplain Gordon, of the Light House, will sing a solemn requiem for the repose of the alleged souls of the midnight opera performers on the back fence, and a grateful people will pass resolutions of thanks that where once all was chaos and cat hair, all will be peace and good will towards morning. And may grace, mercy, peace and plenty of cat scalps abide with the bold night riders of the Humane society of Milwaukee. Scat!

PECK'S BAD BOY.

HIS PA HAS GOT RELIGION.

THE BAD BOY GOES TO SUNDAY SCHOOL—PROMISES RE-
FORMATION—THE OLD MAN ON TRIAL FOR SIX
MONTHS—WHAT MA THINKS—ANTS IN PA'S
LIVER-PAD—THE OLD MAN IN CHURCH—
RELIGION IS ONE THING—ANTS
ANOTHER.

“WELL, that beats the devil,” said the grocery man, as he stood in front of his grocery and saw the bad boy coming along, on the way home from Sunday school, with a clean shirt on, and a testament and some dime novels under his arm. “What has got into you, and what has come over your Pa. I see he has braced up, and looks pale and solemn. You haven't converted him have you?”

“No, Pa has not got religion enough to hurt yet, but he has got the symptoms. He has joined the church on probation, and is trying to be good so he can get in the church for keeps. He said it was hell living the way he did, and he has got me to promise to go to Sunday school. He said if I didn't he would maul me so my skin wouldn't hold water. You see, Ma said Pa had got to be on trial for six months before he could get in the church, and if he could get along without swearing and doing any-

thing bad, he was all right, and we must try him and see if we could cause him to swear. She said she thought a person, when they was on a probation, ought to be a martyr, and try and overcome all temptations to do evil, and if Pa could go through six months of our home life, and not cuss the hinges off the door, he was sure of a glorious immortality beyond the grave. She said it wouldn't be wrong for me to continue to play innocent jokes on Pa, and if he took it all right he was a Christian, but if he got a hot box, and flew around mad, he was better out of church than in it. There he comes now," said the boy as he got behind a sign, "and he is pretty hot for a Christian. He is looking for me. You had ought to have seen him in church this morning. You see, I commenced the exercises at home after breakfast by putting a piece of ice in each of Pa's boots, and when he pulled on the boots he yelled that his feet were all on fire, and we told him that it was nothing but symptoms of gout, so he left the ice in his boots to melt, and he said all the morning that he felt as though he had sweat his boots full. But that was not the worst. You know, Pa he wears a liver-pad. Well, on Saturday my chum and me was out on the lake shore and we found a nest of ants, these little red ants, and I got a pop bottle half full of the ants and took them home. I didn't know what I would do with the ants, but ants are always handy to have in the house. This morning, when Pa was dressing for church, I saw his liver-pad on a chair, and noticed

a hole in it, and I thought what a good place it would be for the ants. I don't know what possessed me, but I took the liver-pad into my room, and opened the bottle, and put the hole over the mouth of the bottle and I guess the ants thought there was something to eat in the liver-pad, cause they all went into it, and they crawled around in the bran and condition powders inside of it, and I took it back to Pa, and he put it on under his shirt, and dressed himself, and we went to church. Pa squirmed a little when the minister was praying, and I guess some of the ants had come out to view the landscape o'er. When we got up to sing the hymn Pa kept kicking, as though he was nervous, and he felt down his neck and looked sort of wild, the way he did when he had the jim-jams. When we sat down Pa couldn't keep still, and I like to dide when I saw some of the ants come out of his shirt bosom and go racing around his white vest. Pa tried to look pious, and resigned, but he couldn't keep his legs still, and he sweat mor'n a pail full. When the minister preached about "the worm that never dieth," Pa reached into his vest and scratched his ribs, and he looked as though he would give ten dollars if the minister would get through. Ma she looked at Pa as though she would bite his head off, but Pa he just squirmed, and acted as though his soul was on fire. Say, does ants bite, or just crawl around? Well, when the minister said amen, and prayed the second round, and then said a brother who was a missionary to the heathen would like to

make a few remarks about the work of the missionaries in Bengal, and take up a collection, Pa told Ma they would have to excuse *him*, and he lit out for home, slapping himself on the legs and on the arms and on the back, and he acted crazy. Ma and me went home, after the heathen got through, and found Pa in his bed room, with part of his clothes off, and the liver-pad was on the floor, and Pa was stamping on it with his boots, and talking offul.

“What is the matter,” says Ma. “Don’t your religion agree with you?”

“Religion be dashed,” says Pa, as he kicked the liver pad. “I would give ten dollars to know how a pint of red ants got into my liver pad. Religion is one thing, and a million ants walking all over a man, playing tag, is another. I didn’t know the liver pad was loaded. How in Gehenna did they get in there?” and Pa scowled at Ma as though he would kill her.

“Don’t swear dear,” says Ma, as she threw down her hymn book, and took off her bonnet. “You should be patient. Remember Job was patient, and he was afflicted with sore boils.”

“I don’t care,” says Pa, as he chased the ants out of his drawers, “Job never had ants in his liver pad. If he had he would have swore the shingles off a barn. Here you,” says Pa, speaking to me, “you head off them ants running under the bureau. If the truth was known I believe you would be responsible for this outrage.” And Pa looked at me kind of hard.

"O, Pa," says I, with tears in my eyes, "Do you think your little Sunday school boy would catch ants in a pop bottle on the lake shore, and bring them home, and put them in the hole of your liver pad, just before you put it on to go to church? You are to bad." And I shed some tears. I can shed tears now any time I want to, but it didn't do any good this time. Pa knew it was me, and while he was looking for the shawl strap I went to Sunday school, and now I guess he is after me, and I will go and take a walk down to Bay View."

The boy moved off as his Pa turned a corner, and the grocery man said, "Well, that boy beats all I ever saw. If he was mine I would give him away."

EXPERIENCE ON THE FEVERISH HORNET.

Every Profession Has Its Style—Not much Difference in Folks—Timberline and Katooter—Katooter Was a Very Smart Man.

“Yes, that’s so,” said Woodtick Williams thoughtfully, as he looked out across the divide and beyond the foothills, toward the top of the range where the eternal snow was glittering in the summer sun.

“You are eminently correct. The gentleman from Buckskin has stated the exact opinion of the subscriber, sure as death and semi-annual assessments.

“Every profession has its style of lead and its peculiar dip toward the horizon. From the towering congressman, down to the neglected advance agent of the everlasting gospel, every profession, I allow, has its peculiar lingo. Every pork-and-beans pilgrim from the States that’s been in my camp for twenty-seven years has said that the miner slings more unnecessary professional racket than anybody else; but that ain’t so. Take folks as they assay, from blossom-rock to lower level, there ain’t much difference.

“Nine years ago, I and Timberline Monroe and Katooter Lemons, from Zion, struck the Feverish Hornet up on Slippery Ellum. First we knew the prospecting season had closed up on us. and, as the lay-out for surface had pinched out, we decided to sink on the Hornet, just for luck.

"So Timberline, Katooter and me went over to Huckleberry Oleson's store at at the lower camp and soaked our physiognomy for chuck, and valley-tan, and a blastin' outfit for the job.

"Down five foot she showed 150 colors to a hunk of rock no bigger'n a plug of tobacker, with wall rocks well defined both sides and foot wall slick as a confidence game in 'Frisco.

"The quartz, with a light coat of gouge, looked as if she'd been jammed through the formation like a Sabbath-school scholar's elbow through a custard pie, and it had crushed the prehistoric stuffin' and pre-adamite sawdust out of the geological crust in good shape.

"'Katooter,' says I, 'if she shows up this way all the way down, I be teetotally dodbuttered if I don't think we've cornered the sugar at last. We'll run her down to ten foot and see how she looks to the naked eye.'

"Ten foot down she'd widen to three foot between walls, with solid gray quartz as pretty as a bank book. Then we made a mill run of five pounds in a half-gallon mortar and cleared up a dollar's worth of dust on the blade of a long-handled shovel.

"The prospectus of the Feverish Hornet was very cheering indeed.

"I sat down on a candle-box and sang something. I always twitter a few notes when I feel tickled about anything.

"Katooter listened to my singing a little while, and then he went down the gulch murmuring something about my music and intimating that prosperity always had its little drawbacks after all.

"He slid down to the Frescoed Hell and jammed his old freckled hide so full of horse liniment of the vintage of '49 that he got entirely off the lead, and drifted so far into poverty rock that he didn't know Timberline nor me from a stomach pump.

"That's generally the way with men that turn up their noses at vocal music.

"Well, he got no better so rapidly that next day he was occupying a front seat at the biggest delirium triangle matinee you ever heard of, and was the sole proprietor of the biggest aggregation of seal-brown tarantulas and variegated caterpillars and imported centipedes that ever exhibited in Columbia's fair domain.

"Every little while he'd nail some diabolical insect crawling up his sleeve or gently walking through his hair, and then he'd yell like a maniac and pray and swear like a hired man.

"The atmosphere seemed to be level-full of bumblebees as big as a cook-stove, and every time they'd cuddle up to him or sink on him with their sultry little gimlets, Katooter would jump up and whoop like a Piute medicine man trying to assuage a wide waste of turbulent cucumber.

"At these times Katooter would lay aside his wardrobe, and, throwing me into the fire-place and Timberline under the bed, he would wander forth into the starlight, with the thermometer down to 37 degrees, and wrapped in nothing but his surging thoughts.

"By the time Timberline and me would get up and swab the cobwebs and cinders out of our eyes, Katooter would be half way up the gulch and lighting out like a freckled Greek slave hunting for a clothing store.

"First along we used to run after him and try to tire him out and corral him, but he was most too skipful, and apparently so all-fired anxious to put all the intervening distance he could between himself and the fuzzy tarantulas and fall style of centipede, that he made some pretty tall time, considering the poor trail and the light mountain air.

"Then another thing ; when we got to him he was so pesky mean to hang on to.

"You've probably tried before now, when you was small, to catch the boy who tied your shirt to the top limb of a dead tree, and you have thrown all your energy into the effort, but you decided after a while to wait till he got his clothes on before you punished him.

"That's the way it was with Katooter. He was the smartest man I ever tried to gather into the fold. We'd think we had him, and all at once he'd glide between our legs like a yaller dog and laugh a wild kind of laugh that would run the thermometer down 13 degrees, and away he'd glimmer up the trail like a red-headed right of way.

"So I got mad at last, and used to chase him with a lariat and Yellow Fever.

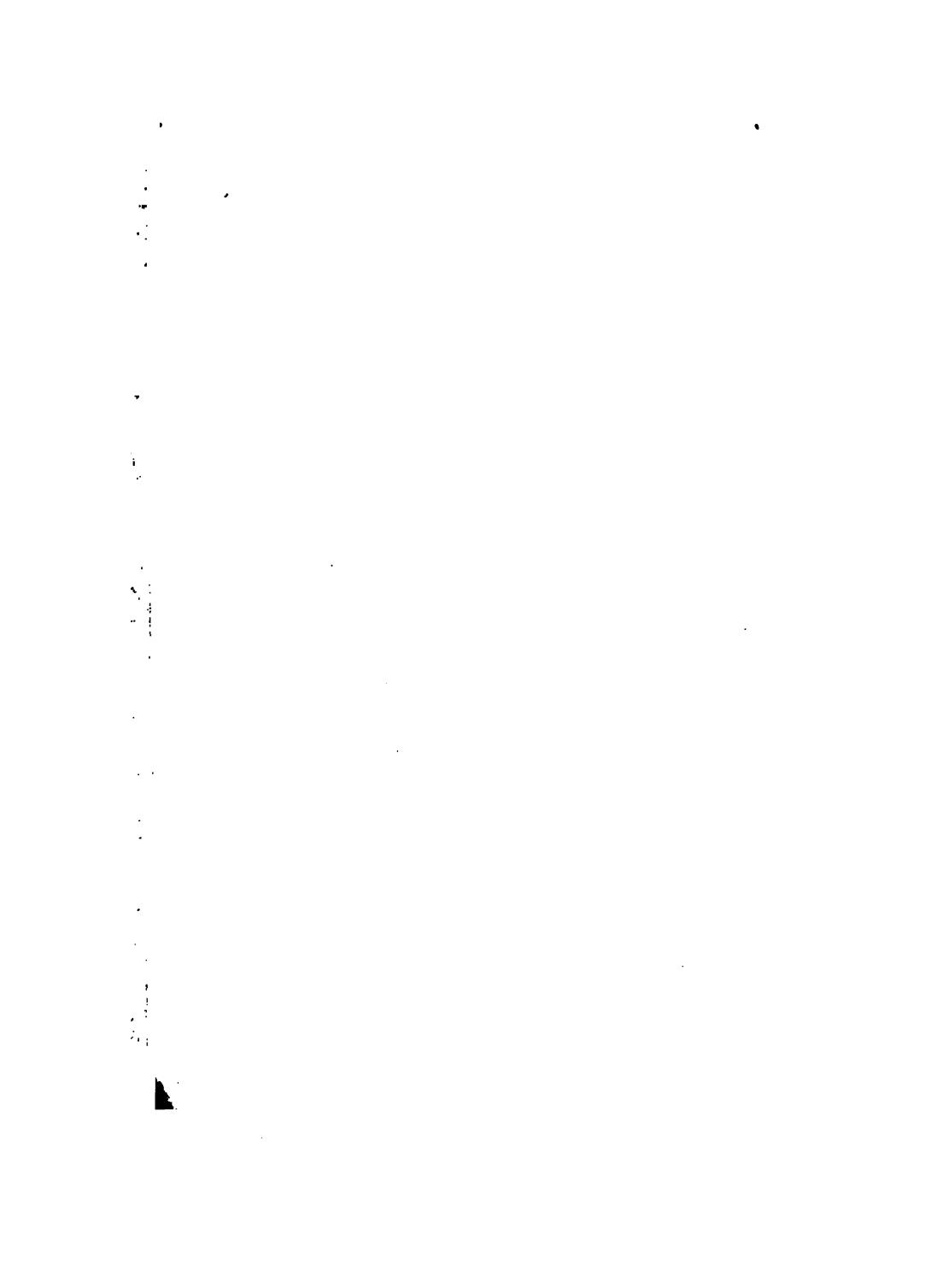
"Yellow Fever was a sorrel mule that belonged to the firm. We called him Yellow Fever because he was so fatal.

"Well, when Yellow Fever and me got after Katooter with the lariat, we most always gathered him in.—[Bless my soul, how I'm stringing this yarn out.]

Well, to make a long story short, Katooter rallied after a while, and during the spell his chilblains was convalescing, and some more new skin growing on his



AFTER KATOOTER ON YELLOW FEVER.



system where he had barked it off running through the sage-brush, and falling into old deserted prospect holes. I had an offer of \$50,000 for my third in the Feverish Hornet, and sold.

“Then I went down to Truckee and bought a little house of an old railroad man down there, and grub-staked myself for the winter, and allowed I’d lay off till the snow left the range in the spring.

“One night, about half after 12, I judge, I heard somebody step along to the window of my boudoir. Hearing it at that time of night, I reckoned that something crooked was going on, so I slid out of bed and got my Great Blood Searcher and Liver Purifier, with the new style of center fire and cartridge ejector, and slid up to the window, calculating to shove a tonic into whoever it might be that was picnicking around my claim.

“I looked out so as to get a good idea of where I wanted to sink on him, and then I thought before I mangled him I’d ask him if he had any choice about which part of his vitals he wanted to preserve, so I sang out to him :

“Look out below there, pard, for I’m going to call the meeting to order in a minute! Just throw up your hands, if you please, and make the grand hailing sign of distress, or I’ll have to mutilate you! Just show me about where you’d have the fatal wound, and be spry about it, too, because I’ve got my brief costume on, and the evening air is chill !”

“He didn’t understand me, apparently, for a gurgling laugh welled up from below, and the party sings back :

“‘Hullo, Fatty, is that you? Just lookin’ to see

if you'd fired up yet. You know I was to come round and flag you if second seven was out Well, I've been down to the old man's to see what's on the board. Three is two hours late and four is on time. There's two sevens out and two sections of nine. Skinney'll take out first seven and Shorty'll pull her with 102. It's you and me for second seven, with Limber Jim on front end and Frenchy to hold down the caboose. First fire is wrong side up in a washout this side of Ogallalla, and old Whatshisname that runs 258 got his crown sheet caved in and telescoped his head-light into the middle of the New Jerusalem. You know the little Swede that used to run extra for Old Hotbox on the emigrant awhile? Well, he was firing on 258 and he's under three flats and a coal-oil tank, with a brake beam across his coupler, and his system more or less relaxed. He's gone to the sweet subsequently, too. Rest of the boys are more or less demoralized, and side-tracked for repairs. Now you don't want to monkey around much, for if you don't loom up like six bits and go out on the tick, the old man'll give you a time check and the oriental grand bounce. You hear the mellow trill of my bazoo?

"Then I slowly uncorked the Great Blood Purifier, and moving to the footlights where the silvery moon-beams could touch up my dazzling outlines, I said: 'Partner, I am pleased and gratified to have met you. I don't know the first ding busted thing you have said to me, but that is my misfortune. I am a plain miner, and my home is in the digestive apparatus of the earth, but for professional melody of the chin, you certainly take the cake. You also take the cake basket and what

cold pie there is in on the dump. My name is Wood-tick Williams. I discovered the Feverish Hornet up on Slippery Elm. I am proud, you know. Keep right on getting more and more familiar with your profession, and by and by, when nobody can understand you, you will be promoted and respected, and you will at last be a sleeping-car conductor, and revel in the biggest mental calm, and wide shoreless sea of intellectual stagnation that the world ever saw. You will —

“ But he was gone.

“ Then I took a pillow sham and wiped some pulverized crackers off the soles of my feet, and went to bed, enveloped in a large gob of gloom.”

THE PICNIC PLANT.

The picnic plant will soon lift its little head to the sunshine, and the picnic manager will go out and survey the country, to find where the most God-forsaken places are, and then he will get up an excursion to some of these picturesque mud-holes and sand-piles; and the man who swore last year that he would never go to another picnic, will pack up some mustard, and bay rum, and pickles, and glycerine, and a lap-robe, and some camphor, and a spy-glass, and some court-plaster; and he will heave a sigh and go out to the glens and rural retreats, and fill his skin full of Tolu, Rock and Rye, and hatred toward all mankind and womankind; and he will skin his hands, and try to rub the downy fluff and bloom from a cactus by sitting down on it.

DE COMET.

As the meeting opened, Brother Gardner announced that the Hon. William Johnson, of Port Huron, was awaiting in the ante-room for admission, and on motion of Assassination Smith the Committee on Reception were instructed to bring him in. When the duty had been performed, the President introduced the visitor, made him welcome, and Mr. Johnson led off as follows:

“ What am de comet? Who is she? Which is it? What am he heah fur? How many of you kin answer dese queshuns? My frens, de study of astronomy am full of intres’ an’ pleasure. But fur astronomy how could we hev known dat de moon am peopled by a race of one-eyed giants, an’ dat de distance to de sun am so great dat if we was to sot out an’ trabble on a hoss-kyar it would take us fo’ weeks to git dar? Astronomy teaches us dat de atmosphere in de planet Jupiter am so cl’ar an’ transparent dat you kin see a hoss-fly six miles away. In de planet Mars de air is so cool dat a dead dog kin be left in front of a first-class hotel fur nine weeks. In de planet Venus it am allus good weather fur goin’ a-fishin’, an’ de air am so bracin’ dat de women allus split deir own wood. De planet Saturn furnishes its inhabitants strawberries an’ cream de hull y’ar round, an’ de very bes’ kind o’ lager beer kin be had fur sixty-eight cents a keg. Way back in de dark aiges nobody knew wedder de sun was ten miles or ten million miles off. De sight of a ‘clipse skeered chill’en into fits an’ made strong men crawl under de bed fur safety. De stars war’ supposed to be pieces of tin nailed to de midnight air, an’ men **would no mo’ believe dat de earth turned round dan**



HON. WILLIAM JOHNSON OF PORT HURON.
"Whar am de Comat? Who is she?"



you now believe dat de day will soon come when men will go sailin' drew de air at de rate of two miles a minute.

"But I doan' wish to take up de walueable time of dis meetin', an' I will close by deservin' dat all oc-cashuns seem supplementary to de general debility of de furlong. Dar am no mo' reason why all of you shouldn't agitate generosity of de sincerity dan dar am fur de elocution to operate disastrously against de terribleness of de octavo."

Elder Toots cheered.

Pickles Smith fainted dead away, and he did not regain consciousness until Waydown Bebee ran the cold handle of the water dipper down his back.

Mr. Johnson was taken out in such a weak and exhausted condition that the janitor had to fan him with a lump of coal, and run around the corner after a whisky straight. It has been long weeks since Paradise Hall was favored with such a tremendous oratorical effort.

THAT STRANGE NIGGER.

"WHAT I was gwine to remark," began the old man, as the calcium light at the lower end of the Hall shone full on his clean shirt and garnet necktie, "am to de effeck dat you can't depend on a man till you hev gone ober a mill dam in de same boat wid him, an' eben den it am safer to keep de doahs locked. I am led to dis reflecshun by de fack dat about fo' days ago a strange nigger knocked at my humble doah. He was a meek an' humble lookin' man, an' he tole me a story of woe an' misfortun'

dat almoas broke my heart. I took him in. I fed an' warmed him an' felt bad fur him. Yesterday, while I was out lookin' fur a job fur him, he dodged de ole woman an' made off wid all my summer 'skeeter-bars, an' I heven't cotched him yit. De ideah of a man stealin' 'skeeter-bars in de winter am bad 'nuff of itself, but to steal 'em from a fam'ly dat had warmed his heels, clothed his back an' filled him up wid bacon an' taters, am sunthin' that I can't get ober right soon. I shall go right on trustin' folkses, same as befo', but in de sweet bime-by dar will be a clus board fence eighteen feet high 'tween me an' sich people as can't eat two meal a day an' pay a hundred cents on de dollar. We will now enter into de reg'lar concordance of de meetin'."

THE AGRICULTURAL COMMITTEE.

The Committee on Agriculture, which had been requested to investigate the cause of the scarcity of apples the past season, reported as follows:

"Dis committee was in correspondence wid seb-
eral pusons who know all about de fruit bizness, an'
de general impression seems to be dat de scarcity
was due to de fack dat de trees didn't b'ar many
apples. Why dey didn't b'ar was owin' to de
scarcity, an' dat's all we could find out, 'cept dat it
am much cheaper to eat pop-corn at five cents a
quart dan apples at forty cents a peck. You doan'
hev to frow away any cores when you eat pop-corn,
an' your committee will eber pray."

THEY BEAUTIFY.

Some time since the Committee on the Preservation of Natural Scenery were asked to investigate

the subject of barber-poles, and report as to whether they beautified a street or were a source of annoyance to the artistic eye. The committee now submitted the following:

“Dis committee buckled right down to bizness, an’ didn’t lay off an’ eat oysters on de half-shell, same as some committees dat we know of. We found dat of all de signs in a city de barber-poles am de freshest, cleanest and brightest. De eye dat am lookin’ up de street fur a saloon, or down it fur a peanut stand, lights on a barber-pole an’ am rested an’ relieved. A barber-pole will beautify an old shanty or adorn a marble front. It looks well wherever you put it. Dey lay right ober signs of soda water, an’ knock de spots off of signs of ice cream. Dey doan’ show off in de night quite as well as a drug store, but dar am no smell about ‘em. Dey doan’ quite come up to a Fo’th of July parade, but dey contain nuffin’ to blow up de public or set bildin’s on fiah. Dis committee decides dat barber-poles am useful, ornamental and healthy, an’ recommend dat dey be protected by de laws which governs de high seas.”

RED PEPPER.

The report was no sooner ended than Pickles Smith arose and demanded to know if members of the Club could be insulted in open meeting with impunity.

“Who’s been insulted?” asked Brother Gardner.

“I hez, sah; an’ so hez de odder members of Committee on Astronomy! Dis report jist read speaks of a committee eatin’ oysters on de half shell. Dat was my committee, sah!”

"Well, didn't de oysters taste good?" innocently inquired the President.

"Dey did, sah, but dis report seems to refleck on us—seems to cast a slur on our reputashun as a committee. I demand an apology, sah!"

"Pickles Smith," said Brother Gardner, "doan' neber ram de bullet down afore you git de powder in. Please sit down."

Pickles sat.

THE SICK.

The Chairman of the above committee said he was glad to report an "unusual wellness" among the active members of the Club. There was no one on the sick list except Xerxes Black, who tried to hold the handles of an electric machine until a bystander could count ten hundred. He was now laid up with tickling in the elbows and a goneness in other joints, and the committee had refused to recommend his case for relief.

"De committee am perfeckly k'rect," replied the President. "When a member of dis Club goes to foolin' 'round wid 'lectricity, he takes all de chances an' reaps all de glory. Let Brudder Black keep on ticklin'."

HE OBJECTED.

The Hon. Celluloid Johnson now arose to a point of order. He said he had been deeply grieved and pained at sight of a weekly spectacle to be seen in Paradise Hall ever since frosty weather set in, and he could stand it no longer.

"Misser President, look up an' down de isles," he added, as he waved his hand. "Here am fi'teen members wid deir boots off to scratch deir chilblains!"

Am dis respectable an' polite to de Club? Am it courtesy towards Paradise Hall? I move dat each one of dem be reprimanded or fined."

"KINDER SYMPATHIZED."

"Gem'len," began Elder White, as he arose with a boot in his hand, "I can manage to sot frew a short sermon an' keep my butes on, but when it comes to puttin' in two long hours in dis Hall, I'ze either got to scratch dat heel or take chloroform! I kin stan' a head-ache, de toof-ache, a shake of de ager or a hard chill, but when it comes down to chill-blains I can't stand 'em off."

The President was observed drawing his own heel across the boards and squinting up one eye as he replied:

"De chilblain queshun am a serus one. It affects de hull foot. It takes in ebery heel in America. At some fucher time we will give it de considerashun it deserves, and in de meantime members who hev to scratch will please keep deir feet down an' be as quiet as possible."

The Glee Club then sang several selections from Mozart, the janitor locked up the water-dipper and the match-box, and the meeting was carefully adjourned.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

"LET a pusson do what am right an' squar, an' friends will riz up fur him on ebery han'," said the President, as he fished up another letter from his coat-tail pocket. "Heah am a letter from a bizness house in New York, sayin' dat dis Club will be furnished all de French-plate mirrors wanted by members at twenty per cent. below de usual price. Dis am a dun gone savin' of twenty dollars on a hundred, or one hundred dollars on ebery five hundred dollar purchase. We can't ax for nuthin' better, an' de seckretary am requested to return our warmest thanks."

"It strikes me," began the Rev. Penstock, as he solemnly arose, "dat not moar dan seventeen out of twenty members of dis Club will eber want to invest five hundred dollars on a looking-glass."

"Is dar a queshun befo' de house?" mildly inquired the President.

"It am my opinyun —" continued Penstock, when the President interrupted:

"Is dar an opinyun befo' de house?"

The Rev. Penstock sat down, and called up a vision of a seven-hundred dollar French mirror leaning against the white-washed wall of a negro-cabin, and the liberal-minded epistle was filed on the wire in due form.

A SOLEMN WARNING.

The Committee on Claims and Accounts submitted written charges as follows:

1. That Alexander Goldsboro Swipes, an honorary member of the Club, residing in Vicksburg, *had* represented that the Club indorsed his new

toothache cure and corn eradicator, when the Club had done nothing of the sort.

2. That the above-mentioned person has falsely represented himself as Waydown Bebee.

3. That he has contracted debts, and had the bills sent here to the Club for payment.

His case was taken up under a suspension of rule three, and, at the finish of the debate Brother Gardner said:

“ De seckretary will write to Misser Swipes, dat dis Club disanamously rumpudiates his actions, and dat just one more complaint, even if no bigger dan a free-cent piece, will obviate his name off our rolls widout onnecessary slowness. He will be held up an’ shook ober de yawnin’ gulf of corrpushun as a solemn warnin’ dat no crookedness am allowed in dis Club, even on a call of de eyes an’ nose.”

COL. CLARKE.

The distinguished visitors mentioned last week, could not remain to address the Club, as was hoped for, but Col. Clarke, of Kansas City, arrived unexpectedly, and declared his willingness to deliver a brief address on the subject of “On Time.” When escorted to the platform he seemed to be as much at home as a major-general three miles in rear of a battle, and his few words on the organization and growth of the Club were well received.

Time, the speaker said, had considerable to do with the daylight of this country. If some sharp man hadn’t thought of inventing clocks and watches the world would have been in a bad muss. No one could have told whether it was yesterday, to-day, or day after to-morrow. Some people would have been

eating breakfast while others were splitting kindlings for night. Some men would be starting out for a day's fishing while others were going home to get ready to attend one of Bob Infidel's lectures. Luckily for the world, time had been invented, patented, and divided up to suit everybody but a man with a bank note to meet. He believed it was of the greatest importance that every man should be on time. Fortunes had been lost by people being two or three minutes late. Kingdoms had been won by men who were on time. The Colonel held that even a murderer going to the gallows should step right off and be on the drop at the right tick. His promptness might not bring a reprieve, but it could not fall of exciting the admiration of those accustomed to having dinner at 12:30.

When the Colonel concluded his remarks, Samuel Shin presented him with a spring bouquet on behalf of the Club, and a resolution was passed to escort him to the depot in a body.

GUESS NOT.

THE Secretary reported the following inquiry from the office of Secretary of State of New Jersey: "Are the barriers of American liberty being gradually demolished?"

The question being open for discussion, Trustee Pullback said he couldn't see any signs of such calamity. When an American could open a grocery in one end of a building, a saloon in the other, and a poker room up stairs, it didn't look as if American liberty was in very great danger.

Samuel Shin said he had carefully studied the subject of the barriers of liberty for many years past, and he had of late come to the conclusion that as long as a red-faced young man could blow a brass horn all the evening next door to where a child lay dying, the barriers were all right and sound as a dollar.

Giveadam Jones observed that he had also kept his eye peeled for any signs that a central government was seeking to undermine the barriers erected by Washington and cemented with the blood of patriots. When an American could sit on dry-goods boxes all summer and make charity support him all winter, there need be no alarm for the safety of the Republic.

Several other members spoke in the same vein, and the President closed the address by saying:

“I think dis Club am purty well satisfied dat de barriers of liberty am all solid, an’ on behalf of de organizashun I feel to assure de kentry at large dat all de rights and privileges granted by our fo’faders am still worf a hundred cents on de dollah. Now let de Glee Club strike up dat good ole air ‘Gwine Down de Lane’, an’ as we rush fur he doah it will avoid complicashuns fur all to remember de fust pa’r of obershoes on de left as you go out belongs to me.”

KILLWILLIAM SMITH.

“What I was gwine to remark,” said Brother Gardner, as the sieve opened, “was to de effeck dat Killwilliam Smith, ginerally known as de ‘Demos-

thenes of de South, 'am now waitin' in de aunty-room for an invitashun to deliver his orashun on 'De Great Men of de Past.' He has come heah from Lynchburg, Va., fur dis speshul purpose, payin' his own fa'r part of de way an' walkin' de rest on de railroad ties, an' if dar am no objecshuns we will bring him in."

"Did I understan' de cha'r to say if deir was no dejecshuns?" asked the Rev. Penstock, as he suddenly popped up.

"You did, sah."

"Dejeckshuns—ah. Didn't de cha'r mean to say if deir was no—"

"Brudder Penstock," interrupted the President, "when dis cha'r says dejecshuns he doan' mean infleckshuns, direckshuns or defleckshuns. De las' time you interrupted de purceedins of dis meetin', you war toled dat de nex' display of capfulness on your part would dissolt in a fine. Painful as it am to me, an' as much as I feel fur your wife an' chill'en, I shall repose a fine on you of \$400 an' costs. De costs, as nigh as I kin figger, will be about \$600. You will consider yourself impended from membership until de fine am paid."

The Rev. sank down on his chair. His eyes rolled, his breathing was labored, and he suddenly fainted away and dragged Napoleon Shrewsbury with him to the floor. During the excitement eight or ten persons received the contents of the water-pail. Melon rinds flew about in a perfect shower, and a cantelope, which struck Ten Thousand Collins between the shoulders, broke open and extinguished three lamps, and knocked down the grub-hoe with which Washington crossed the Delaware. Brother

Penstock finally revived and bound a wet towel around his head, and Colonel Hi-Hi-Smith arose to make a statement. He was intimately acquainted with the pecuniary resources of Brother Penstock. His earnings the past year were exactly \$483.29. His expenditures were exactly \$483.25. The balance on hand was therefore only four cents. This year the balance would be closer still, and even in the best year to come there was no hope of a great increase. Giving four cents as the average yearly balance, and it would take Brother Penstock about 250,000 years to pay his fine and secure his restoration to membership. The speaker hoped that mercy would prevail and the fine be withdrawn. After a brief consultation with Sir Isaac Walpole and Waydown Bebee, the President arose and announced that he would remit the fine and costs, and that the member's narrow escape from being killed stone dead would be a great moral warning to him throughout the rest of his days.

DEMOSTHENES.

The Committee on Reception then donned their red neckties and escorted the great orator into the Hall. He was given a general introduction from the platform, a glass of water and a lemon placed at his left hand, and after clearing his throat and adjusting his necktie, he began:

“ Whar’ am Cicero? In de y’ars gone by de world cheered at his name. When he recommended any maker’s liver pills dem pills war’ considered boss. When he acted as judge at a hoss race no man dared appeal. When he entered a street kyar everybody hitched along. When he rode out in his keer-

idge butcher-carts turned pale and took a back street. De newspapers glorified him, de public applauded him, an' banks fairly ached to cash his checks. But whar' am he to-day? His sweet song am silent; his dog has quit barkin', an' eben his name am forgotten except by de few interested in faro an' de string-game. [Cheers by Elder Toots.]

"Whar' am Plato? Ask 'em at de toll-gate an' dey can't tell you. Ask 'em at de depots an' a shake of de head will tell de sad story. Gone! Gone! When he crossed de Rubicon de world thundered with applause. [Applause from Samuel Shin.] When he crossed de Alps nations trembled. [Cheers from the back end of the Hall.] When he wrote 'Paradise Lost' de world wept. [Suppressed applause from Cassowary Bottomlands.] But he am passed away. De blight an' de mildew struck him an' he faded, an' only now an' den, as you see a game of dominos, do you h'ar his memory referred to. [Prolonged cheers.]

"But I did not come yere to take up the time of dis meetin'. [Applause.] I simply desired to present you wid a few gems from my oratorical album, an' to say to you dat yereafter I kin be found at 2657 Croghan street, dis city, where I shall be ready at all times to cuah co'ns, bunyons, cracked heels an' so' toes, an' deliber my full lectur' at de low price of twenty-five cents a head—chill'en free. [Cheers and applause, and a fall of eleven joints of stove-pipe.]

BEWARE OF HIM.

When quiet had been restored, the Secretary read a communication from Happy John Franks, of Ver-

million, Marshall Co., Ks., stating that a one-eyed straw-paper colored man, giving his name as Pickles Smith, had been in that vicinity for the last two weeks collecting money for the erection of a colored church in Michigan. He had credentials, but hesitated and exhibited guilt when asked how many of the bald-headed members of the Club wore a buck-skin plaster on top of the head in fly time.

The Secretary was instructed to reply that the real Pickles Smith had not been outside of Detroit for a year, and to ask the people of Kansas to receive the base imposter in the way he deserves.

VENTILATED ENOUGH.

The Committee on Sanitary matters reported that they had spent thirteen days investigating the inquiry: "Do the colored people of Detroit appreciate the benefits of proper ventilation?" The committee rather thought the colored people did. Out of 200 houses visited 180 had broken windows, cat holes in the roof, and door-panels busted out, and it was pretty plain that the inmates were having all the ventilation any one family could take care of.

There was no need of disinfectants. Dead cats and decayed vegetables were passed from yard to yard until the outskirts were reached, and the presence of dogs in the house effectually crippled the injurious effects of sewer gas.

THE CLOSE.

The Keeper of the Relics reported that the bear trap and other articles of reverence were in good order, the janitor was ordered to give the stove pipe two coats of paint during the week, and the meeting softly adjourned.

DE GOOD MAN.

THE President ordered thirteen windows to be raised, the ice in the water-pail to be renewed, and all the dogs turned out of the room, and then said:

“When you cum across a man who has no vices nor weaknesses, drap him as you would a hot ‘tater. De Lawd intended man to be mo’ or less weak, wicked an’ wretched. It was not de ideah to turn out a perfeck man. If it had been, we should have had neither religion, preacher nor Bible. Airth would have bin Heaben, an’ dar would have bin no call to die.

“Natur’ sometimes turns out a pusson widout guile, jist as she turns out one-eyed colts an’ three-legged calves. Sich pussons soon become known as either fools or lunatics. It am agin natur’s way to bring men into dis world wid an angel’s wings already half grown. An’ it am a leetle suspicious to find a too-good man. When you diskiver a human bein’ who isn’t lame somewhar’—who neber deceives, cheats, lies, envies, covets—who goes about satisfied wid de weather, craps an’ himself—who won’t bet, drink, go to de circus or look upon a hoss race, you have found a man to let alone. He am too good. Natur’ made him fur an angel an’ forgot to put him in Heaben.

“I like a man who has weakness an’ sins. Den I know dat he am a feller-mortal who was put on airth to be saved. I like a man who has had sickness, heartaches an’ grievous trouble. Den I am sartin of a man who has sympathy. I like a man who has *bin* foolish ‘nuff to git drunk an’ strong ‘nuff to kick

de temptashun ober a seben-rail fence. Den you know whar' to find him. He has bin dar an' knows what a fool he was. I like a man who has bin a liar, an' who hasen't entirely recovered from de injury. Den I know how to trade hosses wid him, an' I know what to believe when he tells me dat he has bin fishin'. If a goody-good naybur borrys my spade I doan' know when it will cum home, nor how much of it will be left. If a thief takes it for a loan I am pretty sartin to rekiver it in a day or two an' in good condishun.

"When a man tells me dat he has become so good dat he feels like bustin', I go right home an' put an extra padlock on my kitchen doah. When a man sheds tears ober de condishun of de far-off heathen, de heathen at home had better be keerful how dey lend him money. De man whose conscience won't let him go to a place of amusement, has bin known to elope wid anoder man's wife. De man who can't remember dat he eber used an oath or tole a lie has bin folleried across de ocean an arrested fur robbin' widders an' orphans. De man who allus w'ars a smile am now sarvin' his third term in State Prison.

"Let me say to you in sumin' up dat de man who sins an' knows it an' wants to do better, am sooner to be trusted dan de man who neber sins an' feels dat he am good 'nuff. If you lie to a man, let it be a man who feels dat he am weak an' sinful. You will den have a pardner who am not a freak of Natur'. Let us now embarrass ourselves wid de reg'lar order of bizness."

PECK'S BAD BOY.

HIS PA GOES TO THE EXPOSITION.

THE BAD BOY ACTS AS GUIDE—THE CIRCUS STORY—
THE OLD MAN WANTS TO SIT DOWN—TRIES TO EAT
PANCAKES—DRINKS SOME MINERAL WATER—
THE OLD MAN FALLS IN LOVE WITH A WAX
WOMAN—A POLICEMAN INTERFERES—
THE LIGHTS GO OUT--THE GROCERY-
MAN DON'T WANT A CLERK.

“WELL, everything seems to be quiet over to your house this week,” says the groceryman to the bad boy, as the youth was putting his thumb into some peaches through the mosquito netting over the baskets, to see if they were soft enough to steal, “I suppose you have let up on the old man, haven’t you?”

“O, no. We keep it right up. The minister of the church that Pa has joined says while Pa is on probation it is perfectly proper for us to do everything to try him, and make him fall from grace. The minister says if Pa comes out of his six months probation without falling by the wayside he has got the elements to make the boss christian, and Ma and me are doing all we can.”

“What was the doctor at your house for this morning?” asked the groceryman. “Is your Ma sick?”

"No, Ma is worth two in the bush. It's Pa that ain't well. He is having some trouble with his digestion. You see he went to the exposition with me as guide, and that is enough to ruin any man's digestion. Pa is near-sighted, and he said he wanted me to go along and show him things. Well, I never had so much fun since Pa fell out of the boat. First we went in by the fountain, and Pa never had been in the exposition building before. Last year he was in Yourip, and he was astonished at the magnitude of everything. First I made him jump clear across the aisle there, where the stuffed tigers are, by the fur place. I told him the keeper was just coming along with some meat to feed the animals, and when they smelled the meat they just clawed things. He run against a show-case, and then wanted to go away.

He said he traveled with a circus when he was young, and nobody knew the dangers of fooling around wild animals better than he did. He said once he fought with seven tigers and two Nubian lions for five hours, with Mabee's old show. I asked him if that was afore he got religin, and he said never you mind. He is an old liar, even if he is converted. Ma says he never was with a circus, and she has known him ever since he wore short dresses. Wall, you would a dide to see Pa there by the furniture place, where they have got beautiful beds and chairs. There was one blue chair under a glass case, all velvet, and a sign was over it, telling people to keep their hands off. Pa asked me what

the sign was, and I told him it said ladies and gentlemen are requested to sit in the chairs and try them. Pa climbed over the railing and was just going to sit down on the glass show case over the chair, when one of the walk-around fellows, with imitation police hats, took him by the collar and yanked him back over the railing, and was going to kick Pa's pants. Pa was mad to have his coat collar pulled up over his head, and have the set of his coat spoiled, and he was going to sass the man, when I told Pa the man was a lunatic from the asylum, that was on exhibition, and Pa wanted to go away from there. He said he didn't know what they wanted to exhibit lunatics for. We went up stairs to the pancake bazar, where they broil pancakes out of self rising flour, and put butter and sugar on them and give them away. Pa said he could eat more pancakes than any man out of jail, and wanted me to get him some. I took a couple of pancakes and tore out a piece of the lining of my coat and put it between the pancakes and handed them to Pa, with a paper around the pancakes. Pa didn't notice the paper nor the cloth, and it would have made you laff to see him chew on them. I told him I guessed he didn't have as good teeth as he used to, and he said never you mind the teeth, and he kept on until he swallowed the whole business, and he said he guessed he didn't want any more. He is so sensitive about his teeth that he would eat a leather apron if anybody told him he couldn't. When the docter said Pa's digestion was bad, I told

him if he could let Pa swallow a seamstress, or a sewing machine, to sew up the cloth, he would get well, and the Doc. says I am going to be the death of Pa some day. But I thought I should split when Pa wanted a drink of water. I asked him if he would druther have mineral water, and he said he guessed it would take the strongest kind of mineral water to wash down them pancakes, so I took him to where the fire extinguishers are, and got him to take the nozzle of the extinguisher in his mouth, and I turned the faucet. I don't think he got more than a quart of the stuff out of the saleratus machine down him, but he rared right up and said he be condamed if believed that water was ever intended to drink, and he felt as though he should bust, and just then the man who kicks the big organ struck up and the building shook, and I guess Pa thought he *had* busted. The most fun was when we came along to where the wax woman is. They have got a wax woman dressed up to kill, and she looks just as natural as if she could breathe. She had a handkerchief in her hand, and as we came along I told Pa there was a lady that seemed to know him. Pa is on the mash himself, and he looked at her and smiled and said good evening, and asked me who she was.

I told him it looked to me like the girl that sings in the choir at our church, and Pa said corse it is, and he went right in where she was and said "pretty good show, isn't it," and put out his hand to shake hands with her, but the woman who tends the stand

came along and thought Pa was drunk and said "old gentleman I guess you had better get out of here. This is for ladies only."

Pa said he didn't care nothing about her lady's only, all he wanted was to converse with an acquaintance, and then one of the policemen came along and told Pa he had better go down to the saloon where he belonged. Pa excused himself to the wax woman, and said he would see her later, and told the policeman if he would come out on the sidewalk he would knock leven kinds of stuffin out of him. The policeman told him that would be all right, and I led Pa away. He was offul mad. But it was the best fun when the lights went out. You see the electric light machine slipped a cog, or lost its cud, and all of a sudden the lights went out and it was as dark as a squaw's pocket. Pa wanted to know what made it so dark, and I told him it was not dark. He said boy don't you fool me. You see I thought it would be fun to make Pa believe he was struck blind, so I told him his eyes must be wrong. He said do you mean to say you can see, and I told him everything was as plain as day, and I pointed out the different things, and explained them, and walked Pa along, and acted just as though I could see, and Pa said it had come at last. He had felt for years as though he would some day lose his eyesight and now it had come and he said he laid it all to that condarned mineral water. After a little they lit some of the gas burners, and Pa said he could see a little, and wanted to go home, and I took him

home. When we got out of the building he began to see things, and said his eyes were coming around all right. Pa is the easiest man to fool ever I saw."

"Well, I should think he would kill you," said the grocery man. "Don't he ever catch on, and find out you have deceived him?"

"O, sometimes. But about nine times in ten I can get away with him. Say, don't you want to hire me for a clerk?"

The grocery man said that he had rather have a spotted hyena, and the boy stole a melon and went away.

ABOUT RAILROAD CONDUCTORS.

ABOUT the time the Wisconsin Central conductors were being hauled over the coals, some paper did a very unjust thing by insinuating that there was about to be a general overhauling on the old established roads, and carried the idea that there was crookedness among conductors who have been trusted employes for more years than the reporters of the papers making the insinuations have lived.

This is entirely wrong. It is well enough to joke conductors about "dividing with the company," and all that, and the conductors take such jokes all right, and laugh about them, but when a serious charge is made by a newspaper it is no joking matter.

Men who have held responsible positions for fifteen years under managers who are the sharpest men in this country, are not apt to be crooked, and we notice that when there is a chance they are promoted, and if they leave the railroad it is always to enter into a better business, and they are honored everywhere.

We hold that no man can occupy a position on one of our great railroads for ten years if he is crooked. It would not pay a conductor to steal, if he had the desire. They are all men of families, well connected, and many of them have children grown up. Would they do an act that would bring disgrace not only upon themselves but their relatives, wives, children, and forever debar them from society for a paltry few dollars that they could bilk a railroad company out of? The idea is preposterous, and an insult to their intelligence.

As well say that the bookkeepers of our business houses, the managers of our manufactories, were systematically stealing from employers. The conductors have got sense. This talk about stealing is disgusting. You send your wives and children off on a train liable to meet with accident. The first thing you do if you are acquainted with the road is to find out what conductor is going to run the train. If it is one you know, you feel just as secure as though the wife and children were under the escort of your brother.

You know that if anything happens the first thought of the conductor is the safety of the women and children, at the expense of his own safety. And when your loved ones come home safe, and you meet them at the train, and the conductor stands upon the platform as the train backs into the depot, looking at nobody, but his eye fixed upon the chances of accident, you always feel as though you wanted to put your arm around him and say, "Bully for you, old boy."

If your wife gets out of money on a journey the conductor goes down into his *own* pocket, and not into the railroad company's, and tells her not to worry, as he hands her what money she wants. If your child is taken sick on the journey, who but the conductor sees to sending a dispatch to you quicker than lightning, and who brings a pillow in from the sleeper and makes the little one as comfortable as he would his own little one at home?

You appreciate these things at the time, but some day you will say, "How can a man drive a fast horse on eighty dollars a month?" Then you think

you are smart. We will tell you. The conductors are pretty sharp business men. They can't travel all the time, and come in contact with all the world, and not be sharp. They see chances to make money outside of their business.

For instance, one of them who is a good judge sees a horse at some interior town that he knows is worth three times as much in Milwaukee or Chicago as the owner asks for it. He would be a fool if he did not buy it. We have known a conductor to make more money on two horse trades than his salary would amount to for three months. Would you object to his doing it? He did not neglect the business the company paid him to perform.

Sometimes a conductor feels in his inmost heart that the indications are that wheat is going up. Is it any worse for him to take a deal in wheat than it is for the deacon in his church? If he makes five hundred dollars on the deal, and puts an addition on his house, is it the square thing for you to say he stole it out of the company? Their knowledge of railroads and business frequently gives them an idea that stocks are liable to go up or down, and often they invest with good results.

We will take the chances with conductors, as square men, by the side of any business men, and it makes us as mad as a wet hen to hear people talk about their stealing. As well say that because one bank cashier steals that they are all robbing the banks. Quit this, now.

PECK'S BAD BOY.

HIS PA GOES SKATING

THE BAD BOY CARVES A TURKEY—HIS PA'S FAME AS A
SKATER—THE OLD MAN ESSAYS TO SKATE ON ROLL-
ERS—HIS WILD CAPERS—HE SPREADS HIMSELF
—HOLIDAYS A CONDEMNED NUISANCE—
THE BAY BOY'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

“WHAT is that stuff on your shirt bosom, that looks like soap grease?” said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came into the grocery the morning after Christmas.

The boy looked at his shirt front, put his fingers on the stuff and smelled of his fingers, and then said, “O, that is nothing but a little of the turkey dressing and gravy. You see after Pa and I got back from the roller skating rink yesterday, Pa was all broke up and he couldn’t carve the turkey, and I had to do it, and Pa sat in a stuffed chair with his head tied up, and a pillow amongst his legs, and he kept complaining that I didn’t do it right. Gol darn a turkey any way. I should think they would make a turkey flat on the back, so he would lay on a greasy platter without skating all around the table. It looks easy to see Pa carve a turkey, but when I speared into the bosom of that turkey, and began to

saw on it, the turkey rolled around as though it was on castors, and it was all I could do to keep it out of Ma's lap. But I rasseled with it till I got off enough white meat for Pa and Ma and dark meat enough for me, and I dug out the dressing, but most of it flew into my shirt bosom, cause the string that tied up the place where the dressing was concealed about the person of the turkey, broke prematurely, and one oyster hit Pa in the eye, and he said I was as awkward as a cross-eyed girl trying to kiss a man with a hair lip. If I ever get to be the head of a family I shall carve turkeys with a corn sheller."

"But what broke your Pa up at the roller skating rink," asked the grocery man.

"O, everything broke him up. He is split up sc Ma buttons the top of his pants to his collar button, like a bycycle rider. Well, he no business to have told me and my chum that he used to be the best skater in North America, when he was a boy. He said he skated once from Albany to New York in an hour and eighty minutes. Me and my chum thought if Pa was such a terror on skates we would get him to put on a pair of roller skates and enter him as the "great unknown," and clean out the whole gang. We told Pa that he must remember that roller skates were different from ice skates, and that maybe he couldn't skate on them, but he said it didn't make any difference what they were as long as they were skates, and he would just paralyze the whole crowd. So we got a pair of big roller skates for him, and **while we were strapping them on, Pa he looked at**

the skaters glide around on the smooth wax floor just as though they were greased. Pa looked at the skates on his feet, after they were fastened, sort of forlorn like, the way a horse thief does when they put shackles on his legs, and I told him if he was afraid he couldn't skate with them we would take them off, but he said he would beat anybody there was there, or bust a suspender. Then we straightened Pa up, and pointed him towards the middle of the room, and he said, "leggo," and we just give him a little push to start him, and he began to go. Well, by gosh, you'd a dide to have seen Pa try to stop. You see, you can't stick in your heel and stop, like you can on ice skates, and Pa soon found that out, and he began to turn sideways, and then he threw his arms and walked on his heels, and he lost his hat, and his eyes began to stick out, cause he was going right towards an iron post. One arm caught the post and he circled around it a few times, and then he let go and began to fall, and, sir, he kept falling all across the room, and everybody got out of the way, except a girl, and Pa grabbed her by the polonaise, like a drowning man grabs at straws, though there wasn't any straws in her polonaise as I know of, but Pa just pulled her along as though she was done up in a shawl-strap, and his feet went out from under him and he struck on his shoulders and kept a going, with the girl dragging along like a bundle of clothes. If Pa had had another pair of roller skates on his shoulders, and castors on his ears, he couldn't have slid along ~~any~~

better. Pa is a short, big man, and as he was rolling along on his back, he looked like a sofa with castors on being pushed across a room by a girl. Finally Pa came to the wall, and had to stop, and the girl fell right across him, with her roller skates in his neck, and she called him an old brute, and told him if he didn't let go of her polonaise she would murder him. Just then my chum and me got there and we amputated Pa from the girl, and lifted him up, and told him for heaven's sake to let us take off the skates, cause he couldn't skate any more than a cow, and Pa was mad and said for us to let him alone, and he could skate all right, and we let go and he struck out again. Well, sir, I was ashamed. An old man like Pa ought to know better than to try to be a boy. This last time Pa said he was going to spread himself, and if I am any judge of a big spread, he did spread himself. Somehow the skates had got turned around side-ways on his feet, and his feet got to going in different directions, and Pa's feet were getting so far apart that I was afraid I would have two Pa's, half the size, with one leg apiece.

"I tried to get him to take up a collection of his legs, and get them both in the same ward but his arms flew around and one hit me on the nose, and I thought if he wanted to strike the best friend he had, he could run his old legs hisself. When he began to seperate I could hear the bones crack, but maybe it was his pants, but anyway he came down on the floor like one of these fellows in a circus who spreads hisself,

and he kept going and finally he surrounded an iron post with his legs, and I stopped, and looked pale, and the proprietor of the rink told Pa if he wanted to give a flying trapeze performance he would have to go to the gymnasium, and he couldn't skate on his shoulders any more, cause other skaters were afraid of him. Then Pa said he would kick the liver out of the proprietor of the rink, and he got up and steadied himself, and then he tried to kick the man, but both heels went up to wonct, and Pa turned a back summersault and struck right on his vest in front. I guess it knocked the breath out of him, for he didn't speak for a few minutes, and then he wanted to go home, and we put him in a street car, and he laid down on the hay and rode home. O, the work we had to get Pa's clothes off. He had cricks in his back, and everywhere, and Ma was away to one of the neighbors, to look at the presents, and I had to put liniment on Pa, and I made a mistake and got a bottle of furniture polish, and put it on Pa and rubbed it in, and when Ma came home, Pa smelled like a coffin at a charity funeral, and Ma said there was no way of getting that varnish off of Pa till it wore off. Pa says holidays are a condemned nuisance anyway. He will have to stay in the house all this week.

"You are pretty rough on the old man," said the grocery man, "after he has been so kind to you and given you nice presents."

"Nice presents nothin. All I got was a 'come to Jesus' Christmas card, with brindle fringe, from

Ma, and Pa gave me a pair of his old suspenders, and a calender with mottoes for every month, some quotations from scripture, such as 'honor thy father and mother,' and 'evil communications corrupt two in the bush,' and 'a bird in the hand beats two pair.' Such things don't help a boy to be good. What a boy wants is club skates, and seven shot revolvers, and such things. Well, I must go and help Pa roll over in bed, and put on a new porous plaster. Good bye."

A HOT BOX AT A PICNIC.

AN Oshkosh young man started for a picnic in a buggy with two girls, and when they got half way they got a hot box to the hind wheel of the buggy, and they remained there all the afternoon pouring water on the wheel, missing the picnic. There is nothing that will cause a hot box in a buggy so quick as going to a picnic with girls. Particularly is this the case when one has two girls. No young man should ever take two girls to a picnic. He may think one cannot have too much of a good thing, and that he holds over the most of the boys who have only one girl, but before the picnic is over he will note the look of satisfaction on the faces of the other boys as they stray off in the vernal shade, and he will look around at his two girls as though his stomach was overloaded. We don't care how attractive the girls are, or how enterprising a boy he is, or how expansive or far-reaching a mind he has, he cannot do justice to the subject if he has two girls. There will be a certain clashing of interests that no young boy in his goslinghood, as most boys are when they take two girls to a picnic, has the diplomacy to prevent. Now, this may seem a trifling thing to write about and for a great pious paper to publish, but there is more at the bottom of it than is generally believed. If we start the youth of the land out right in the first place they will be all right, but if they start out by taking two girls to a picnic their whole lives are liable to become acidulated, and they will grow up hating themselves. If a young man is good-natured and tries to do the fair thing, and a picnic is got up, the rest of the boys are liable to

play it on him. There is always some old back number of a girl who has no fellow, who wants to go, and the boys, after they all get girls and buggies engaged, will canvass among themselves to see who shall take this extra girl, and it always falls to the good-natured young man. He says of course there is room for three in the buggy. Sometimes he thinks may be this old girl can be utilized to drive the horse, and then he can converse with his own sweet girl, with both hands, but in such a moment as ye think not he finds out that the extra girl is afraid of horses, dare not drive, and really requires some holding to keep her nerves quiet. The young man begins to realize by this time that life is one great disappointment. He tries to drive with one hand hand, and consoles his good girl, who is a little cross at the turn affairs have taken, with the other, but it is a failure, and finally his good girl says she will drive, and then he has to put an arm around them both, which will give more or less dissatisfaction, the best way you can fix it. If we had a boy that didn't seem to have any more sense than to make a hat rack of himself to hang girls on in a buggy we should labor with him and tell him of the agonies we had experienced in youth, when the boys palmed off two girls on us to take to a country picnic, and we believe we can do no greater favor to the young men who are just entering the picnic of life than to impress upon them the importance of doing one thing at a time, and doing it well. Start right at first, and life will be one continued picnic buggy ride, but if your mind is divided in youth you will always be looking for hot boxes and annoyance.

BROKE UP A PRAYER MEETING.

A FEW months ago the spectacle presented itself of a very respectable lady of the Seventh Ward, wearing a black eye. There never was a case of ante-election that was any more perfect than the one this lady carried.

We have seen millions of black eyes in our time, some of which were observed in a mirror, but we never saw one that suggested a row any plainer than the one the Seventh Ward lady wore. It was cut biased, that being the latest style of black eye, and was fluted with purple and orange shade, and trimmed with the same. Probably we never should have known about the black eye had not the lady asked, as she held her hand over one eye, if there was any truth in the story that a raw oyster would cure a black eye. She came to us as an expert. When we told her that a piece of beefsteak was worth two oysters she uncovered the eye.

It looked as though painted by one of the old masters.

Rather than have anybody think she had been having a row she explained how it happened. She was sitting with her husband and little girl in the parlor, and while the two were reading, the little one disappeared. The mother went to the girl's room, on tip-toe, to see if she was asleep. She found the girl with all her dolls on the floor, having a doll's prayer meeting. She had them all down on their knees, and would let them pray one at a time, then sing. One of the dolls that squeaked when pressed on the stomach was leader of the singing, and the little girl bossed

the job. There was one old maid doll that the little girl seemed to be disgusted with because the doll talked too much, and she would say :

“There, Miss, you sit down and let some of the other sisters get in a word edgeways. Sister Perkins, won’t you relate your experience ?”

After listening to this for a few moments the mother heard the girl say :

“Now, Polly, you pass the collection plate, and nobody must put in lozengers, and then we will all go to the dancing school.”

The whole thing was so ridiculous that the mother attempted to rush down stairs three at a time, to have her husband come up to prayer meeting, when she stubbed herself on a stair rod, and—well, she got the black eye on the journey down stairs, though what hit her she will probably never know. But she said when she began to roll down stairs she felt in her innermost soul as though she had broke up that prayer meeting prematurely.

SHOOTING ON SUNDAY, WITH THE MOUTH.

THERE is nothing in the world that is so beautiful as to see a sporting man, one who loves to shoot the wild prairie chicken and chase the bounding duck over the plains, have a respect for the Sabbath day. There are too many of our sporting friends who, if they are out for a week’s shooting, forget that they should lay away the deadly breech loader on Sunday, after oiling it, and busy themselves reading good books, or loading cartridges.

However, we are proud to number among our acquaintances one sporting gentleman who would

sooner cut a dog in two than to hunt on Sunday. It is related of him that on one occasion while in camp in a deer country, that his hounds got after a buck one Sunday morning, and that our friend was so incensed at the dogs that he seized his gun and shot one of the dogs dead, besides wounding the deer, and that he had to follow the deer over four miles before he could overtake the animal and put it out of its misery.

A wicked companion said that he shot at the deer and killed the dog accidentally, but those who know Mr. Van Brunt would not believe the story for a moment. Not long since this gentleman left his home at Horicon and went to Owatonna, Minn., for a few weeks' hunt. He hunted a good deal in town, and became somewhat acquainted with the fair sex as well as the chickens and other ducks of the prairies. However, Sunday came, and while the other wretches went out shooting on Sunday, our friend hied himself to the Sabbath school. His presence was observed by a teacher, and he, by the way, observed *her* presence, and being a stranger and a pious looking man, she invited him to help her teach her class. He accepted, and seated beside the fair teacher, he chipped in an occasional remark to the class, while he looked into the soulful, pious eyes of the handsome teacher. She introduced him to the superintendent as a pious young man from Wisconsin, and the superintendent invited him to address the school.

It was new business to our friend, but he said he never had anything sawed off onto him unless he stood it like a man, so he got up, with the girl's eyes on him, and told the children the beautiful story of

the cross, and how Samson went up in a chariot of fire, and Adam was found in the bullrushes by a Sunday school teacher, while he was shooting blue wing teal, and how Noah and Sat Clark built an ark and coasted around Horicon lake and landed on Iron Ridge and sent ut a canvas-back duck to see if there was any living thing this side of Schleisingerille, and how th duck came back with a sprig of wild celery in its bill which it had found at Lake Koshkonong.

He told how the locusts came down on the democratic party and lected Garfield, and counseled the children to be good and they would have a soft thing. He said evil communications corrupted twc of a kind, and they could not be too careful with their pennies, and advised them to give up the soul destroying habit of buying taffy, and try and lead a different life, and put their money into the missionary box, where the wicked cease from troubling, and give us a rest.

He would have gone on all the afternoon, only the superintendent of the Sunday school told the children that the exercises would close with "Little Drops of Water," and our friend sat down and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

The teacher said that his words had opened new beauties to her in the Scriptures, though he was a little off on some of his statist He told her, by way of apology, that she oul n't expect much religion from a man that came from so strong a democratic county as Dodge county. This may be all a lie, but if it is, we got it from one of the best liars of the State.

A WASHINGTON SURPRISE PARTY.

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Hayes returned to Washington from the far west their Ohio friends got up a surprise party for them. They had just retired for the night, rather early on account of fatigue, when the door bell rung violently. Mr. Hayes put on his pants, and throwing one suspender over his shoulder and holding on to it with his hands, he went to the door and asked who was there. On being answered that John Sherman was there, Mr. Hayes supposed there was something important, and he opened the door.

Mr. Sherman came in with a market basket of sandwiches, followed by about a hundred ladies and gentlemen, loaded down with articles usually taken to surprise parties. Mr. Hayes was taken entirely by surprise, and as he buttoned his trousers and tucked in his night shirt behind he said he hoped they would excuse him for a moment till he went up stairs and put on a collar and some stockings, and called Mrs. Hayes, who was in bed.

Matt Carpenter said never mind, he would call Mrs. Hayes, and he gave a hop, skip and jump and went up stairs three at a time, followed by Mr. Hayes, who was shivering from the contact of his bare feet with the oil cloth in the hall.

“What is the trouble, Rutherford?” said Mrs. Hayes, as Mr. Carpenter rushed into the room.

“Get up and dress yourself, you are surrounded, and escape is impossible.”

Mrs. Hayes screamed as she saw the bold buccaneer, pulled the bed clothes over her head and said, “We are lost.”

At this point Hayes, who had got on a pair of woolen stockings, and was buttoning on a paper collar, said: "I say, Matt, of course this is all right, and I don't want you to be offended, but won't you just step out into the hall so Mrs. Hayes can get her clothes on."

"Why, to be sure," said Matt, as he got up out of a rocking chair, on which there were three skirts, a red petticoat, an emancipation corset, and a pair of striped stockings with long suspenders arranged to button on the waist, "of course I will go out, but you need not mind me. I am near sighted."

Matt went down stairs with the crowd, and when he was gone Mrs. Hayes got her head out from under the clothes and wanted to know what the trouble was, and if they could not fly.

Hayes told her not to be alarmed, as it was only one of those d—d surprise parties. He said there were two hundred hungry people down stairs, with baskets of sandwiches and pickles, and the chances were that they would eat up everything there was in the house, and mash crumbs and cold tongue into the carpet.

Mrs. Hayes got up and sent Rutherford into the linen closet after a clean white skirt, and he returned with a night gown and had to be sent back. While she was taking her hair down out of the curl papers, and putting bandoline over her ears, she gave Mr. Hayes her opinion of surprise parties. She said that little shrimp, Alexander Stephens, would sit on the piano keys, and knock his boot heels against the piano case, and that Dave Davis would fall over the music rack, and sit down in her best *rocking chair and break it.*

Just then she touched her nose with a curling iron that she had heated in a gas jet, and screamed and woke Mr. Hayes up, and he wanted to know what was the matter. She rolled over in bed, felt of her nose to see if it was there, and told Mr. Hayes she had been dreaming there was a surprise party came to the house.

He said: "My dear, I trust there is no such fate in store for us. You are nervous. Try a little of that crab apple cider, and lay on your face, and see if you can't go to sleep."

THE DIFFERENCE IN CLOTHES.

THERE is something about the practice of "practical joking" that is mighty pleasant and enjoyable, if the joke is on somebody else. It was about six years ago that we quit practical joking, and the reason was that the boys played one on us that fairly broke our back. We had always been full of it, and an opportunity to play a joke on a friend was a picnic for us, but this time we had all the tuck taken out and fairly unraveled.

A party consisting of Hogan, Hatch, Root, Wood and Webb had been down from La Crosse to the marshes shooting ducks for a week. We had prepared to break camp and take the train to Brownsville at 2 o'clock, from which we took a little steamer for La Crosse.

We were out shooting and did not get to camp until everything was packed up, and just had time to catch the train with our hunting clothes on. The rest of the fellows had been in camp an hour, and had put on their good clothes, and washed up and

looked like gentlemen, as they were, while we looked like a tramp, which we were not. All got on the little steamboat, and hugged around the boiler with the other passengers, for it was a cold night.

We felt a little ashamed of the old hunting clothes that had been worn so many years, and were covered with blood and dirt, but there was no chance to change, and we sat down with the boys. Finally Root, who was the biggest hector in the world, and a fine looking gentleman, turned to the captain of the boat and said, pointing to us:

“I wish, captain, you would ask this red-headed muskrat trapper to sit on the other side of me. He smells bad.”

If lightning had struck us we could not have been more astonished. The passengers all looked at the dirty looking “muskrat trapper,” and stuck up their noses. The captain asked us in a polite manner if we would not please move and get on the “lee side” of the passengers. He said he didn’t mean any offence, but the smell of muskrats oftentimes made people sick.

Well, it was a pretty tight fix, but we forced a laugh and looked around at the rest of the boys in a familiar way, and began talking to them. Not a man of them would recognize us. The captain turned to Hogan and said, “Is this a friend of yours?” Hogan put on a look of disgust, and said he had never seen us before. “However,” says Jim, “he may be a very deserving person of his class.”

The captain said we had better go to the other end of the boiler and lay down with the dogs where it was warm. We tried to pass it off as a joke, and turned to Hatch and tried to get into conversation

with him about a goose he had killed the day before, but he wouldn't have it. He said we could get the smell out of our clothes by burying them, and then he went on to tell how he shot a skunk once, and spoiled a suit of clothes.

We spoke to Colonel Wood, one of our party, as a last resort, and all he said was to draw in his breath with a "Whoosh," and put his handkerchief to his nose. We never felt so mean in the world. The whole gang had combined against us, and we got up to leave them, meditating revenge, when Walt Webb said, "Let's throw the cuss overboard." We went and laid down on the valises, and tried to think of some way to get even with the boys, when Root told the captain that they had got some valuables in those valises, and they didn't want any tramp laying down on them, and he came along and actually drove us off of our own valise.

To make the matter still worse, a homely looking Norwegian dog that we had borrowed to take on the hunt, and which was the worst looking brute that ever was, and which had been the laughing stock of the camp for a week, at this point came up to us, wagged his tail and followed us, and the boys said, "Look at the dog the muskrat trapper owns." That was the worst give away.

We walked around on deck, and would occasionally stop and speak to one of the boys, hoping they had given us enough and would relent, but all the way to La Crosse not one of them would speak to us, and when the boat arrived at the landing Root handed us a quarter, in the presence of the passengers, and asked if we wouldn't help Mike Doyle, the cook, carry the baggage ashore.

It was the worst joke we ever had perpetrated on us, and even after we got ashore, and Hatch said, "Come, old sorrel top, let's go and get a glass of beer," we could hardly smile. Since then when we go hunting we wear the best clothes we have got.

For years afterwards when fellows were joking, some of the party would ask us "if the trapping was good this season." We got so we could not look a muskrat in the face. So we say that practical joking is splendid if it is on the other fellow. Always quit when they get it on to you.

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE THAT HURT.

THERE was probably the most astonished temperance man up above Stevens Point the other day than ever was. The name of the temperance man is Sutherland.

He is a nice gentleman, but, like many another man, he can never see a person with his keg full of bug juice without giving him a talking to.

The other day Sutherland was driving along the road when he overtook an Indian who asked for a ride. He was allowed to get in the wagon, when Sutherland discovered that the Indian had a breath that would stop a temperance clock. He smelled like a sidewalk in front of a wholesale liquor store. The Indian was comfortably full, so full that his back teeth were floating.

Sutherland thought it was a good time to get in his work, so he began talking to the Indian about the wickedness of looking upon the whisky when it was bay, and when it giveth its color in the nose. *He told the Indian of the wrecked homes, the pov-*

erty, the disgrace and death that followed the use of liquor, and wound up by pleading with him to give up his cups and join the angel band and shout hosannas in a temperance lodge.

The Indian did not understand a word that Sutherland was saying, but supposing by the looks of his nose and pleading eyes that he wanted a drink, the Indian drew a large black bottle from under his blanket and handed it to Sutherland, remarking: "Ugh! Dam firewater."

Sutherland thought that he had made a convert, and telling the Indian that he was glad he had resolved to lead a different life, took the bottle and dashed it upon the ground, smashing it into a thousand pieces.

Well, the air seemed full of Indians. If Sutherland had torn out the Indian's heart he could not have hurt the red man worse.

With a war whoop the Indian jumped on the seat, took Sutherland by the hair and yanked him out on the ground. Sutherland yelled and the Indian galloped over him. The team ran away, and the Indian mauled Sutherland. He cut open his face, italicised his nose, put a roof over his eye and felt for his knife to stab him.

Sutherland got away and run to Stevens Point, where his wounds were bound up. He says if any gentleman wants to take the job of reforming Indians he will give up his situation. He meant well, but lacked judgment.

PECK'S BAD BOY HE BECOMES A DRUGGIST.

“I HAVE GONE INTO BUSINESS!”—A NEW ROSE GERANIUM PERFUME—THE BAD BOY IN A DRUGGIST’S STORE—PRACTICING ON HIS PA—AN EXPLOSION—THE SEIDLETZ POWDER—HIS PA’S FREQUENT PAINS—POUNDING INDIA-RUBBER—CURING A WART.

“WHEW! What is that smells so about this store? It seems as though everything had turned frowy,” said the grocery man to his clerk, in the presence of the bad boy, who was standing with his back to the stove, his coat tails parted with his hands, and a cigarette in his mouth.

“May be it is me that smells frowy,” said the boy as he put his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, and spit at the keyhole in the door. “I have gone into business.”

“By thunder, I believe it is you,” said the grocery man, as he went up to the boy, snuffed a couple of times, and then held his hand to his nose. “The board of health will kerosene you, if they ever smell that smell, and send you to the glue factory. What business you gone into to make you smell so rank?”

“Well, you see Pa began to think it was time I

learned a trade, or a perfession, and he saw a sign in a drug store window, 'boy wanted,' and as he had a boy he didn't want, he went to the druggist and got a job for me. This smell on me will go off in a few weeks. You know I wanted to try all the perfumery in the store, and after I had got about forty different extracts on my clothes, another boy that worked there he fixed up a bottle of benzine and assafety and brimstone, and a whole lot of other horrid stuff, and labeled it 'rose geranium,' and I guess I just wallered in it. It is awful, aint it? It kerflummixed Ma when I went into the dining-room the first night that I got home from the store, and broke Pa all up. He said I reminded him of the time that they had a litter of skunks under the barn. The air seemed fixed around where I am, and everybody seems to know who fixed it. A girl came in the store yesterday to buy a satchet, and there wasn't anybody there but me, and I didn't know what it was, and I took down everything in the store pretty near, before I found it, and then I wouldn't have found it only the proprietor came in. The girl asked the proprietor if there wasn't a good deal of sewer-gas in the store, and he told me to go out and shake myself. I think the girl was mad at me because I got a nursing bottle out of the show case, with a rubber muzzle, and asked her if that was what she wanted. Well, she told me a satchet was something 'or the stummick, and I thought a nursing bottle was the nearest thing to it."

"I should think you would drive all the customers away from the store," said the grocery man, as he opened the door to let the fresh air in.

"I don't know but I will, but I am hired for a month on trial, and I shall stay. You see, I shan't practice on anybody but Pa for a spell. I made up my mind to that when I gave a woman some salts instead of powdered borax, and she came back mad. Pa seems to want to encourage me, and is willing to take anything that I ask him to. He had a sore throat and wanted something for it, and the boss druggist told me to put some tannin and chlorate of potash in a mortar, and grind it, and I let Pa pound it with the mortar, and while he was pounding I dropped in a couple of drops of sulphuric acid, and it exploded and blew Pa's hat clear across the store, and Pa was whiter than a sheet. He said he guessed his throat was all right, and he wouldn't come near me again that day. The next day Pa came in and I was laying for him. I took a white seidlitz powder and a blue one, and dissolved them in separate glasses, and when Pa came in I asked him if he didn't want some lemonade, and he said he did, and I gave him the sour one and he drank it. He said it was too sour, and then I gave him the other glass, that looked like water, to take the taste out of his mouth, and he drank it. Well, sir, when those two powders got together in Pa's stummick, and began to siz and steam, and foam, Pa pretty near choked to death, and the suds came out of his nostrils, and his eyes stuck out, and as soon as he could get his

breath he yelled 'fire,' and said he was poisoned, and called for a doctor, but I thought as long as we had a doctor right in the family there was no use of hiring one, so I got a stomach pump, and I would have had him baled out in no time, only the proprietor came in and told me to go and wash some bottles, and he gave Pa a drink of brandy, and Pa said he felt better. Pa has learned where we keep the liquor, and he comes in two or three times a day with a pain in his stomach. They play awful mean tricks on a boy in a drug store. The first day they put a chunk of something sort of blue into a mortar, and told me to pulverize it, and then made it up into two grain pills. Well, sir, I pounded that chunk all the forenoon, and it never pulverized at all, and the boss told me to hurry up, as the woman was waiting for the pills, and I mauled it till I was nearly dead, and when it was time to go to supper the boss came and looked in the mortar, and took out the chunk, and said, 'You dum fool, you have been pounding all day on a chunk of India rubber, instead of blue mass!' Well, how did I know? But I will get even with them if I stay there long enough, and don't you forget it. If you have a prescription you want filled you can come down to the store and I will put it up for you myself, and then yon will be sure you get what you pay for.

"Yes, said the grocery man, as he cut off a piece of limberg cheese and put on the stove, to purify the air in the room, "I should laugh to see myself taking any medicine you put up. You will kill some one

yet, by giving them poison instead of quinine. But what has your Pa got his nose tied up for? He looks as though he had had a fight."

"O, that was from my treatment. He had a wart on his nose. You know that wart. You remember how the minister told him if other peoples business had a button-hole in it, Pa could button the wart in the button-hole, as he always had his nose there. Well, I told Pa I could cure that wart with caustic, and he said he would give five dollars if I could cure it, so I took a stick of caustic and burned the wart off, but I guess I burned down into the nose a little, for it swelled up as big as a lobster. Pa says he would rather have a whole nest of warts than such a nose, but it will be all right in a year or two."

WILLIAM NYE VISITS ROYALTY FROM THE HOME OF THE HAM SANDWICH.

Queen Kapiolani Receives the Distinguished Littérateur in State—A Robust, Healthful Queen—Sandwich Business and Court Matters—The Swallow-tail Coat in the Sandwich Islands.

The sun was just slipping out the back door of the West and hunting for the timber of New Jersey as Queen Kapiolani, at her rooms in the Victoria Hotel, received a plain, rectangular card, printed in two kinds of ink at the owner's steam job office, containing the following brief but logical statement:

Wilhelm Von Nyj,
Littérateur ard Danseuse.

On the back of the card the Von Nyj arms had been emblazoned with a rubber stamp. Down-stairs, near the dais of the night clerk, stood a gayly caparisoned yet cultivated cuss, pouring over a late volume of the city directory. He was the author of these lines.

Scarcely an hour had elapsed when a tinted octavo page who waits on the Queen, slid down the stair-rail and told me that her Royal Highness would receive me in state as soon as she could change her dress.

Later on I was ushered into the presence of Queen Kapiolani, who was at the time accompanied by her suite and another gentleman whose name I did not learn.

She is a distinguished-looking woman of middle age, but in apparent good health, and with a constitution which I think would easily endure the fatigue of reigning over a much larger country than her own.

As I entered the room and made a low, groveling obeisance, an act that is wholly foreign to my nature, the Queen made a rapid movement towards the bell, but I held her back and assured her that I did not drink.

We then chatted gayly for some time in relation to the Sandwich business and court matters, including the Sharp trial.

For a long time the Queen seemed constrained, and evidently could not think of anything to say ; but she soon saw that I was not haughty or reserved, and when at last she reluctantly showed me out and locked the door, I felt amply repaid for the annoyance that one naturally feels on visiting a perfect stranger.

From what she said regarding her dynasty I gather that it consists of a covey of half-grown islands in the Pacific, inhabited by people who were once benighted and carnivorous, but happy. Now they are well-informed and bilious, while they revel in suspenders and rum, with all the blessings of late hours, civilization and suicide.

The better classes of the Sandwich Islands have the same customs which prevail here, and the swallow-tail coat is quite prevalent there. The low-neck and short-sleeve costume is even carried to a greater excess, perhaps, and all opera tickets read :

Admit the Bearer and Barer.



"I HELD HER BACK AND ASSURED HER THAT I DID NOT DRINK."



In answer to a question of my own, the Queen said that crops in the Sandwich Islands were looking well, and that garden truck was far in advance of what she saw here.

She said that they had pie-plant in her garden big enough to eat before she came away, and new potatoes were as big as walnuts. Still, she is enjoying herself here first-rate, and says she sees many pleasing features about New York which will ever decorate the tablets of her memory.

I thanked her for this neat little compliment, and told her I should always regard her in the same manner.

I then wrote a little impromptu stanza in her autograph album, wrung Her Majesty's hand, and retired with another suppliant and crouching bow, which indicated a contrite spirit, but was calculated to deceive.

I took the liberty of extending to Her Majesty the freedom of the city, and asked her to visit our press-rooms and see us squat our burning thoughts into a quarter of a million copies of the paper, and all for two cents.

I also asked her to come up any time and read our Hawaii exchanges, for I know how lonely anybody can be in a great city sometimes, and how one yearns for a glimpse of his country paper.

The Queen is well paid while she reigns; and even while away as she is now, with her scepter standing idly in the umbrella rack at home, and a large pink mosquito net thrown over the throne, her pay is still going on night and day.

The above is substantially all that I said during the interview; though the Queen said something as I came

out of the room, escorted by the janitor, which I did not quite catch.

I did say, however, just before leaving the room, that I regretted sincerely the unfortunate time of the year at which Her Majesty had decided to visit us, it being rather between hay and grass, as it were, for as there was no r in the month it was a little too late for missionaries and a little too early for watermelons.

It was only an instant later that I joined the janitor at the foot of the stairs.

This evening the Queen will visit the Casino and see Mr. Wilson try for the three hundred and eighty-second time to restrain the flowing leg of his green plush pantaloons.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

For the benefit of my readers, many of whom are not what might be called practical newspaper men and women, I will say that if your time is very precious, and life is too short for you to fool away your evenings reading local advertisements, and you are at times in grave doubt as to what is advertisement and what is news, just cast your eye to the bottom of the article, and if there is a foot-note which says "ty4-fritu-3dp&wly, hcolnrm-br-jn7-35tfwly&df-codtf," or something of that stripe, you may safely say that no matter how much confidence you may have had in the editor up to that date, the article with a foot-note of that kind is published from a purely mercenary motive, and the editor may or may not indorse the sentiments therein enunciated.

THE GREAT ORATION OF SPARTACUS.

*Adapted from the Original — Triumph in Capua —
The Oration Begun — Spartacus Tells the Story of
His Life — Scenes in the Arena.*

It had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus returning with victorious eagles, had aroused the populace with the sports of the amphitheater, to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. A large number of people from the rural districts had been in town to watch the conflict in the arena, and to listen with awe and veneration to the infirm and decrepit ring jokes.

The shouts of revelry had died away. The last loiterer had retired from the free-lunch counter, and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, tipped the dark waters of the Tiber with a wavy, tremulous light. The dark-browed Roman soldier moved on his homeward way, the sidewalk occasionally flying up and hitting him in the back.

No sound was heard save the low sob of some retiring wave, as it told its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach, or the unrelenting boot-jack struck the high board fence in the back yard, just missing the Roman Tom cat in its mad flight, and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed. Anon the Roman snore would steal in upon the deathly silence, and then

die away like the sough of a summer breeze. In the green-room of the amphitheater a little band of gladiators were assembled. The foam of conflict yet lingered on their lips, the scowl of battle yet hung upon their brows, and the large knobs on their classic profiles indicated that it had been a busy day with them.

There was an embarrassing silence of about five minutes, when Spartacus, borrowing a chew of tobacco from Aurelius, stepped forth and thus addressed them :

“ Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen : Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met in the arena every shape of man or beast that the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and yet has never lowered his arm. I do not say this to brag, however, but simply to show that I am the star thumper of the entire outfit.

“ If there be one among you who can say that ever in public fight or private brawl my actions did belie my words, let him stand forth and say it, and I will spread him around over the arena till the coroner will have to gather him up with blotting paper. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come, and I will construct upon their physiognomy such cupolas, and royal cornices, and Corinthian capitols, and entablatures, that their own mothers would pass them by in the broad light of high noon, unrecognized.

“ And yet I was not always thus — a hired butcher — the savage chief of still more savage men.

“ My ancestors came from old Sparta, the county seat of Marcus Aurelius county, and settled among the vine-clad hills and cotton groves of Syrilla. My early life

ran quiet as the clear brook by which I sported. Aside from the gentle patter of the maternal slipper on my overalls, everything moved along with me like the silent oleaginous flow of the ordinary goose grease. My boyhood was one long, happy summer day. We stole the Roman muskmelon, and put split sticks on the tail of the Roman dog, and life was one continuous hallelujah.

“When at noon I led the sheep beneath the shade and played the Sweet Bye-and-Bye on my shepherd’s flute, there was another Spartan youth, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and together picked the large red ants out of our indestructible sandwiches.

“One evening, after the sheep had been driven into the corral and we were all seated beneath the persimmon tree that shaded our humble cottage, my grand sire, an old man, was telling of Marathon, and Leuctra, and George Francis Train, and Dr. Mary Walker and other great men, and how a little band of Spartans, under Sitting Bull, had withstood the entire regular army. I did not then know what war was, but my cheek burned, I knew not why, and I thought what a glorious thing it would be to leave the reservation and go on the warpath. But my mother kissed my throbbing temples and bade me go soak my head and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coasts. They pillaged the whole country, burned the agency buildings, demolished the ranch, rode off the stock, tore down the smoke-house, and rode their war horses over the cucumber vines.

“To-day I killed a man in the arena, and when I broke his helmet-clasps and looked upon him, behold ! he was my friend. The same sweet smile was on his face that I had known when in adventurous boyhood we bathed in the glassy lake by our Spartan home and he had tied my shirt into 1,752 dangerous and difficult knots.

“He knew me, smiled some more, said ‘Ta, ta,’ and ascended the golden stair. I begged of the *Prætor* that I might be allowed to bear away the body and have it packed in ice and shipped to his friends near Syrsilla, but he couldn’t see it.

“Ay, upon my bended knees, amidst the dust and blood of the arena, I begged this poor boon, and the *Prætor* answered: ‘Let the carrion rot. There are no noble men but Romans and Ohio men. Let the show go on. Bring in the bobtail lion from Abyssinia.’ And the assembled maids and matrons and the rabble shouted in derision and told me to ‘brace up’ and ‘have some style about my clothes’ and ‘to give it to us easy,’ with other Roman flings which I do not now call to mind.

“And so must you, fellow gladiators, and so must I, die like dogs.

“To-morrow we are billed to appear at the Coliseum at Rome, and reserved seats are being sold at the corner of Third and Corse streets for our moral and instructive performance while I am speaking to you.

“Ye stand here like giants as ye are, but to-morrow some Roman *Adonis* with a sealskin cap will pat your red brawn and bet his sesterces upon your blood.

“O Rome ! Rome ! Thou hast been indeed a tender nurse to me. Thou hast given to that gentle, timid

shepherd lad who never knew a harsher tone than a flute note, muscles of iron, and a heart like the adamantine lemon pie of the railroad lunch-room. Thou hast taught him to drive his sword through plated mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the palpitating gizzard of his foe, and to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion even as the smooth-cheeked Roman Senator looks into the laughing eyes of the girls in the treasury department.

“And he shall pay thee back till thy rushing Tiber is red as frothing wine; and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled. You doubtless hear the gentle murmur of my bazoo.

“Hark! Hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh, but to-morrow he will have gladiator on toast, and don't you forget it; and he will fling your vertebræ about his cage like the star pitcher of a champion nine.

“If ye are brutes, then stand here like fat oxen waiting for the butcher's knife. If ye are men, arise and follow me. Strike down the warden and the turnkey, overpower the police, and cut for the tall timber. We will break through the city gate, capture the war-horse of the drunken Roman, flee away to the lava beds, and there do bloody work, as did our sires at old Thermopylæ, scalp the western-bound emigrant, and make the hen-roosts around Capua look sick.

“O, comrades! warriors! gladiators!!

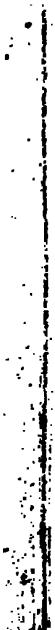
“If we be men, let us die like men, beneath the blue sky, and by the still waters, and be buried according to Gunter, instead of having our shin bones polished off by Numidian lions, amid the groans and hisses of a snide Roman populace.”

LET 'EM DIVORCE.

"I HOLD heah in my hand," began Brother Gardner, as he waved the missive aloft, "a letter from a cull'd clergyman in Tennessee, axin' dis Club to use its inflooence to secure more stringent divorce laws in de varus States, an'to sot its face agin de procurement of divorce, except fur de very gravest reasons. Dis Club will do nuffin of de kind. On de contrary, it will wote solid to furnish all facilities fur parties desirous to be onhitched wid promptness an' dispatch. Nuffin comes nearer perdishun dan an unmated an' unmatched couple tryin' to lib togeder as man an' wife. I hold dat no couple who doan' lub each oder —who don't agree an' can't forgive—who won't excuse—should lib togeder ten minits. If we git a house we doan' like we sel it. If we git a hoss we doan' like we trade him off. If we doan' like de nayburhood we move away. If we doan' like our nayburs we let 'em alone. How, den, kin you spect husband an' wives to put up wid ugliness, meanness drunkenness, profanity, extravagance an' all dat am hateful in de human heart.

"Let 'em divorce. God intended husband and wife to lub, cherish, forgive an' be all in all to each edder. Whar dey can't be sich it am a thousand times better dat dey be divorced. No man or woman who had lub in deir heart eber yit applied for one or eber will. If a divorce could be had by simply payin' a fee of fifty cents no husband mated wid his wife would think of separashun any more dan he does now. People cheat an' deceive when courtin'. Married life brings out de faults which dey hid. It has allus bin so, an' will be so to de eand,





an'when husbands and wives quarrel an' hate, a law to make 'em continue to lib togeder am unjust an' wicked. Let us now attack de regular order of biz-ness.

SOMETHING WAS UP.

SOMETHING was up. Just what it was no one knew but Brother Gardner's countenance wore an unusually severe expression, and Sir Isaac Walpole was observed to have on a clean shirt, while Elder Toots, for the second time in his life, had stove-blacked his broad brogans and had his vest buttoned all the way up.

"Gem'len, I shell now have de unjellified pleasure to introduce to you one of de moas cornspicus black men in dis kentry," remarked the President as his eagle eye wandered down the shady aisle. "De Committee on de Judishury will now act."

The committee acted. Led by the Hon. James Pullback, they disappeared in the direction of the ante-room, to reappear after a moment escorting a distinguished stranger of middle age.

JUDGE K. C. B. DAVIS.

"Gem'len, I hev de honor to present to de Lime-Kiln Club my ole friend an' companyun, Judge Davis, at present of de State of Georgia," said the President, as the stranger reached the platform.

The reception given the Judge was fully equal to the enthusiasm of farmers over the late rains, and those hit with chunks of falling plaster preserved their goodnature in a wonderful degree.

A SPEECH.

The Judge explained that he was on his way to Lake Superior to see his aged father, and he had halted here for a couple of days to make the personal acquaintance of every local member of the Club, and to petition it for membership. He had noticed the high stand taken by the Club in matters affecting science and art, and he was greatly pleased.

"Science," added the Judge, as he stepped on Waydown Bebee's corns, "am above us, below us, an' all around us, an yit de great majority of men doan' seem to realize de fack. What builds de fiah in de stove, 'cept science? What biles de tators in de kettle 'cept science? What furnishes our clothes, our homes, an' eben our graves, 'cept science? Gaze on de sun. But for science who'd know whether dat shiny orb war ober in Kennedy or 90,000,000 miles in de sky on a bee line? Gaze on de moon. But fur science, who among us would know its inflooence on de water-melon crop? Look at de stars. Before de advent of science who could tell Venus from Aunt Betsy, de Norf star from de big dipper, or de dog stars from de cat stars? Science made de steam engine, de kivered cars, de wheelbarrow, de white-wash brush, an' de several odder articles which hev made dis nashun what it am to-day. Science frows bridges across great rivers; it brings up water from de deep well; it puts out fires; it gives us de fine-comb; it makes de plug hat an' de paper collar; it brings us de glorus Fo'th of July; it mixes peas an' beans wid our coffee so dat we can't tell what it tastes de moas of, an' but for science de man wid **de toofache would be nowher.**"

After taking a very lean drink of water and absorbing a troche to offset it the speaker continued:

"We will now turn to art. We see art in ebery fing around us, from de pictures on de milk-carts to a pile of clam shells in de front doah yard, an' yet dere am souls who can't respond. I know men who might stand fur a hull hour in front of a tea store chromeo representing sunset in Wisconsin or sunrise in Noo Jersey an' not see nuffin to expand deir souls an' turn deir thoughts into better channels. I've seen white men stand before a bust of Cæsar an' find fault wid de squint of de left eye, an' I've seen black men stand befo' a fence all painted off wid red an' blue an' yaller, an' look fur nuffin but nail holes. Take science away from us an' we wouldn't know why we grease de wheelbarrow. Take art away from us an' we might as well live in canal boats. I am glad to see de intress dis Club takes in boaf subjecks. Your reports on astronomy hev reached ebery corner in de land, an' your picturs an' relics in dis Hall am proof dat art, left in your care, will grow an' flourish till no maker will dare offer a broom to de public widout de handle am painted blue. Wid dese few suggestions an' aggregations, I will now clothes."

THE SICK.

The Committee on the Sick reported that Jared Comstock, a local member, was sick abed with bilious fever, and his heirs had applied for relief.

"I war spectin' dis report to come up," remarked the President in answer, "an' I want to show dis Club a few articles clusly connected wid Messer Comstock's case."

He thereupon slowly unrolled his handkerchief and displayed a slice of a large Cucumber, a piece of cocoanut, a piece of bologna and the half of a hard-boiled egg, and continued:

Down at de market de odder day I got my eye on Brudder Comstock. He had jist bin paid fur a job, an' he was gwine inter luxuries in de moas extravagant manner. Dese pieces war left on his plate arter he got through stuffin'. I saw dat man devour fo' cowcumbers, most a hull cokernut, six eggs an' three bologneys, sayin' nuffin' of apples an' radishes an' a big hunk o' pie, an' now he has de cheek to ax dis Club to aid him from de relief fund!"

FINED.

The Rev. Penstock at once came to the front with a resolution to suspend the Brother from the Society for the period of six months, but Waydown Bebee moved to amend to fine him and double his dues for three months. The amendment being accepted, the resolution passed, and the President placed the fine at ten dollars and costs.

WHITEWASH.

The Secretary laid before the meeting a communication from the Board of Health of Jersey City, asking what sanitary benefits the Club had noticed from the use of whitewash, and the members were invited to relate their experience.

Sir Isaac Walpole said he knew of a case where a certain family were always having the mumps. One coat of whitewash on the kitchen ceiling, at an expense of only forty cents, drove the disease away and made the family one of the healthiest in the

city. The cure was so marked, and the benefits so apparent, that the man afterwards hired Mr. Walpole to whitewash the parlor, and cheated him out of his pay.

The Hon. Primrose said he once knew a family who were greatly troubled with headache and cold feet. After spending fifty dollars for patent medicines they hired him to whitewash a bed-room, and all was joy and peace. He had to take his pay in old clothes-lines, but the cure was there just the same.

Waydown Bebee stated that he was once consulted by a family troubled with the ague. He advised a coat of whitewash on the fence, and only seven pickets had been whitened before the man was able to get up and walk to the window to see a dog-fight, and in an hour the wife was down town overhauling goods.

The Rev. Penstock knew a case where a family cured consumption by whitewashing the barn, and of another where a citizen had his chambers whitewashed on Saturday, and found fifty dollars in cash on the street on Monday.

The Secretary was instructed to answer the Board to the effect that every barrel of lime used as whitewash offsets the labors of at least three doctors, and that no respectable family should be without it.

N. B.—The prices for whitewashing in Detroit will remain the same.

THE LIBRARY.

The Librarian reported that he had during the past month received twenty-seven almanacs, five cook-books, one horse book, one medical book, and

1,000 tracts on "How to Reach Heaven." The tracts had been distributed among colored families in Detroit, and he was sorry to say that family fights increased by one half within a week.

THE MUSEUM.

Pickles Smith, who has charge of the reception of relics and the care of the museum, reported that some fiend had entered the room by climbing over the roof and carried away one of the two skulls of Oliver Cromwell, sent to the Club from Boston. He had placed the case in the hands of detectives, but thus far no clue had been obtained to the identity of the guilty parties. The Secretary was instructed to offer a reward of \$5 for the return of the relic, and in case it could not be recovered, to procure a skull of some of the rest of the Cromwell family.

The Janitor took the pail and dipper and passed from man to man, and "yums!" and "ohs!" of gratification followed in his footsteps. When every throat had been cooled, and almost every hand held a slice of squeezed lemon for future benefits, the President again arose and said:

"Dis Lime-Kiln Club am heah assembled to honor, in its poo' an' simple way, de mem'ry of one of de greatest men de world has eber knowed. De great an' good George Washington has long bin dead, but his name kin neber die while America lives. [Cheers] Kings have spoken his name (Cheers); queens have written it (yells), an' it has ascended to Heaven along wid de prayers of little chill'en. [Cheers and applause.] To be sho' he was a white man, but when he saved dis kentry he saved ebery cull'd pus-*son in it* as well as de white folks. [Awful applause.]

He couldn't help bein' a white man, an' he would have accomplished no less had he bin as black in de face as Rhubarb Spooner, an' had feet like Harper Jackson." [Continued cheers, during which the bear-trap fell down.]

The President sat down in an exhausted condition, and Sir Isaac Walpole arose and said:

"Let me grow old—let me hev chilblains all summer—let me sit in de dark an' shiver in de cold—let me bury my ole wife an' wander drew de world sorrowful an' alone—but neber let me forget de name of Washington, or cease to remember dat if he had bin any han' to play base ball, he'd have played it wid a cull'd man as quick as a white man." [Cheers and applause.]

MORE SINGING.

The members of the Glee Club could not sit still under the excitement of the hour, and upon receiving a wink of encouragement from the President, they jumped in on the following:

"Blow de horn! Beat de drum!
H'ar de bugle blowin'!"
Fifty million Yankees here,
An' still de kentry's growin'!"

CHORUS.—Let dat canawl alone, Misser Lesseps.

"Soun' de bones! Shake de hoofs!
See de people smilin';
Everybody's on de rush,
An' bizness am a bilin'."

CHORUS.—Kase if you don't you'll get hurted."

DIDN'T PLAY WITH HIM.

Pickles Smith got the floor as the last beautiful strain of music died away, and said:

"I didn't play wid George Washington when we war boys, but dat wasn't my fault. If he'd cum'd ober to our plantashun, he'd hev foun' me to hum. Neberdeless, Ize willin' to admit his greatness an' goodness. [Cheers.] My grad'fadder war named George Washington Smith. [Cheers.] My fadder war named George Washington Smith. [Cheers.] My oldest brudder am named George Washington Smith. [Cheers.] My second son am named George Washington Smith. [Cheers.] Ize got about fo'teen uncles, an' cousins an' aunts named George Washington Smith. [Cheers.] It's a name our family feels proud of an' means to stick by. [Cheers.] All honor to de man who shouldered his plow an' went fo'th to mash the inimy!" [Furious cheers and long continued applause.]

ELDER TOOTS REMEMBERS.

Good Elder Toots said he had no desire to occupy the valuable time of the meeting (Cheers), but he could not help but remember of once having driven a mule (Cheers), past Mount Vernon, the sacred spot where lies the dust of Washington. [Terrific yells.] He therefore believed that he keenly realized Washington's greatness and goodness. [Cheers.] He did not know how others felt, but as for him, he wanted liberty or death—and another dipper of lemonade.

The hint was acted upon at once, and the beverage circulated around the Hall, and the Glee Club wallopèd the following:

"THE GREAT G. W."

He am dead!
A chief has passed away;
His race am run—
His life am dun,
His form am wid de clay.
But lives his name
In ebery freeman's heart;
A thousand years
Won't dry de tears
Dat at his name mus' start

A DUTY DONE.

As the nsual hour for adjourning approached the President folded his arms across his heaving bosom and said:

"I believe dat dis Lime-Kiln Club has did its full duty by George Washington, Mrs. Washington, de American flag, dis glorious Republic, an' seberal oder pussons an' fings, an' we will now disband an' approach our homes. Let no man forgit his dooty to his kentry, an' yit in remembering dat dooty, let no member forgit dat de Lime-Kiln Club comes fust an' kentry next, an' what am left should go to hiz fam'ly. We now stand disrupted."

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